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H. Page

MEMOIR OF HARLAN PAGE

Here a child I sinned and strayed:
Here, the Saviour disobeyed:
Here I felt his chast'ning rod:
Here I trust returned to God.

Impromptu in an Album. page 169

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MEMOIR

OF

HARLAN PAGE;

OR THE

Power of Prayer and Personal Effort for the Souls

OF

INDIVIDUALS.

BY WILLIAM A. HALLOCK,
Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society.

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MEMOIR, &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

FAITHFUL Christian Biography has at once its sanction and model in the word of God; and in our own times, its excellent practical influence is confirmed in the history of many eminent individuals. Most of these, by their superior talents, education, or commanding spheres of action, present an example which the community in general may indeed *admire*, but which few, comparatively, can hope to *imitate*.

The present unpretending memoir exhibits the fidelity and success of a humble Christian, whose opportunities and powers were scarcely superior to those of thousands; and is chiefly designed to illustrate a single point—THE POWER OF PRAYER AND PERSONAL EFFORT FOR THE SOULS OF INDIVIDUALS.

It is obvious to all, that the kingdom of Christ can be extended in our world only by the accession of *individuals*. His blood avails not to the salvation of men *in the mass;* but to those who *individually* repent of sin, and accept of his mercy. The Holy

Spirit strives with men and sanctifies them *only as individuals.* It is *as individuals* that the inhabitants of our world must be raised to heaven, or sink to hell. Yet to how great an extent are the prayers and contributions of Christians made indefinitely for the conversion of the world *as a whole*, while the salvation of *no one individual* is the object of their *personal* and persevering endeavors! How great a portion of that "light of the world," which the church is commanded to reflect, is so "hid," that no one individual sees it and feels its influence! how great a portion of the "salt of the earth," by which men are to be purified and saved, is so kept in the mass, as to be brought **into contact** with none!

The truth evidently is, that *personal efforts for the souls of individuals*—the lip, and thoughts and heart of a living man, brought into contact with the lip, and thoughts and heart of a living man—is *a grand institution of God* for the conversion of the world; and we must expect success, not in neglecting, but in coinciding with the Divine economy. It was when "they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another*," that his book of remembrance was written. His command is, "As every man hath received the gift, even so *minister the same one to another*." Not only "the Spirit and the Bride," but "*he that heareth*," must "say, come." Christians are exhorted to "shine as lights in the world, *holding forth the word*

of life;" and the blessed encouragement is given, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." The parable of Nathan illustrates this principle with inimitable force and beauty: "*Thou* art the man," humbled the king in the dust before God.

The same principle is exemplified in the success of the personal efforts of the pious mother; of the skillful Sabbath School and Bible Class instructer; and of faithful pastoral visitation: in all which Divine truth is happily pressed upon the heart of the individual. It has also an irresistible confirmation in the fact, that WHEREVER the Holy Spirit is largely poured out, the ministers and members of the church abound in faithful conversation and prayer with each other, and with the impenitent.

Much of the "preaching" of the New Testament was unquestionably of this sort. To such labor were the apostles sent out by our Savior, who sanctioned his instructions by his own divine example.

Paul, with all his crushing public responsibilities, could testify to the Ephesian elders, that he had labored among them both "publicly and from house to house;" and appeal to them as witnesses of his own fidelity, in the memorable and most emphatic words: "REMEMBER, THAT, BY THE SPACE OF THREE YEARS, I CEASED NOT TO WARN EVERY ONE, NIGHT AND DAY, WITH TEARS."

By such labor pre-eminently have *pagans* and *men far from God*, in all circumstances and periods of time, been brought to attend on the public means of grace, and join themselves to his people.

Of the signal outpouring of the Holy Spirit among the natives of Ceylon, in connection with the American mission, the Rev. Mr. Winslow states, that "there were few cases of permanent conviction, in which religious impressions were not cherished by much patient labor of the missionaries or their assistants, in *conversing and praying with individuals alone*. It was this *repeated and personal* application of truth, which principally took effect."

This class of effort was a grand means of the unparalleled success of the ministry of Baxter at Kidderminster.

"If I had true love to souls," said Henry Martyn, when contemplating a foreign mission, "I should *long and labor for those around me*, and afterwards for the conversion of the heathen;" and often did he "redeem time from study, from recreation, and from the intercourse of friends, that he might enter the abodes of misery, to arouse the unthinking slumberer, or administer consolation to the dejected penitent."

"Our views," said James Brainerd Taylor, when a student in college, must "not be confined to the end of our preparatory course. There are many opportunities *now* of doing good. *The call from*

many a lowly cottage is, 'Come over and help us.'" Again: "Resolved that I will, the Lord being my helper, think, speak and act as an *individual;* for as such I must live, as such I must die, stand before God, and be damned or saved for ever and ever. I have been waiting for others: I must act as if I were the only one to act, and wait no longer."

If adding another example of the steadfastness of aim, self-denying perseverance, skill, and success with which a humble Christian discharged the same duty—connected, through the grace of God, with a most blessed and triumphant death—shall have any influence in encouraging other Christians thus to labor for God and the souls of men, the publication of this little work will not be in vain.

It is proper the reader should be informed that there does not appear the slightest indication that the subject of this sketch anticipated the publication of any memorial of himself. Of many of the most interesting scenes of his life he left no record whatever, except incidentally in hasty letters to his friends —evidently so intent on securing the *results* as to forget the *record* of them, or so constantly occupied as to have no time to prepare it. Almost all his communications here inserted have been abridged and condensed, with slight changes in the phraseology, while the sentiment is scrupulously retained.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE YEARS RESIDENCE IN HIS NATIVE PLACE FROM THE TIME OF HIS CONVERSION.

Harlan Page was born in Coventry, in the county of Tolland, Connecticut, July 28, 1791. He was the only son of pious parents; always sustained a good moral character; was taught by his father the trade of a house-joiner, and received a good common education.

In May, 1813, he married Miss Mary Kingsbury, who was to be the helper of his spiritual course till his death, though at the time of their marriage neither of them were pious. The earliest letter written by him, which has come to hand, is the following, addressed to Rev. E. T. W——, who was then his minister.

Sabbath morning, Oct. 17, 1813.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your prayers, I trust, have been heard. My dear companion hopes she has accepted of the Savior, and devoted herself and her all to him. But I am yet in the gall of bitterness, in opposition to God—my anguish last night was almost insupportable. I could see my Savior nailed to

the cross, bleeding and dying for sinners. I could see him with open arms, saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I could pray, but this only increased my pain. I fear the Holy Spirit will leave me to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. O do remember me in your prayers; for the prayer of faith availeth much.

"Your affectionate and distressed friend,

"HARLAN PAGE."

His distress for his sins was such at this period, that he frequently left his work to retire and pray; and as he rode to and from a neighboring town where he was engaged in business, he often felt constrained to stop and go into the grove to plead for mercy. He soon engaged in instructing a school, where, after dismissing his pupils, he often remained for meditation and prayer. He was thus engaged in solitude one evening, when his sense of his lost condition as a sinner became so intense that he felt that he could not again leave the throne of grace till the controversy with his Maker was closed. There, in the darkness of midnight, and under the guidance, none can doubt, of the Holy Spirit, he consecrated himself to his Redeemer: not merely in the confidence of pardon and acceptance, but with the determination to live and labor to promote his glory in the salvation of the perishing. "When I first ob-

tained a hope," he said on his dying bed, "I felt that *I must labor for souls. I prayed, year after year, that God would make me the means of saving souls.*"

On Sabbath, March 6, 1814, he and his companion, with twenty others, publicly professed their faith in Christ, and joined the visible church.

Only three days after this we find the date of an interesting and faithful letter, addressed to a relative who had long been hardening himself in sin and resisting the strivings of the Holy Spirit. He seems to suppose his friend to be perverting the doctrine of his dependence upon God, as an excuse for willfully continuing in sin. He first quotes the objection as it is strongly stated by Baxter in his Call to the Unconverted, together with the whole of Baxter's reply. He then presses the same considerations in his own language, supporting them by numerous commands and promises from the Bible, and adds:

"Were you in a boat just above an awful cataract, already feeling the force of the impetuous current, would you not endeavor to reach the shore? Would you say, 'I can do nothing: God must save me without my own exertions, if I am saved at all?' Why then will you not strive to escape a more terrible destruction—the eternal, inconceivable horrors of a lost soul?

"You allow that a change of heart is necessary:

and will not be offended with my plainness. Could I but see you earnestly engaged for your salvation, how would my heart beat for joy; how would I give thanks to the eternal God!

"Dear Sir, do consider and picture to yourself the dying hour. Then you must see your danger. Will you then say that, when in health, you could not attend to the salvation of the soul? Will you not rather exclaim, 'O that I had a few days more to live, that I might prepare to die?'

"Do not say you cannot pray. Do you believe in the joys of heaven and the torments of despair; and will you not so much as ask God to grant you the one, and save you from the other? Turning away from God and heaven, I am sure your own reason must convict you of madness and awful presumption.

"Your affectionate friend,

"H. PAGE."

In the summer of this year God saw fit to discipline his servant by a very severe, protracted and painful illness, by which he was brought to hold intimate converse with death, and taught to sympathize with the suffering. His sickness is thus described in a letter to an aunt, dated, Coventry, October 18, 1814.

"About the 20th of May I was attacked with fever, which continued two or three weeks; and left me with an affection of the liver, attended with se-

vere pain, which baffled the skill of physicians. It continued for eleven weeks, when a swelling began to rise on my back, which was exceedingly painful, and was at length opened by Dr. W——, who was obliged to make a deep and long incision in the live flesh. I have been chiefly confined to my bed for seventeen weeks."

To another friend he writes: "*Experience*, more than observation, I find, teaches our need of Divine support in affliction. With it, we can endure the most piercing pain, and rejoice with thankfulness; and even in the immediate prospect of death, no terror alarms. The spirit, in a near view of eternal glory, forgets the pain, and longs to soar on high."

The grand lesson, which he felt that this sickness taught him, was that he must devote the life God had preserved more faithfully to him, in labors for the salvation of all to whom he had access.

His next letter which has come to hand was addressed to a pious female relative who was *walking in spiritual darkness*, designed to aid her in self-examination. He inquires whether she had neglected prayer, indulged in any known sin, been remiss in efforts for the spiritual welfare of those around her, or in any known duty; and entreats her to return to her heavenly Father, and consecrate herself anew to him, assured that his grace should be sufficient for her.

The next is to a young lady who had been *under*

serious impressions while a member of his school, urging her not to delay repentance, but come with all her heart and embrace the Savior.

The next to a young friend who had professed Christ, but was *exposed to temptations* from thoughtless companions.

The next, bearing date September 3, 1815, is addressed to one who was a playmate of his childhood, but of whose conversion he had heard at M——, N. Y. requesting a particular account of his religious exercises, and especially that he would *address a letter* to his former acquaintance in Coventry who continued out of Christ, and remember them in his prayers.

"Since you were here," he says, "we have been visited with the gracious outpouring of the Spirit, and nearly fifty have been added to the church; but alas! there are yet many promising youth who neglect offered mercy; and who, if sovereign grace do not interpose, must sink into unending wo. I doubt not you feel how great is their danger, and long for their salvation. Do write to them; it may be God will make you the instrument of salvation to their souls. They respect you, and should you address them, they may listen to your warnings and come to Christ. Do also pray for us and them. God is every where present, and will hear the prayer of faith."

Two days after, we find a letter addressed to E. L——, a young lady for whose salvation he had

labored during her residence of a few days in his family, and who was under the *strivings of the Holy Spirit.*

"The language of Jehovah is, 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' There is not one of Adam's lost race who has not forfeited eternal life by his sins. But there is one refuge, and one alone. Jesus Christ can save us; and he is ready to receive every returning sinner, and make him an heir of eternal joy. Sleep not, E——, take no rest, day nor night, till you have obtained peace with God. The billows of his wrath roll just beneath the steps of all the unconverted. Delay not a moment. No future time can be more favorable. Call upon God without ceasing; and if you perish, perish pleading for mercy. Let nothing divert your attention. If you grieve the Holy Spirit, his gracious influences may never return; and you (O overwhelming thought!) must sink where hope can never come; where mercy never gains admission. A few christian friends are praying for you daily. Nothing but love impels me to write. Will you inform me what progress you are making, and what are your unshaken resolutions?

"With affection and esteem,

"H. PAGE."

TO THE SAME.

"*Monday evening, Sept.* 11, 1815.

"FRIEND E——, Are you yet without hope?

Gloomy and dejected, do you yet go mourning, without one ray of heavenly grace? If so, your situation is trying; but I trust you would not for worlds return to your former state of thoughtlessness. You say you desire more pungent and heart-piercing convictions—to be awakened from your dangerous stupidity. Call upon God to place your sins before you; to humble you in the dust for them; and to show mercy to a guilty, repenting, returning prodigal. All you have to do is to cast yourself unreservedly, with all your sins, upon the mercy of Christ; to be deeply humbled for them; and with faith in the Redeemer's blood, take him as your only hope and portion. Never can you make yourself more acceptable to him. He only can clothe you with his own righteousness. He is ready to receive you. Go then, dear friend, in the best manner you are able, and cast yourself into his arms with all your guilt.

'There is a mercy-seat,
'Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer;
'There humbly cast yourself beneath his feet,
'For never needy sinner perished there.'

"Beware of every sin. Cling not to your thoughtless companions. If you will serve God, you must expect the neglect and reproaches of some of them. But who are they? Are they the truly wise? Are they truly happy? Are they safe? Alas! they are on the brink of perdition.

"Faint not, while you have life. Fear not enemies. Fight the warfare of faith, and you shall win the glorious inheritance of the blessed.

"With affectionate regard, your friend,

"H. PAGE."

The result of these faithful efforts, through the divine blessing, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter to a Christian friend, dated,

Monday, sunset, Oct. 30, 1815.

"I have joyful news to tell you—news which has made heaven glad. Our friend E—— appears to be enjoying as much happiness as mortals are allowed this side of eternity. 'O,' says she, (in a letter she had just written him, with an overflowing heart) 'the height and depth of the love of Christ! How precious does this dear Savior now appear to me! Tongue can never express, nor heart conceive, which has not experienced the same, the sweet peace and joy I have found in him.'"

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Page, she says, "Your first epistle found me in the gall of bitterness; and but for your friendly advice, I fear I should now have been pursuing the vanities of the world. The Savior was pleased to make you the happy instrument of showing me my sins, and bringing me to partake of his love."

His own *views of Christian duty* at this time

may be gathered from the following extract of a letter addressed to this young convert, November 16.

"Let us, E——, cast our eyes around on the poor, thoughtless, dying impenitent. How should we supplicate the throne of grace in their behalf! But this is not all. We must tell them of their danger, and point them to a bleeding Savior.

"An excuse is made by many Christians, which I conceive will not bear the scrutiny of the judgment day: they say they *have not the talents* for addressing the impenitent and conversing with them on the subject of religion. But are the simple truths of the Gospel so dark, that only the learned can understand them? Are the words, 'He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned,' so obscure, that we cannot properly impress them upon others? Is the road to perdition so plainly described in the Bible, and can we raise no warning voice to the throngs who travel it? Are the happiness of the righteous and the everlasting torments of the impenitent so clearly described, and can we see friends around us crowding their way to despair, with our lips closed in perpetual silence? The truth is, our faith in eternal realities is weak, and our sense of duty faint, while we thus neglect the salvation of our fellow-beings. Let us awake to duty; and while we have a tongue or pen, devote them to the service of the Most High, not in our own strength, but with strong faith and confidence in him."

Two days after, we find him attempting to lead the mind of a young lady to *improve the death of a beloved father* to her own spiritual good.

"The recent afflictive event and an earnest desire for your eternal salvation constitute all the apology I need offer for now addressing you. But what shall I say? Whom am I addressing? a humble follower of the blessed Jesus, or one who has no interest in him? If the former, how happy are you! If the latter, how awful, how tremendous are the divine denunciations against you, unless you renounce the world and accept of offered mercy! Of late you have abundantly needed some kind hand to support you.

"Were your beloved father to speak to you from another world, how impressive would be his language! Would he say, 'Sleep on: forget a dying hour: regard not the threatenings of Jehovah: let this world be your portion?' No; he would rather say, 'Neglect not the calls of mercy. Sleep not upon the brink of perdition. Awake! arise! prepare to meet your God! Delay not; for the day of the Lord is at hand.' While on the bed of death, he uttered, in broken accents, the words, 'Repent, repent.' May this providence lead you faithfully to examine your heart, and see if you are prepared to follow him. God's design in this affliction is doubtless that you may come to him as the only source of real consolation; that you may be humble, and prayerful,

and better fitted to be useful in life and happy in heaven. May you all have divine support. Accept these lines as an expression of affection and sympathy, and an earnest desire that they may be instrumental of some good to your immortal soul.

"With esteem, your friend, H. PAGE."

Four days after, we find a full letter addressed to a Christian friend, on the duty of *faithful self-examination*, with a scriptural view of the more palpable and decisive tests of Christian character.

Early in December he commenced a letter to his Christian brother at M——, N. Y. which shows the deep interest he then felt in the spiritual welfare of many individuals, as well as of the church generally. He complains of his own languid affections; states that there were then no revivals of religion in all the eastern portion of the State; that Christians generally seemed to have become languid and formal, and the impenitent to be "unconcerned, while the wrath of heaven is impending over them."

"R——," he says, "when in conversation, pleads, as do many others, the ungodly lives of professors of religion. He 'rather thinks that, if he lives a moral life and prays in secret, he is on the road to heaven as well as many who make so much ado about religion.'

"As to Mrs. ——, I am not now particularly acquainted with the state of her mind. She is very re-

served in conversation on the subject of religion, as are many others of the unconverted, and even many who profess to be the disciples of Christ. How criminal is our neglect to improve every proper opportunity in conversing on the most important of all subjects!

"L—— S—— read your letter, but seems not deeply affected with his lost condition as a sinner. His wife, in the late revival, almost ventured to indulge a hope; but she is now more reserved on religious subjects."

This gentleman used to complain of the visits of his wife at the house of Mr. Page; as he said she always returned "in such a fever about her soul;" but both ere long had a new song put into their mouths.

"A—— P——" (proceeds the letter) "gives his assent to the truths of religion; but argues, that if he attends on the public means of grace, he commits more sin than if he stays at home; and asks how he can pray, when he has not the least inclination to the duty.

"I feel greatly condemned for not making more faithful efforts for the salvation of these dear friends.

"E——, (above alluded to,) has lately been brought to experience the boundless love of the Savior, and her happiness in him seems to be almost without alloy. At our next communion she expects publicly to devote herself to him.

"Since I comenced this letter we have established a weekly prayer-meeting. The first meeting was remarkably well attended. A few individuals seem to be aroused, and the prospect seems a little more favorable. I beg your prayers for us as a people, and for

"Your unworthy and affectionate brother,

"H. PAGE."

The following is an anonymous note, in which he *enclosed an appropriate Tract* to a young man, by whose profaneness he had been recently pained, on meeting him at a public store.

"Accept the inclosed from one who earnestly desires your best good; and may I beg the favor that you will read it with candor, and weigh well the sentiments it contains. I have seen you only once; but then had reason to fear that you have not seriously considered the sin of taking the name of that God in vain, in whose hand is your life, and who alone can save you from eternal wo. My sense of your danger was such that I could not refrain from addressing you and entreating you to turn to God and live.

"Affectionately your

"FELLOW TRAVELLER TO ETERNITY."

Under date of June 9, 1816, he writes as follows: "Though detained, in the providence of God, from

his house this day, my heart is still there. I anticipate with pleasure and joy the visitation of the Spirit of grace among this people. I almost imagine I now see the tear of the guilty penitent, and hear the language of the heart, in broken accents, 'What must I do to be saved?' Are not God's children engaged? Are not their united prayers now ascending, an acceptable sacrifice to an almighty Savior?

"O God, hear our united cry for mercy on perishing sinners. Help us to abase ourselves before thee, and in faith plead for the outpouring of the Spirit, to awaken thy children, and convict and convert the impenitent. May our assembly be clothed in sackcloth for our sins; sighs break from broken hearts, and hundreds be new clothed with the spotless robe of our Savior's righteousness. Encourage the heart of our minister by shaking these dry bones, and raising up multitudes as champions for the truth as it is in Jesus. Let thy power be made known in all the churches, and spread thy blessing abroad in the earth, till the reign of our exalted God and King shall be universal."

"*Coventry, June* 15, 1816.

To E—— L——, (the young lady addressed Sept. 11, 1815.)

"Yesterday I attended a prayer-meeting at a school-house in T——. As I entered, the very sight of the people thrilled through my soul. More than 200 were assembled in deep solemnity. Some

slain by the law, seemed to say in agony of soul, 'I must die, and lie down in eternal sorrow. I am at enmity with God. Wo is me; I perish. Lord God, have mercy, have mercy.' The work is apparently progressing. Rev. Mr. N—— informed me that between sixty and seventy have hopefully been born again, and that about an equal number are under conviction of sin. What a glorious display of Divine grace and mercy!

"I rejoice that you have tokens of the Divine favor in A——. When reading your letter, sensations not to be described arose in my breast; and a renewed resolution to devote myself more entirely to God was, I trust, the happy effect. But yet *of one thing I stand in fear*—that, should God see fit to make me the instrument of good to any soul, I shall not give him all the glory. *O for that humility, which God approves, and which makes man useful to man!* Much do I need it. May God help me to obtain it.

"There are two or three instances of conviction among us—I hope as happy preludes to a general outpouring of the Spirit.

"I shall write a few lines to S——, at your request. You have opportunities of conversing with him. *Don't let them slip.* Warn him to flee from the wrath to come, and fly to Jesus for safety.

"Yours sincerely, H. Page.'

To the young man alluded to in the last paragraph, he wrote as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Understanding that you have been led to discover the necessity of religion, I have presumed (though unacquainted with you) to write you a few lines. You are sensible that there is a God; that by his holy law the soul that sins must die; and that all men have broken this law, and are exposed to his just indignation through the countless ages of eternity. O, sir, (for you will suffer me to speak freely,) are you of this number? Do you stand on the borders of eternal wo—'where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched?' But stop—the contemplation strikes horror into the soul. Let us view the enrapturing scene of redeeming love. Souls that have sinned are not altogether hopeless. When all were condemned by sin, then it was that the Lord Jesus gave himself an offering—bare our sins—and suffered the inexpressible agonies of death, that we, poor guilty rebels, might have life. This blessed Savior is ready to receive you. My young friend, 'all things are ready.' Cast yourself, just as you are, on him for pardon, sanctification and salvation. Delay not. While you delay you aggravate your guilt. Call on God day and night; search the Scriptures; and let not your reluctant heart prove your ruin for ever. Death may be near. Resolve, if you perish, to perish pleading for mercy. I entreat you delay not; but this moment go to Christ and 'take of the waters of life freely.'

"With sincere regard, your friend,

"H. PAGE."

On the following day he wrote to C——, a young female friend with whom he had long been intimate, a letter full of moving and earnest entreaty to attend to the concerns of her soul; and requesting her to communicate it to a female acquaintance, and converse freely with her on the great subject it brought before them.

In a memorandum of the same date he expresses some concern in respect to his health, which he had not entirely recovered since his severe illness, and as to the means of supporting his family; but resigns all to the will of God.

"That my life is not to be a long one," he adds, "some monitor within seems frequently to tell me, which I hope may incite me to greater diligence in duty, and continual preparation for eternity. O Lord, do thou direct me in the right way. Be my guide in every concern of life. Let me not do any thing from false motives. *Keep me constantly humble and constantly engaged for the good of all souls around me.* Grant that my companion and myself may zealously co-operate in every good work; never distrust thy providence; and be guided where we may be shining lights, and be useful. Should our dear babe be left fatherless or motherless, do thou provide for it; preserve his life; renew his heart; and make him the means of salvation to many souls through Emmanuel's name.

"H. Page."

The following memorandum, dated July 4, contains an intimation that God was blessing his efforts, and that he ascribed to him all the glory.

"Shall I ever have cause to regret addressing some of my fellow-men by letter on the concerns of eternity? Will not the blessing God has seen fit to grant on some of my endeavors, prevent all regret in this or the future world? Shall not the *conversion* of souls, of which I have just had intelligence, stimulate me to more active endeavors to be useful to man, and to honor my divine Master? To him belongs all the glory. God forbid that I should take any of it to myself. What am I?—a vile reptile of the earth, just crawling on the brink of the grave."

Coventry July 8, 1816.

To E—— L——.

"Persevere, Eliza, in the good work. Use all your influence. Warn those around you, with discretion and prudence, and your crown of rejoicing shall receive additional lustre in the great day of the Lord.

"You ask what are our prospects. We don't yet despair. Some Christians are uncommonly engaged, and some youth are serious. F—— W—— appears to be under deep conviction. G—— and her sister I—— are anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved."

July 8, having heard glad tidings from S——, the

young man whom he addressed June 15, he wrote him as follows:

Monday, P. M. July, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—In imagination I cordially take you by the hand, and call you BROTHER. Happy are you, if the allurements of the world have lost their charms; and Christ, as you hope, has made you an heir of glory. You have entered on a warfare; and though the enemy may not now be in full view, you will need to be clad with the whole armor of God to resist his wiles.

"Go on and rejoice. Do much for the cause of Christ. Be diligent in duty, and neglect not to warn your companions in sin. Be prudent; discreet; guard against temptation; be affectionate to your companions; let your example be upright, always trusting in God for assistance in every thing you do. I wish to write more, but cannot add now.

"With sincere affection, your friend,

"H. PAGE."

How must our departed brother's heart have been cheered by receiving the following reply from this young friend, whose face, when he first addressed him, he had never seen!

"DEAR SIR,—The name of Brother, by which you were pleased to call me, endeared you to my heart,

though I feel unworthy to be called by that name. O Sir, what a deplorable condition was I in! I was fighting against God and sporting with eternal realities; and should have remained so till death, had not Almighty love snatched me from the pit of destruction. O wondrous love indeed manifested to my soul! I think I am now enabled to view, by faith, the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' The Sabbath after I saw you, the load of guilt was, I trust, removed from my heart, and before I was aware, I was praising God. O why did Jesus snatch me thus from everlasting burnings!

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
"That sweetly forced me in;
"Else I had still refused to taste,
"And perished in my sin."

"O that I may be enabled to do something for God—something for that dear Redeemer who bled, and groaned, and died on Calvary for one so guilty as I.

"O Sir, you cannot imagine how much I desire to see you. Will you not still continue to write me? *Your letters were the means of awakening me to the concerns of my soul.* When I first heard them read, horror seized my mind; I was brought to see myself a guilty sinner, justly condemned by the holy law of God. E—— L——, after conversing solemnly with me one evening, read several of your letters

I never shall forget the impression they made upon my mind, and also *upon the minds of my two brothers;* for God was pleased to awaken us all at this time. O, Dear Sir, may God reward you for your love to immortal souls. *Do write to all the dear youth in Coventry.* Tell them from me, there is nothing but religion worth living for. Tell them the storm of Divine wrath is impending over them. Entreat them to fly to Jesus for safety, lest they hear his awful sentence, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire,'

"Your affectionate, though unworthy friend,

"S—— H——."

The following was addressed to an impenitent acquaintance, who frequently came very secretly to converse with Mr. Page:

To S—— L——,

"DEAR SIR,—Though I have had no particular conversation with you for some time, I still earnestly desire to know the state of your mind. Have you yet no evidence that your peace is made with God, and are you still treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath? If so, let me beseech you, fly this moment and take refuge in the Savior. His ransom is sufficient for every returning prodigal.

"Do you wait to make yourself righteous? It is a visionary idea. In your own righteousness you can never proceed a step toward heaven. In vain will

you wait in any way short of casting yourself unreservedly on the free grace and mercy of Christ. When you resolve in your own strength to live without sin, do you find you make any advances toward a pure and holy life? Are you not daily ensnared with temptations and easily besetting sins?

"Labor to view sin in all its deformity in the sight of God, and to get a thorough knowledge of your own heart. Repent of your sins. Read the Scriptures. Be constant and fervent in prayer, remembering for your encouragement, that 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Remember, that, while out of Christ, every moment is big with danger. Death is near. Eternity is near. Let me entreat you, lay hold on eternal life before it be for ever too late.

"With ardent desires for your salvation, your affectionate friend, H. PAGE."

"N. B. A few lines in return would be very gratifying."

"July 28, 1816. This day completes one fourth of a century of my life. More than twenty-two years have I lived in sin; less than three have I devoted, in any feeble measure, to the service of Christ. More than one third of 'threescore years and ten' is already elapsed, and probably more than one half of my life is spent. The grave must soon open for my body, and my soul be in eternity. May God make me faith-

ful till death; and then, through boundless grace, receive me to glory."

To his friend at M——, N. Y. he says, under date of August 26, "Several towns in this vicinity have begun to experience refreshings from the presence of the Lord; and two young persons among us have lately been brought to rejoice in sovereign mercy, witnessing for God that we are not entirely forsaken. One is a daughter of Mr. H—— W——. The other, I know you will be rejoiced to hear, is Mrs. Z—— B——, who, within a few days, has a new song in her mouth, even praise to our God.

"I am told you have commenced study for the ministry. Is it so? It is a great work on which to enter to 'watch for souls;' but God's grace will aid all sincere endeavors to glorify him and save lost man. We expect to see you here this fall.

"Your friend and brother,

"H. Page."

"P. S. When you visit Coventry, I wish you to bring some of your favorite *church music*."

To Mr. Page sacred music was, through life, a source of much religious enjoyment, and a constant auxiliary in family and social worship.

Having written a faithful letter to an estimable young female connection, endeavoring to induce her to separate herself from ungodly associates, he re-

ceived a reply, inquiring what, in existing circumstances, she should do? His answer is as follows:

"*Saturday evening, March* 8, 1817.

"DEAR FRIEND,—As to the company at ——'s, I did not complain of your conduct there; but feared the consequences of frequenting such company. May I ask, Was God in all your thoughts? Did you speak a word for Christ? Did you obey the precept, 'Be not conformed to this world?'

"You ask, 'Must I not associate with any young people of my age?' I answer, do it just so far as you can and act the part of a decided Christian, or do good to souls. But when you find yourself overcome by temptation; indifferent to those follies and sins which once would have shocked you; violating your former resolutions, and with no evidence of benefit to your associates, wisdom and duty doubtless unite in deciding that you should break away from them without delay. A Christian must have uncommon grace in exercise, not to be injured by such company. And besides, it brings great reproach on religion. The world are keen-eyed to see the faults of Christians, and at once judge that, if they join in such amusements, their profession is but hypocrisy.

"You have attended one such place of amusement; and can you reflect on it now with pleasure? Was it profitable to your soul? Suppose all the members of this church should join in a sleigh-ride,

and tarry at a public house till midnight, partaking of the intoxicating bowl, and making merry with those around them—what would be said of religion? And why more improper for the whole than for one?

"I ask you again to consider that you are young, and may be drawn aside unawares. *In a time of such declension as the present, we are all in danger.* Consider how you would have viewed these things when you first felt the love of Christ in your heart.

"As ever, your friend, H. PAGE.'

June 18, we find him thus writing bitter things against himself:

"*Sabbath, P. M.* 5 *o'clock.*

"Long have I neglected to record my religious exercises; and long have I lived, a formal professor of religion. I have forgotten my Savior, wandered from his sheep-fold, and grown unconcerned about my danger. While I write, I fear I have no true penitence. All is cold indifference and dead formality. The word of God is not to me a delight as it once was; its beauties are hid, and its promises and threatenings glided over unheeded and unapplied. I fear and believe this Sabbath has been improved by me to no spiritual advantage. Thus pass away my days, beclouded with sin, without engagedness in Zion's cause, without gratitude to my Savior, or obedience to his precepts.

"O thou blessed Jesus! I have forgotten thy love; have strayed from thee. I desire to humble myself with true repentance before thee. Help me to return from my backsliding; quicken me in duty; show me my ingratitude and my sins. May I fear to offend thee, and live henceforward to thy glory."

August 17, he thus addressed an impenitent female relative:

"DEAR SISTER,—I think much of you, and long to see you in the ark of safety. Have you reason to hope that your sins are pardoned through a Savior's blood? If not, consider your danger. O, Emeline, if you have not chosen God for your portion, you are every moment exposed to the torments of eternal despair. Should death now call you, you must sink 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' Think, dear friend, of the sufferings of our ascended Lord. Think of his agony in the garden—how his head was pierced with thorns—how he was reviled by the multitude—how he was led to Calvary, and suspended, with nails driven through his hands and his feet, in agony, till he yielded up the ghost—and all this, dear sister, for such sinners as you and me.

"Shall we—will *you* despise this love and these sufferings? Death is coming apace. O delay not a moment to make preparation. Christ is ready to pardon every returning penitent—he is ready to re-

ceive and pardon *you*. Go then, as a weary and heavy laden sinner, implore his mercy, give yourself into his arms, and be happy for ever.

"Please to write your feelings. You need not fear to tell them to your affectionate friend, who earnestly longs for your happiness in this world and the world to come.

"H. PAGE."

Communications under date of January 30, 1818, mention that the Pastor of the church had been dismissed, leaving them without a spiritual guide; but state that the female members of the church were praying, and that two individuals were under deep convictions for sin.

The next communication is addressed to a pious friend, endeavoring to impart consolation under the partial loss of health, and accompanied by fifty Tracts for distribution.

The next to an impenitent acquaintance, who in sickness had been alarmed for his spiritual state, begging him to listen to this call from God, and portraying the infinite hazard of returning again to sin and folly.

The next is an awakening appeal to a young lady; and its influence may be inferred from the following reply, which is given as an example of the state of mind of some of the individuals whose eternal welfare pressed upon our brother's heart.

"*Coventry, March* 14, 1818.

(To Mr. H. Page.)

"DEAR FRIEND,—Am I one of the happy number who can find rest in Jesus' arms? No. This blessing is too great for such a wretch as I. I can have no rest. My way is dark, and leads to hell; I know I deserve hell. Can there be any mercy in Christ for such a sinner as I am? O my sins! my sins! How many thousands and thousands of times have I sinned against that just and holy God! I have been crucifying the Savior afresh, and still go on adding sin to sin. What an awful condition I am in. If I stay here, I shall perish. If I go back to the vanities of the world, I shall certainly perish. Now what shall I do?

"You say I must go to Christ; but I cannot go to him. What shall I do to go to him? I must do something before I can go to him. I cannot go to him with such a wicked heart, and such a hard one. 'A broken and contrite heart he will not despise;' but my heart is hard as a stone, and I cannot do any thing to better it; for the more I do, the worse I am. I would, but can't repent. Though I endeavor oft, this stony heart can never relent till Jesus makes it soft. I feel stupid, dead and cold. I cannot see half enough of myself; I want to see the very worst of my heart. The Bible tells me, if I will confess my sins and forsake them, I shall find mercy; but I do not as I ought, for I can do nothing without a higher power than mine.

"Please to write again, and believe me your poor sinful and perishing friend, A—— W——."

To this letter he wrote the following answer:

"*Coventry, March* 21, 1818.

(To Miss A—— W——.)

"True, as you say, you are in an awful condition, Christ calls you by his Spirit to come to him as a weary and heavy laden sinner, that he may give you rest; but your own heart opposes him, and Satan would lead you to despair. Thus the great conflict bows you down, and you are ready to die.

"You say your heart is so hard that you cannot go to Christ. O! go to him, and he will break it. Go to him with all your pollution; for you will attempt in vain to make your heart better by your own exertions. Cry to Jesus to break this heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. Pour out your whole soul to him. Take all your burden of sins and leave them at his cross. His blood shall cleanse them all away. Every thing that keeps you back from Christ is a sin that needs to be repented of.

"You say you cannot repent. Can you not hate sin, which has caused you so much sorrow—loath, abhor it, and turn from it? I beseech you grieve not the Spirit by finding fault with God. The guilt and the sin are all your own. How long has God spared you while rejecting the offers of his mercy! Those

offers still press upon your heart. If you continue to reject them, it is at the peril of your soul. Accept them, I entreat you. There is no other way whereby you can be saved.

"Your sincere friend, "H. PAGE."

On May 13, 1818, we find the following memoramdum, embracing a resolution, the spirit of which appears habitually to have influenced his mind; and doubtless constituted, under God, the main spring of his fidelity and the ground of his success.

"I have lately had sweet communion with some of my fellow Christians, while we each related our particular feelings and exercises. What a happy result would follow, were we always, at every opportunity, to make religion our theme; and not merely talk of it in general, but come home to our own souls, and unbosom our feelings to each other—our doubts and joys, and fears, and woes. I have lately formed a resolution, which I pray God to assist me to perform:

"RESOLVED, *whenever possible, to address my brethren and sisters on the concerns of eternity, and endeavor to stir up both them and myself to diligence and engagedness in the great work of saving souls.*

"Happy news, that any of the dear pupils of my school the last winter are brought to see themselves undone sinners. The Lord grant that the time may be near, when this may be true of every dear youth

and child among us. May none turn back, but all resolve to find salvation, or perish pleading for mercy."

"*Coventry, June* 16, 1818.

(To Rev. E. T. W——, his late Pastor.)

"Respected and Dear Sir,—Can you believe that God is in the midst of us? Praised be his name, that his mercy is not clean gone for ever. Some of our youth appear to be under the strivings of the Spirit. I have conversed with *five* whose tears bore witness that they were not wholly secure. God only knows what will be the result; but it is fully impressed on my mind, that, could I see Christians generally earnest at the throne of grace, and engaged in the work, we should witness a precious ingathering of souls. Do pray for us, that the cloud which seems to be hovering over us, may not pass away till it shall pour down a refreshing shower upon this people.

"A few months since, I almost felt that I had no more opportunity for usefulness here; but now *I see a wide field open before me even in the midst of us.* Every day presents its calls to be at work for the Lord.

"O for a watchman to stand on these walls; to repair their breaches; and to guide the inquiring sinner to Christ, and the humble penitent in the way of peace."

At the same date he writes to another: "I have undertaken rather a hard task; but trust the Lord

will in due time accomplish it. It is to *endeavor to stir up my brethren and sisters in the church to be earnest for a revival of religion.* I find in all an acknowledged neglect of duty; and in some it is mourned over apparently with a godly sorrow. I do hope for better times. I have felt an assurance that God was about to visit us in mercy."

It was probably not far from this time, that he prepared the following cards, and had them printed in a cheap form for distribution.

"REMEMBER, FELLOW MORTAL, YOU ARE BOUND TO ETERNITY!

Death will soon overtake you. Heaven and hell are before you. Awake, if you would escape the torments of despair! Awake, and make your peace with God."

"MORTAL, CONSIDER!

"You are on the borders of *eternity.* Heaven with all its glories, or hell with all its horrors, is before you. If you are yet unreconciled to God, I entreat you this day to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—to-morrow you may be writhing in the torments of the damned! Haste, haste to him, and he will have mercy upon you, and save your soul from eternal death."

"PRISONER OF HOPE,

"Behold, He who has the keys of death and hell proclaims liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound! Listen to the sweet notes of

deliverance. Shake off the galling chains of sin by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and lay hold on the hope set before you. Escape, escape, while the door of mercy is open—escape, before you are thrust into the inner prison of everlasting despair."

" TO-DAY,

" If you will hear the voice of God, O fellow-sinner, harden not your heart. This night, should you lie down careless in sin, you may awake in an eternal hell. Escape for your life. Delay not. 'Now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation!' "

" FELLOW CHRISTIAN,

" Is it not high time to awake out of sleep? How many of your acquaintance and dear friends are on the broad road to death? Can you bear to see them hastening down to hell, and not cry unto God to have mercy on them, and pluck them as brands from the burning? O, my friend, the time is short. What we do must be done quickly. Death stands at the door; and how dreadful our surprise, if, when he enters, we be found sleeping!"

" *Sabbath, July* 5, 1818.

(To Miss C—— R——, one of his late pupils.)

" How is it now with your immortal soul? Are you yet at enmity with God? I have long wished for an opportunity to make these inquiries, and entreat you to flee from the wrath to come; but since our school closed, this has been denied me And now, in view of your awful danger, and in love to

your soul, permit me once more to press upon you the necessity of speedy repentance.

"O Caroline, while out of Christ, how dreadful is your condition! No ray of hope remains for you, if you live and die in this state; but you must for ever lie down in the torments of the damned—for ever dwell with devouring fire!

"Will you go on neglecting this precious season, when the Holy Spirit is striving among us? Can you rest secure, while your acquaintance and friends are anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved? O, my friend, consider how brief is your life. Death lies in ambush; suddenly the fatal dart may be hurled; and if Christ is not yours, your soul will be lost.

"This may be the Spirit's last call. If you now reject him, he may return to you no more for ever. Will you not take up in earnest the great subject of the salvation of your own soul, feel your guilt and your danger, and fly to the arms of the blessed Savior? '*Now* is the accepted time—*now* is the day of salvation.' Rest not one moment till you have secured the pearl of great price. Sleep not in sin, lest you awake in an eternal hell; where 'the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.' O Caroline, repent now, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.

"With earnest prayers for you, your friend,

"H. PAGE."

"*Friday P. M. July* 24, 1818.

(To Miss E——H——R——.)

"My Dear Friend,—At your request, I with pleasure improve a few moments in writing on the concerns of the soul. I have trembled, and still tremble for you and others. Can it be possible, O Eliza, can it be possible, that any, whose attention has been awakened, are becoming insensible of their danger? Can any be so unwise as not to cherish the influences of the Spirit while he calls them to repent and fly to that refuge, out of which God has declared himself 'a consuming fire?' Can any be discouraged, while the joys of heaven and the woes of the damned are at stake?

"Remember, for your consolation, that 'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' Go then to the throne of grace, and resolve, with Jacob of old, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' Every delay is fraught with imminent danger. Every moment you neglect coming to Christ your sins are increasing. Will you not now cease your opposition, and this night go and throw yourself unreservedly on the mercy of Christ? Mercy calls. Mercy entreats. O Eliza, go now to Christ, and let mercy save you. Don't depend on what you do. It will be altogether in vain. Your best services need pardon through atoning blood. Put on the white robe of Christ's righteousness, and

you shall be happy. I entreat you, my dear friend, press on—press on.

"In great haste, your affectionate friend,

"H. PAGE."

"*Coventry, August* 7, 1818.

(To S—— K——)

"Can you yet calmly submit yourself to Christ? Have you been to him with all your pollution upon you, crying, 'Here am I, a poor undone sinner, wholly unworthy of thy favor, justly condemned to eternal death; take me as I am; Lord, save me, or I perish?' Can you now, by faith, embrace him as your Savior? Is it your earnest desire to do all in your power to advance his cause and glory? Can you renounce every worldly object for Christ? If so, happy are you. But if not, your case is dreadful indeed. Faithfully examine yourself by the word of God, and rest not one moment till you have evidence that you have chosen that good part which can never be taken from you. Be faithful, O be faithful unto death. Let nothing turn you from seeking and serving the Lord.

"Your affectionate friend, H. PAGE."

The following is one of the requests for his counsel and prayers, which he frequently received:

"MR. PAGE,—I need your kind instructions now more than ever. I feel willing to renounce every

worldly object for Christ. O what is this world! Time is short, eternity is long. I know what I must do; but I find a dreadful stubborn heart. Do advise me. How shall I get to Christ? I seek for happiness, but find none. I fear my companions are growing indifferent about their future state. S—— gets no relief. Do remember us in your prayers.

"E. H. R."

The following was our brother's reply to this affecting letter:

"*Friday, P. M. Sept.* 12, 1818.

"FRIEND E——, Do you really 'feel willing to renounce every worldly object for Christ?' If this is so, you can unreservedly give up all confidence in your own doings or righteousness, all love of sin; and Christ has indeed found the chief place in your heart. But beware of a false hope; you had better spend all your days in despondence, than find at last that you were self-deceived.

"You speak of a stubborn heart. Ah, E——, I know what you mean. This heart has felt that dreadful opposition to our dear Redeemer, who gave himself to be crucified that we might live. How ungrateful! How astonishing, that such love should be requited thus! My friend, how can you help loving him, who has done so much for you? How can you help giving your heart to him, who invites you in such sweet accents of mercy?

"You ask, 'How shall I go to Christ?' Go just as you are, with no delay to make yourself better. Go humble, penitent, believing. Go to him as your *only refuge*, (for you have found all others fail,) and be assured he will receive you. You will go. It seems to me you cannot help it. My poor prayers are poured out to God for you.

"With sincere affection,

"H. PAGE."

To a cousin in P——, N. Y. he wrote respecting their friends and the state of religion, mentioning that the church had observed a day of fasting and prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit; and then proceeds in endeavors to do good to the person addressed, to his family, and those around him:

"You have not yet, it seems, taken hold of the promises of the Gospel; not yet laid down the weapons of your rebellion. But will you not submit to Christ? O, consider his agony in the garden and on the cross—and for whom was all this? It was, dear Sir, for you, if you will not reject his bleeding love; for you, his sweat was as it were blood; for you, he was scourged and buffeted; for you, he ascended the hill of Calvary; for you, he was nailed to the cross; for you, he was forsaken of God; for you, he yielded up the ghost.

"Now, can you say you will not accept the salvation purchased by such sufferings? Will you disre-

gard the invitations and entreaties of this bleeding Savior, and go on crucifying him afresh! O you will not, you cannot despise and reject such love—you will not be guilty of such black ingratitude.

"If you have not already done it, I beseech you go now to Jesus as a heavy laden sinner; go as a self-condemned criminal; offer yourself to him, a living sacrifice; and find rest to your soul.

"Does your companion, my dear cousin, know by sweet experience how precious is the Savior's love? She has been brought to the borders of the grave. Was it indeed dark; or did the Son of God enlighten the prospect, and stand as her conductor to eternal glory? My dear cousin, let it not be in vain that you are spared. Be wise for eternity. Make the Savior your friend and portion.

"Will Christians around you make this world their God, and do nothing for the salvation of perishing sinners? How is it possible that any who have tasted the love of God can rest, while on every side sinners are thoughtlessly going down to hell? Christians in P—— must awake. Their work is great, and their time is short. While they are sleeping in neglect of effectual fervent prayer, they are, by their neglect, peopling the world of perdition. But though Christians sleep, sinners have no excuse. They know their Master's will, and do it not.

"How is it with Joseph and Daniel? Are they yet in the ark of safety? Tell them the floods of

Divine wrath are fast accumulating, and unless they repent they must likewise perish.

"Your affectionate friend and cousin,

"H. Page."

In replying to this letter some months after, his cousin says: "When your letter was received, it was a dagger to my soul; but now, my dear cousin, *I think I know something by experience of the excellency of religion*, and the peace there is in casting all my burdens on him who cares for us. Within a few weeks, I have taken real satisfaction in reading that kind letter. I thank you for it. Do now write me again."

CHAPTER III.

RESIDENCE OF TWO MONTHS IN BOSTON, AND NEARLY THREE YEARS IN COVENTRY.

The shock which the constitution of Mr. Page received in his severe illness in 1814, partially disabled him from pursuing the more laborious me-

chanical employments; and in October, 1818, he visited Boston, and spent a few weeks in writing up the books of a mercantile house, hoping to see some opening in which he might engage in engraving, to which he seems to have had a native predilection, or in teaching. His letters to his family serve to show how his Christian character was developed in the new circumstances in which he was then placed, in the heart of a bustling city.

"*Boston, Saturday evening, Oct.* 17, 1818.

(To Mrs. Page.)

"I have had occasion to sympathize this evening with my hostess, a widow whose *only son has this day sailed for Brazil.* A few days since, he said to his mother: 'There is my Bible, I must take that.' I gave him a few Tracts, with which he was much gratified. His mother has scarcely tasted food to-day. Her life has been a series of trouble; but I fear it has not all brought her to Christ. I also gave a few Tracts to the captain of a vessel sailing for Africa, who thinks them very useful among seamen.

"You can have no idea of the *wickedness which prevails here.* Though much is doing for the cause of Zion, thousands in Boston live like the heathen, profaning and blaspheming the name of God. When I look around and see so many souls hastening to destruction, I am led to inquire, Is there no help?

Will not Christians awake? and will not the Lord come down with his mighty power and shake the multitude of evil doers?

"Last Sabbath morning heard Rev. Mr. D——, from 'Let me die the death of the righteous,' &c. His object was to prove that impenitent sinners do not really wish the pure joys and employments of heaven, which he did most clearly. Dined with Mr. D—— H——, and then accompanied him to *the Sabbath School;* and it was a most interesting and animating spectacle. This was the first Sabbath School established in Boston, and contains about 70 or 75 scholars. It was opened with prayer by the superintendent, and then the recitations began. Three of the scholars recited Scripture to me, two of whom had committed to memory about 120 verses each, since the last Sabbath. I took the opportunity to speak to them on the concerns of their souls, directing my conversation to one at first, but the others immediately crowded up as if eager to hear. The school is closed with singing, when the scholars accompany their instructers to church. To-morrow I expect to visit the school again, *and learn more of the methods of proceeding.*"

After describing various meetings which he attended during the week, he thus proceeds:

"Is there no more prospect of an awakening in Coventry? Will sinners—can they continue to rush

headlong to ruin? Will the church still sleep? How astonishing! Shall we who love Christ be unconcerned for our fellow-beings who are hastening to despair? I wish to see S—— and E——, (to whom he had written as above,) to tell them again to repent and believe in Jesus.

"*Sabbath evening.* This morning I attended Rev. Mr. Paul's meeting, and heard a colored preacher from the words, 'If we sin, we have an Advocate,' &c. Thence again to the Sabbath School, where I found the male and female schools assembled in one room. Upwards of two hundred children were present, and many of their parents who had been invited to attend. After prayer, animating addresses were delivered to the parents and children. Some of the parents were in tears.

"In the afternoon, heard a very solemn discourse from the words, 'What must I do to be saved?' The *singing* was excellent. You know English and other scientific music is condemned as being too slow, and wanting life. This may be true as it is sometimes performed; but as sung here, it is full of spirit. The words are spoken distinctly, and there is far more animation and expression than we usually hear.

"I meet with some trials here, which I hope will be for my good. Two *Universalist ministers* are dragging many, I fear, with themselves down to hell. Do let us, my dear wife, be doing. Life will

soon close; and O the condemnation of being found unprofitable servants. Do not delay to write.

"With many prayers for yourself and the babes,

"H. PAGE."

"*Boston, Sabbath evening, Nov.* 1, 1818.

(To the same.)

"Last Sabbath morning I heard the Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Salem; and in the afternoon, Rev. Mr. J——, at the Seaman's church. In the evening attended a prayer-meeting consisting chiefly of sailors, and at the close *conversed freely with several*, who begged me to come again.

During the day *I met a sailor on the wharf*, who told me he had been a prisoner at Newfoundland, and was put upon trial; but nothing was found against him, and he was liberated. I told him we must meet another and more solemn trial in the day of judgment, when, without an interest in Christ, we must be condemned eternally. He was silent. I entreated him to think of these things, and be prepared; for they were near at hand.

"This morning and afternoon I have heard the Rev. Levi Parsons, who is going on a mission to Jerusalem. He appears much engaged for the salvation of souls, and preaches faithfully the terrors of the Lord. What an interesting field is this for the man of God! May the smiles of heaven attend him and his companion in labors, who are to be ordained

the present week. May they be made instruments of renewing the pure worship of that Savior who there suffered for man's redemption.

"*Monday evening*, 9 *o'clock.* Just returned from the *monthly concert*, and have been richly entertained. Mr. Evarts communicated a great deal of interesting intelligence, chiefly respecting the missions among the Cherokees and Choctaws. Your heart would have been made joyful in hearing it. Many very encouraging and interesting incidents were mentioned. At the close, a contribution was taken up for the mission at Jerusalem."

"*Boston, Nov.* 7, 1818.

(To the same.)

"When I read your remark, that God has evidently a controversy with the church in Coventry, my tears involuntarily flowed. O how dreadful, that a church should hinder the salvation of souls! And those dear ones who have long been inquiring—how affecting to consider that hardly any, even of professed Christians, seem to care whether they go to destruction or not! And can this be so? Alas! what reason have we to think otherwise?

"I have just passed through *a most affecting scene.* On last Sabbath evening I went alone to the house where I had attended a prayer-meeting a week previous; but found there was no meeting, and that, under the same roof, a man was very sick. His

wife, who is pious, appeared grateful for my call, gave me an account of their circumstances, and informed me that her husband had been a professed Universalist; but of late she thought his confidence in that error was shaken; though he would frequently argue the subject with her and others, even on his sick, and, she feared, his dying bed. She informed him I was present, and asked if he wished prayer. He said he did. I told him I would comply—remarking that, as he seemed near to death, he must probably soon meet the eternal God, and asking if he felt prepared. He intimated that he did.

"'Do you think you have experienced that change of heart which is spoken of in the word of God as essential to salvation?'

"'Have I repented of my sins,' (said he to himself,) 'and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ?'

"'Do you love Christ?' said I. 'Is he the one altogether lovely?'

"'Yes, he is lovely to me. I hope to be saved by him.'

"'Do you believe all will be saved by Christ?'

"'Yes, I think so.'

"'What do you think of the passage, These shall go away into everlasting punishment?'

"'I cannot tell what it means.'

"'We read also, The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'

"'Then,' said he, 'I must go there.'

"He seemed somewhat exhausted, and I was about to close my interview, when he again asked me to pray with him.

"'What petition shall I offer?' said I. 'Shall I ask that your heart may be changed?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'and that I may be purified.'

"Neighbors in the house were called in, and prayer was made in his behalf, amidst sobs and tears. His wife begged me to call again, which I did, with Mr. D. a young clergyman. He was evidently declining, but gave us no more satisfaction respecting his state.

"After we left him, he had much conversation with Rev. Mr. J——, and expressed his conviction of his ruin by sin; his renunciation of all the former grounds of his hope; his reliance solely upon Christ, and his peace and joy in him. He died the following day. His wife had long prayed earnestly for his conversion; and at last, when she had almost given him up as lost, had the satisfaction of seeing him give such evidence as he could in his last hours, that he fell asleep in Jesus."

His next letter is dated at *Coventry, Feb.* 13, 1819, and expresses his joy, that, on the 10th of the following month, the Rev. G. A. C—— was to be ordained as pastor.

"*Saturday evening.*—This day I have endeavored to observe as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit. I find so much in me that is unhumbled, that I have reason to

fear the day has been spent in vain. Several now appear anxious for their souls. God grant that they may be brought to bow submissive at the feet of Jesus, and that the hearts of Christians may be prepared for the special presence of God among us. O what shall be done in this stubborn, unyielding frame of mind!"

Within the progress of a few weeks his heart was cheered and refreshed by a visit, with his beloved pastor, to a church some miles distant, which was enjoying a precious revival of religion.

"As I entered the sanctuary, (he says,) joy beamed in the countenances of numbers, while others seemed borne down with a heavy load. Solemn silence reigned, interrupted only by occasional sighs and tears. Every eye was fixed, and every ear listening as to a message from the Lord. When the service closed, several remained to converse on the subject of their salvation.

"They dispersed for a little time; and at sunset the youth were seen assembling in groups, till the room was filled with near 200 immortal beings. All was silent as the house of death. The most profound attention evinced that the Lord was there. When the exercises were closed, and the blessing pronounced, not one moved to leave the house. All stood and seemed to say, 'We *cannot* go. Tell us more of Christ, and how to gain an interest in his atoning blood.'

"After a few moments, the minister, who had addressed them, began to converse with an individual near him; but all seemed eager to press forward, that they might hear for their own benefit. None appeared indifferent. Solemnity, sorrow, or joy was depicted in every countenance. The audience were seated, and nearly all in the house were addressed individually in reference to their own personal salvation. None wished to avoid being questioned, or being warned that, unless they repented of their sins and fled to Christ by a living faith, they must be lost."

This account Mr. Page embodied in an anonymous paper sent in with others to be read in the "Biblical School," in Coventry, in which a large number of youth united for the study of the Bible, and mutual, intellectual, moral and religious improvement.

"Our minister (he adds) has seen among another people anxious souls flocking to Christ. What must have been his reflections, surrounded by such a crowd of inquirers, as he turned his thoughts to his own flock—his church cold and languid—the youth thoughtless and gay, pressing on their way to eternal despair! How must his heart have sunk within him!

"And shall he find no inquiring souls here? Shall his heart *never* be gladdened by hearing the earnest inquiry, 'What must we do to be saved?' Shall we suffer *him* to go mourning all the day over so many hurrying to perdition? Shall we suffer *ourselves* to

be lulled in security, and thus be eternally ruined? O it is time, it is high time to awake."

Having received a fresh supply of Tracts, he immediately enclosed two of them to impenitent friends in notes, of which the following is one:

"*June* 22, 1819.

(To L. S.)

"Dear Brother,—Will you and your companion oblige me so much as to give the enclosed an attentive perusal before you go to rest this night? I have just received it, and feel peculiarly anxious that you should prayerfully consider the all-important subject it presents.

"With earnest solicitude for your eternal welfare, I am your brother,

"H. Page."

The season of God's mercy was indeed at hand On the 20th of June he thus wrote to Mrs. W——:

"My Dear Friend,—I have delayed till I can do it no longer. I know the joy you will feel at the repentance of sinners in Coventry. When I wrote you last, all was gloomy, except the prospect that God was about to place over us a spiritual guide. He has been indefatigable. For a time all *applauded*, but none seemed to be *moved*.

"A meeting of the church was called, when all

the male members were questioned with regard to their feelings. All confessed criminal coldness and want of spiritual life. The question was then put, 'Are we not called to make some special exertions that the work of God may be revived?' This was acknowledged, and it was agreed to hold prayer meetings in different neighborhoods.

"Two weeks after, another meeting was called, which 'all who felt anxious for a revival of religion were invited to attend.' This led to self-examination. 'Shall I go?' was the language of many. 'I cannot say I am one of those invited, but I dare not stay away.' Members of the church and others attended, and the meeting was full. The time was spent in exhortation and prayer, and some signs of life appeared.

"The next week a similar meeting was held, when every one who chose it was conversed with individually, and it appeared that some were inquiring. A work of grace was then progressing in B——, and had now entered our borders.

"A few of the church appear to be engaged. They found that they had wandered far, very far from God. Conversation meetings for inquirers are held weekly. Mr. and Mrs. G—— are now rejoicing in the Lord. Mrs. R——, Miss M—— W——, and Miss J—— are indulging a hope. The progress of the work has seemed to be exactly in accordance with the spirituality, the prayers and exertions of Christians. Sometimes the prospect looks dark,

but at others more encouraging. It is the Lord's work, and he alone can carry it on. The hopes of many professors of religion are shaken. Our minister has repeatedly told us, that if we cannot be engaged in such a time as this, we had better conclude that we are not Christians.

"Yesterday Rev. Mr. N—— preached twice in different neighborhoods. I could say a great deal, but must not add.

"With Christian affection, your friend,

"H. PAGE."

Under date of July 9, in a hasty note to a friend, he says: "We have such a season here as we never had before: the Lord is doing wonders, and we hope and believe he is about to work still greater. Could you see the change wrought in S——, (referred to December, 1815, and June, 1819,) you would be delighted. He seems indeed like one new born, through the energies of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Page always regarded a season of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit as *the harvest time of souls;* and it is hard to say whether his holy joy in God, his amazing sense of responsibility, his importunate prayers, or incessant efforts, most abounded. He seems to have been so intently engaged in promoting the work, that he made only a few brief notices of what was passing, with his pen. Among these is a list of *seventy-nine* individuals who in that

revival obtained hope in Christ; *sixty-six* of whom were added to the church.

On the 9th of August he thus addressed a young woman, whose case he seems to have considered almost hopeless:

"An affectionate regard for your immortal interests has induced me to write a few lines, though I know not that they will be welcome or beneficial. While others have been accepting Christ, I have anxiously hoped to hear the same of you. Shall no Christian's heart be cheered by such intelligence? Shall neither man nor God hear from your lips: 'O my sins, my sins, I fear they will ruin my soul for ever?' Shall no prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' break from your heart?

"I know you would not dare make light of the influences of the Holy Spirit; and is there not evidence sufficient to convince the most obstinate that the Lord is indeed among us? Who then will be on the Lord's side? Will you not come as a humble penitent, and cast yourself at his feet? Will you not now, by faith in Christ, become a friend of God, and an heir of glory?

"May I not hope that you are now determined to break your league with sin and the enemy of souls, before the impending storm of God's wrath shall fall upon you, when the only answer to your despairing cry shall be, FOR EVER—FOR EVER—FOR EVER! O do not let a deceitful heart beguile you. You have

a soul at stake worth millions of worlds, and which must live eternally in the joys of heaven or the agonies of hell. On no other subject should I address you, but on the momentous concerns of the soul you will not feel that I need apologize for the performance of duty.

"With esteem, your friend, H. PAGE."

In a letter, September 20, he says: "It is uncertain whether I go to Boston this fall. *I cannot leave this interesting field of exertion and scene of wonders.*"

A subsequent letter, chiefly occupied with statements respecting the revival, contains the following paragraph:

"In the midst of mercy, God has recently reminded us, by a most afflictive providence, that youth is with many the only time for securing the salvation of the soul. O—— P——, aged twenty-two, about two weeks since was called into eternity. But he died in faith, as we trust. He was hopefully converted the summer past, *just in time to escape the wrath to come.*"

To a communication from S—— L——, expressing renewed anxiety for himself as a sinner, and requesting Mr. Page's prayers and counsel, he thus replied:

"*Coventry, 11th Dec.* 1819

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is with peculiar satisfaction

that I improve the opportunity you have given me to address you on the momentous interests of your own soul. You have frankly disclosed your feelings, and I am unusually anxious that you should cast your burdens on the Lord, and give him your whole heart. You are now at an awful *crisis*. Your eternal all may depend on the course you take. The Lord has taught you by his Spirit, that you are a wretched, perishing sinner. You feel that you have no preparation for heaven, and see nothing before you but eternal wo. O my friend, *there is a refuge*. The Lord Jesus invites, in melting strains, 'Look to me, and live. Come unto me, and find rest.' O, go to him *now*, as you value your precious, immortal soul.

"But you ask, 'How shall I go to him with this hard impenitent heart?' Christ, my friend, is ready to soften and sanctify it by his own blood. Go to him *just as you are*—poor—needy—empty—wretched—only *go to him*. His grace is free. It will be his joy now to receive you. And will you not go? O make now one determined effort in the strength of God. Break through all opposition from within and from without. Cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, and cry, 'Lord, save me, or I perish.'

"Your dear friend went to Christ, and is now, we trust, in heaven. Follow his example in loving the Savior, and you may follow him to glory. Death to him was welcome, so it may be to you. There was a fullness in Christ for him, so there is for you.

The blessed fountain is set open, and *whosoever will* may 'take of the waters of life freely.'

"May I not indulge the hope and expectation, that, before you shall lay down this sheet, you will have made the successful resolve, and fled for refuge to the ark of safety; and that, when next we meet, you will tell me what glorious things God has done for your soul? O my friend, God has said his Spirit shall not always strive. I fear, should you delay a little longer, he will depart from you, never to return.

"With earnest prayer for you, your affectionate friend,

"H. PAGE.

"*Coventry, Friday evening, Dec.* 24, 1819.

(To Miss J—— A—— L——.)

"I am very anxious to know how you are now. Are you yet rejoicing in hope; or have you turned again to the follies of this flattering and deceitful world? O my friend, I long to hear from you. I long to hear that you have chosen that good part which shall never be taken away. Have you, do tell me, have you forgotten our last interview? Have you performed the sacred promise to give yourself and your all to Christ? Have you submitted to his will, and determined to die a beggar at his feet? Do write me immediately. I wait, impatient to hear. Resist temptation. Quench not the Spirit. Pray without ceasing.

Repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.

"I am now keeping school—*some encouraging prospects among my scholars.* Friends feel anxious for you. I can assure you, you have many fervent petitions ascending from the heart to God in your behalf.

"With much affection, your friend and cousin,

"H. PAGE."

Of his efforts for the eternal welfare of the pupils of his school, a Christian friend says, in a letter written since his death, "a number of ladies, who, when in youth, attended this school, still feel under great obligations to him and to God for *his faithful and untiring efforts* for their salvation, and *attribute their conversion, under God, to his instrumentality.*"

So much was his mind engrossed with the subject of the salvation of the young, that in January he prepared an article, in which were clustered some of the MOTIVES TO EARLY PIETY; which, in the hope that it would meet the eye of those under his care, and others, he sent for insertion in the Guardian, a small and useful monthly periodical. We retain enough of the article to show what place this subject held in the mind and heart of the writer.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—While I see so many youth hastening unprepared to eternity, I cannot forbear calling to you to stop for a moment, and

consider what affecting MOTIVES urge you to make your peace with God.

"Your *Christian friends* earnestly desire your salvation. They see your danger. They know that, unless your heart is renewed by the Holy Spirit, your soul must be lost. They plead with you. They weep and pray for you night and day. They long to rejoice over you as a new-born heir of heaven.

"The *angels of God* desire your salvation. Yes, their golden harps are tuned to raise a louder song of joy over every one who will repent. Will you not be the first to cause the arches of heaven to re-echo, that another wanderer has returned? Shall angels long for your salvation, and you be unconcerned about it yourself? But more,

"*Christ himself* desires your salvation. For this he became 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' For this he endured the agony of the garden and the cross. He calls you, by his word, by his providence, and by his Spirit. He declares that he 'is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' And shall he call in vain? Is it nothing to you, that he shed his precious blood, and bore the wrath of Jehovah for perishing sinners? O heart of adamant, that will not melt in view of such condescension, suffering, and love! O vile ingratitude, that can behold, unmoved, the 'Son of God in tears,' offering himself for man's redemption!

"Consider also *the glories of heaven.* There is the throne of God and of the Lamb. There, the pure river of the water of life for ever flows. There, saints and angels offer their unceasing praises. There, your departed Christian friends mingle their voices with the heavenly choir. There, all unite in shouting 'Alleluia, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' 'Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.' There, every humble penitent at last arrives. There, is the consummation of all his happiness.

"Think too of *the misery of hell.* O the horrors of despair! What pencil can paint, or what pen describe them! Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth constitute the horrid discord of the abodes of the damned. There the stings of a guilty conscience, that worm that never dies; heart-rending reflections on murdered time; the view of saints in glory afar off; the surrounding gloom of the infernal pit; unavailing lamentations and despair, all conspire to render their misery complete. O, 'who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can inhabit everlasting burnings?'

"Consider *the worth of the soul.* Its value can be measured only by eternity. When millions of millions of ages shall have rolled away, your soul will still be active, and its capacity to suffer or enjoy for ever increasing.

"*Death is rapidly approaching.* Perhaps this night you will close your eyes to wake in eternity. Thousands have been thus surprised. How many of your companions are gone, never to return! Their state is fixed. They are now enduring the wrath of God, or singing his praises in the paradise above. Whoever you are, you may be assured that death is nigh to you. To him you must yield, willing or unwilling; and eternal wo must be your doom, unless you haste to Christ, the only refuge from the impending storm.

"*The day of judgment* is at hand. Soon the loud trump of the archangel will awake the sleeping dead; and you among them will come forth to 'the resurrection of life,' or 'the resurrection of damnation.' Then the Savior, whom you have loved, or despised, will appear in the clouds of heaven, to give to every one 'according as his work shall be.' Before him you must stand with assembled millions, while he bids you depart, or welcomes you to a seat at his right hand.

"Other motives might be urged, but if these will not awaken you to a sense of your danger, others would be unavailing. Now you have a day of grace. Now the saints are praying for you; the angels of God wait to rejoice over you; the Lord Jesus Christ, by his word and by his Spirit, is entreating you to come; the glories of heaven are offered you; the miseries of hell are unveiled to your view; while

the worth of your soul, the rapid approach of death and judgment, urge you to make haste—to escape for your life from the destruction that awaits you. O my young friend, as you value your eternal well-being, I beseech you awake from this slumber. Arise and go to Jesus. Go to him a humble beggar; go penitent and believing. None such were ever sent empty away. While you tarry, your sins are accumulating, your danger is increasing. Delay a little longer, and your soul, your precious, immortal soul, is lost for ever."

"*Coventry, after school, Friday, March* 10, 1820.

(To Miss J—— A—— L——.)

"Your letter gave me peculiar pleasure, as it contained expressions of a hope that you have passed from death unto life. Yet when we consider the deceitfulness of the heart, and the temptations of the adversary, it becomes us to rejoice with trembling. Is Christ indeed precious to you? O happy soul! Happy even in the midst of adversity; happy in life, happy in death, and happy for ever. I long to know more particularly what is your state, and what have been your exercises, both before and since your conversion. Let me entreat you to be faithful to your own soul and to God. Seek also *the eternal welfare of your companions.* You know not how much you may yet do, which God shall make the means of saving souls.

"Your friend, H. Page."

"*Wednesday evening, April* 4.—This day has been observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, and has been a solemn and interesting season. Several clergymen of the vicinity were with us; having commenced visiting the churches in succession. Each minister present prayed, and addressed the crowded assembly; and the members of the church expressed, by rising, their solemn determination to be faithful, and live more in accordance with their profession. It is supposed that *about half of the towns in this state are now visited with a special out-pouring of the Holy Spirit.* We cannot but hope that God will also appear for us in mercy, though I do not know of one serious inquirer. God grant that his own people may arise to duty, the impenitent be alarmed, and that there may be a rich ingathering of souls."

On the 16th he addressed a young friend, to whom, it appears he had agreed to write, first on the subject of education and mental improvement, and then on "*the* '*one thing needful*,' without which all other acquisitions are vain"—requesting in return "a free expression of opinions and feeling *on both subjects.*" In the reply, the former subject seems to be wholly overlooked.

"The deep interest which you have manifested for my immortal soul," says the writer, "I can never, no, never forget. I have thought much on the con-

tents of your letter. I am deeply sensible that religion alone is worth living for. You will probably say, 'then why not embrace it?' I can only reply that it is owing entirely to the wickedness of my heart, which has long been pursuing the pleasures of the world. If I perish, I know I have nothing to plead in excuse for rejecting the offers of mercy. I feel in need of your advice, and beg you not to forget me when interceding at the throne of grace.

"Yours respectfully,

"C—— H—— H——."

On the 16th April he commenced a correspondence with A. K., a beloved relative now in the ministry, for their mutual benefit in reference both to the present and a future life. In this letter he says:

"You complain of insensibility to the great concerns of eternity; and, my friend, you are not alone in this. I know of no better way to be delivered from it, than to GO FORWARD *in every known duty, relying on the aids of the Holy Spirit.* It appears that this is the best means of promoting a revival of religion in our own hearts, and of being useful to others. Let us, dear brother, be more active. How many of our acquaintance, over whom we may perhaps have influence, *have we left* without faithfully performing our duty to their souls! We know that without religion they are lost. Let us then act accordingly."

One expression in the above clearly implies, that, faithful as he had been, there was present before his mind, not the many he had warned, but *the great number remaining*, for whose salvation he had individually done nothing effectual.

The following attempt to reach the heart of a young man whom he highly esteemed, but who was only '*almost* persuaded to be a Christian,' affords another illustration of the manner in which he carried out his desires and purposes to do good.

Coventry, Friday evening, April 20, 1821.

(To Mr. C. P.)

"My Dear Friend—I think I feel more and more interested in your welfare, and anxious that you may be useful, especially in promoting the salvation of men. But without the hope that you are yourself interested in the Savior's love, how can you labor for the salvation of others? Were your tongue unloosed, and your heart warm with love to God and souls, how might you take your companions by the hand, and entreat them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God! How would you retire to your closet and agonize in prayer in their behalf! Whenever you looked upon them, how would your heart swell within you, from a sense of their danger! How would you weep in secret places over their impenitence, and dreadful indifference to eternal things.

"But, alas! for tnis you are not prepared. No one has ever heard you entreating sinners to flee from the wrath to come—no humble prayer has ever ascended from your heart to God in their behalf. My friend, if you or I ever do any thing for God, it must be done *soon*. 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch;* for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' How should I rejoice to take you by the hand as a dear brother in the Lord, and to see you far more faithful in the service of Christ than ever I have been! How happy might we be in mutual efforts here, and with what joy unite for ever in the songs of praise to redeeming love!

"That this joy may be ours, through penitence for sin, and faith in atoning blood, is the prayer of your affectionate friend, H. PAGE"

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE OF TWO MONTHS IN JEWETT CITY AND EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN COVENTRY.

Mr Page now spent some weeks in mechanical labors in Jewett city, a manufacturing village which

had recently sprung up thirty miles distant; lodging with a pious relative who there resided. His letters to his family, with a brief journal during his absence, give us additional light respecting the state of his heart, and his efforts to be useful.

"*Friday, May* 18, 1821. Left home for Jewett City. Spent the night at brother T.'s in Lebanon.—*Have had a long season of spiritual darkness,* but this evening think I enjoyed more of the light of God's countenance."

"*Saturday,* 19. Determined to endeavor to *do all my duty to all the members of brother T.'s family.* Felt a peculiar earnestness in family prayer for those who were without God. Went to the factory and *conversed with each person* employed in it, on the state of their souls. Found in them a general reluctance to come to a determination to attend immediately to the one thing needful. Two or three appeared somewhat affected in view of their state. How important, that, in conversing with the impenitent, we endeavor to *bring the truth home plainly to their hearts.* God grant that this interview may not be in vain."

It was on this or another occasion, that as he was passing a school-house in L——, he called, presented some Tracts to the teacher for her scholars, and addressed a few words to her on the subject of her own salvation; and to this brief interview she now ascribes her conversion to God.

On the same day he arrived at Jewett City; and the following letter on the evening of the succeeding day shows how soon he found something here to do for Christ.

"*Jewett City, Sabbath evening*, 10 *o'clock*

(To Mrs. Page.)

"Thus far the Lord has sustained me. I arrived here in safety last evening. This morning heard Rev. Mr. W——, from Rev. 7: 10, showing that the salvation of the sinner should all be ascribed to God. In the afternoon attended a funeral, where Mr. W. solemnly addressed a large concourse. This evening have visited at the boarding-house, where are about forty boarders. Found some there who seemed to love the cause of Christ. I remarked to Mrs. P——, that I thought we ought to have prayer meetings in the neighborhood. She gave her assent; and soon proposed that we should *commence them this evening*, and that the boarders be called in. Expecting I should be requested to lead, gave me a little heart-fluttering; but I think I had some earnestness in the performance of the duty.

"Many connected with the factory spend the Sabbath in idleness or amusement. I feel that I have here *much to do;* and O for judgment, prudence, humility, and love to God and souls, to enable me to perform it! I feel more and more the need of Divine aid, and of the prayers of others. I think my situa-

tion here will in many respects be trying. I shall need the whole armor of God. My religious privileges will be less than they have been; but it seems there is a door opening that I may be useful. *Pray for me*, my dear wife, and *engage all you can to do the same*. Give the little ones a kiss from Pa. Stay yourself on God. He knows what is for your good.

"With the tenderest affection,

"H. PAGE."

"*Monday*, 21. Proposed to one of the workmen that we hold stated prayer meetings for a revival of religion in the factory. Think we shall succeed."

"*Wednesday evening*, 22. Had a meeting of the workmen and boarders at Captain P——'s. It was agreed to hold a weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings. Feel considerable anxiety for a revival of religion in the factory. There appears here a dreadful indifference to Divine things. O Lord, make the stubborn tremble, and make those whom I daily see living in sin, the trophies of thy grace!

"*Saturday evening*, 25. To-day I have heard good news from Coventry—the conversions of P. P. and J. P. For a moment I could hardly be reconciled to be away from them; but the persuasion that God has more for me to do here than there, calms my anxieties and stimulates me to act. To God I would commit my dear family. May he preserve

them to-night, and give them and me a pleasant Sabbath! To-day had some conversation with a universalist. Agreed with a Christian friend to make him a subject of special prayer."

"*Jewett City, Wednesday evening, May* 30.

(To Mrs. Page.)

"I received yours on Saturday, which gave me the pleasing intelligence that P. P. and J. P. think they have found the Savior. I hope, by this time, the work has become general. It seems more and more that it was necessary for me to come away. Perhaps *I was the Achan* that prevented the blessing. It appears that God will have me remain here at present.

"On Wednesday evenings we have a prayer meeting of those connected with the factory; and a few, who love the Throne of Grace, have agreed to establish a prayer meeting on *Sabbath mornings at sunrise.* Christians here are of various religious denominations, and seem to have been discouraged. I think there are some appearances now of quickening. There appears so wide a door here for Christian effort, that I scarcely know where to begin. Several of the workmen will probably unite and take the Missionary Herald, that it may be read at the Wednesday evening meetings; but the religious state of the people, generally, is lamentable.

By many the Sabbath is shamefully profaned, and the enemies of Christ seem to triumph. *I need your prayers*, and the prayers of friends, for *wisdom*, *grace*, and *humility*.

"Affectionately yours,

"H. PAGE."

The following memorandum shows briefly how he spent the next Sabbath.

"*Sabbath evening*, *June* 3.—This morning attended a prayer meeting at sunrise. *Seven* were present. Had a pleasant meeting. They thought they had felt for a few days a greater anxiety for a revival of religion.

"After breakfast visited Mr. F. a sick man, who has worked with us. Yesterday his case was thought to be dangerous, but to-day he is more comfortable. Conversed with him on the state of his soul; found him without hope, and feeling unprepared for his change. He had been considerably alarmed, but did not seem to have a clear sense of his awful guilt in the sight of God. I read to him a Tract, prayed with him, and endeavored to persuade him of the necessity of immediate repentance.

"At the door, met a man and conversed with him; he said he thought some on the subject of religion, and knew he was a sinner. I urged him not to delay the great work of making his peace with God.

"Near a neighboring house saw four young men, who appeared very thoughtless; went to them, and told them I had a short message, which I wished them to hear and consider. After getting their attention, I told them it was, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

"Walked to P——, and heard Rev. Mr. W. Addressed the prayer meeting in the evening, and felt some freedom. Called again on the sick man: he said he had thought much of what I said to him in the morning.

"On my way, met one of the young men whom I accosted this morning; took him by the hand, and asked if he had thought of what I then said to him. He said he had many times during the day. Addressed him and a group of lads around him, warning them that they must awake to a sense of their danger—or perish.

"Agreed upon appointing a *Monthly Concert* for prayer, to-morrow evening, in the school-house."

"*Monday evening.* Just returned from Monthly Concert. About 40 were present. To me it was a pleasant meeting. Walked home with Mr. ——. He appeared considerably enlivened."

"*Wednesday evening.* Attended meeting at the boarding house. How much do I need pardoning and sanctifying grace."

"*Jewett City, Saturday P. M. June 9.*

(To Mrs. Page)

"I sent yesterday to Boston for the Missionary Herald; and Esq. M—— gives me the reading of the Recorder. So you see I shall not be destitute of religious intelligence. If I had a supply of Tracts, I could dispose of them here to good advantage.

"I *lose one quarter of a day this P. M.* to write and get some *rest preparatory to the Sabbath*, as I have found myself dull at meeting."

He proceeds to relate particularly the events of the preceding Sabbath, and continues the letter on Sabbath evening.

"*Thirteen* were present at the prayer-meeting this morning. I enjoyed it much. The sermon at P——, in the afternoon, was on the *duties of parents*, and uncommonly interesting.

"A Universalist preached to-day at the church here. So you see the enemy had the field. I do think *a faithful minister*, stationed here, might do incalculable good. It is indeed missionary ground.

"As to my own spiritual state, I can hardly tell you what it is, I find *so much impurity of motive.* I hope you have many new converts around you, and many engaged Christians. How is my own dear sister? Is she yet a Christian? Tell the dear children that Pa thinks of them, and prays for them. I hope you will make up in duties to them what has

been wanting in me. Do not neglect their souls, as I have too much done, H. PAGE."

"*Monday, June* 11. Called on Mr. F. who is worse. He thought he had experienced a change within a few days; but I could obtain no satisfactory evidence. Endeavored to deal faithfully with him, and show him the danger of a false hope.

"*Tuesday evening.* Attended a prayer-meeting one and a half miles distant. About twenty present. I often inquire what reason I have to hope I am a Christian. I find so much selfishness in my motives to action, that I sometimes fear true love to Christ is wanting."

"*Sabbath evening, June* 17. *Twenty-one* present at the prayer-meeting at sunrise. Heard Rev. Mr. W—— morning and afternoon. Attended a prayer-meeting in the intermission. At 5 o'clock, attended the Sabbath school here; forty-two children present. This evening, prayer-meeting at the school-house. Within three days have felt uncommonly anxious for the salvation of souls; but the impenitent all around me seem yet to be thoughtless. Satan appears to be making unusual efforts. May the Lord guide me in duty. *Have I not come to this place with his glory in view?* Shall I not be the means of benefiting some souls?

"*Friday evening*, 22. This evening, a prayer-meeting for Sabbath School teachers; about twenty

attended. The meeting at the boarding-house, on Wednesday evening, was more solemn than usual. Find that some were deeply interested.

"*Wednesday evening*, *June* 27. To-day, paid what is called 'entrance' to the work-shop, by giving Tracts to the workmen. They generally appeared pleased. Held a conversation of some length with a gentleman of considerable education. He argued on many religious subjects, and contends that man is not strictly a free agent. May God open his eyes and heart."

"*Sabbath*, *July* 1. About *thirty* at the morning prayer-meeting. Attended church and joined in commemorating the Lord's death at P——. At 5 P. M. attended Sabbath school, containing now upwards of *eighty* scholars, who are very regular and attentive. Yet, with all these privileges, my spiritual discernment is so dim, my affections so cold, that I must conclude I have but little real desire to 'glorify God in my body and spirit, which are his.'"

"*Wednesday evening*. Prayer-meeting solemn. More of the boarders attended than usual. One of the workmen appears to be somewhat thoughtful. Felt peculiar anxiety for the conversion of sinners.

"*Tuesday*, *July* 10. Last evening Capt. P—— called at my lodgings, bringing a young man seriously impressed. Found him deplorably ignorant. He was considerably affected, but did not seem to have a sense of *sin*. May God convince him, and bring him

to the truth. Have just received intelligence of the death of the Rev. Dr. Worcester.

"*Saturday, July* 14. S—— H—— is hoping that he has been born again; and another, I think, gives evidence of a change. How much cause have I for humiliation, that God should use such an unworthy instrument in the conversion of sinners! And when he has, in so many instances, blessed my feeble efforts, how guilty that I am not more earnest in exertions for the good of souls!

"This afternoon learned that Mr. L—— is indulging a hope. Blessed news, that one of the workmen has been brought home to Christ!"

Encouraged by these indications, he addressed the following letter to a gentleman of much respectability, with whom he had had a friendly interview.

"*Sabbath evening, 15th July.*

"DEAR SIR,—Our partial acquaintance and other circumstances have led me to feel a peculiar interest in your eternal welfare. In our recent interview, I learned that you have been often affectionately reminded of the necessity of an immediate attention to the concerns of eternity, but yet that you are living without hope, and with your affections still supremely placed on earthly good.

"My feelings were not a little excited while in the house of God to-day, in contemplating the final separation of those who are connected by the dearest

earthly ties—one to descend to the gloom of everlasting despair—the other to rise to immortal life and glory. I knew, that you had had a religious education; that a thousand prayers of pious friends had been offered in your behalf; and that a devoted wife was pouring out her intercessions to God, that you may not be separated in the future world.

"Why, Sir, this insensibility to eternal realities? Why this parleying with sin? this forgetfulness of God? this aversion to a holy life, and to the Savior of sinners? I cannot believe that your enlightened understanding will allow you to barter your soul for the trifles of earth.

"Men act in view of motives. Permit me to ask, do you not find them sufficient to induce a compliance with the simple and reasonable requisitions of the Gospel of Christ? How long, Sir, will you withhold the best affections of your heart from him who is 'the chief among ten thousands, and altogether lovely?' How long will you put far away the evil day, and slumber on the verge of ruin? How long will you, dear Sir, reject the Redeemer of mankind and his offers of eternal life? God grant that your heart may answer, 'Not a moment.' Allow me the freedom of affectionately entreating you immediately to escape from the threatened doom of the impenitent, and cast yourself as a vile rebel on the mercy of Him who alone is able to save.

"With affection and respect, sincerely yours,

"H. PAGE."

"*Thursday, July* 19. Felt an unusual desire his day for a revival of religion. Have conversed vith L——. He appears very well. H. K. appears very solemn."

On the same day he thus wrote to Mrs. Page:

"I have received yours. Is Coventry indeed in so deplorable a condition? Where is the zeal of Christians? Is there no God? no heaven? no hell? Are there no souls on the way to death? I hoped to hear that you were enjoying a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit. The Lord Jesus is just such a stay as you now and always need. Your companion, you will find, sooner or later, to be only a broken reed; but Christ is a safe refuge.

"We have some favorable tokens for good here. One man, Mr. L——, has obtained a hope, and is now quite active. A young woman appears to-day to be under convictions, and others, I think, are more solemn. As much as I desire to be with my own family, *I should not dare to leave this place at this time.* I hope that God has sent me here to be a means of advancing his cause. I felt yesterday a peculiar anxiety for sinners, and think I was enabled to maintain, in a degree, a praying spirit.

"In all your trials, you will find it sweet casting yourself into the arms of Christ. He is ready to grant consolation to his children. Only put your confidence in Him, and be active and faithful in his service. Yours with sincere affection,

"H. PAGE."

"*Sabbath, July* 22. At the prayer-meeting this morning, learned that H. K. had found peace in believing. In the evening had a long conversation with the family of Mr. ———. Found one of his daughters strongly attached to dancing, and, in the pursuit of vanity, waiting for God to do his work in her heart. Endeavored to take away her excuses, and convince her that the guilt is all her own. May the Holy Spirit set home truth to her heart.

"*July* 28. This day completes thirty years of my life. How ought I to begin this new year for God?

"*Aug.* 2. Compelled by pain in my breast to leave work in the shop; painted a landscape view of the factory. Attended a meeting to devise means for *obtaining a faithful minister* to be settled and devote his labors constantly in the village.

"*August* 4. Health more feeble, and obliged to resort to medicine. In addition to my bodily infirmities, I find great languor in my spiritual affections. O for a more ardent desire to be instrumental in promoting the glory of God! May I not, blessed Jesus, leave myself with thee? Wilt thou not guide me, and lead me back to thy fold, and make me faithful the short time I have to continue on earth? Thou knowest my weakness, my instability, my dim vision of eternal things, and my ingratitude. Pardon my wanderings, revive my languid affections, and fit me for all thy pleasure."

Here closes the little journal he kept of his brief

stay in Jewett City; and we regret to say, he has left behind him *nothing further in the shape of a journal.* Had he made and preserved even such hasty notices of his efforts from day to day, and the blessing that followed them, it is only known to God how extensively the record of them might have been blessed in inciting others to duty.

On the last page of the journal we have a memorandum of "*Books out,*" including Baxter's Call, and a few works of kindred character, the loaning of which, as he judged them adapted to the state of particular individuals, was one of his accustomed means of usefulness.

From another memorandum, it appears, that, while he was performing the labors of love above recounted, he worked *fifty-seven days, at seventy-five cents a day.* Here was a mechanic, performing his daily task on hire; establishing and sustaining a religious meeting at the boarding-house, on Wednesday evenings; a meeting of the people of God for prayer, on Sabbath mornings, at sunrise; and, though he went about three miles to attend public worship, throwing his efforts into a Sabbath school at 5 P. M., and instructing a class; devoting Sabbath evenings to meetings and family visitation; conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious, and those indulging a hope; distributing Tracts; endeavoring to awaken an interest in the benevolent operations of the day; keeping a brief diary;

abounding in prayer; and adopting, with others, incipient measures (which proved successful) for the formation of a church and the settlement of an evangelical pastor. Many a professed Christian, as he goes out on a journey, or to tarry among strangers, "leaves his religion behind him." Not so our brother: "I hope," was his language, "that *God has sent me here to advance his cause.*"

The friend with whom he lodged says, religion was always first in his mind. If he entered a family, after the usual salutations, this subject was immediately introduced. In promoting the Sabbath schools, he would go out into the high-ways; and wherever he found those of suitable age, however far from God they might seem, would gain their attention, and, if possible, bring them in. Six or eight wild boys, from twelve to seventeen years old, were thus induced to attend; were led to see their ruin by sin, and brought hopefully to Christ. Some of them became teachers in the school. One of them, a little before the death of Mr. Page, expressed an earnest desire to see him; and said that, but for his efforts, he must have been, to all human view, an eternal outcast. The meetings in the boarding-house were continued about a year after he left us, and the saving influences of the Holy Spirit descended upon them. The gentleman whom he addressed by letter, July 15, publicly professed Christ, and frequently spoke of Mr. Page's faithful efforts for

his salvation. A daughter of one of the families he visited, lamented on her death-bed that she had not heeded his admonitions. 'Oh,' said she, 'that I could see that Mr. Page! O that I had regarded his warnings!' At the close of the evening he often spent much time in his chamber before retiring to rest, sometimes till a late hour, doubtless wrestling with God in prayer for the individuals with whom, during the day, he had been conversing.

We now return with our brother to his peaceful home, where his health for several weeks continued feeble, and forbade his returning to labor at Jewett City, as he had intended. But it appears that, though in "much debility of body," and for a time "unable to converse much," he did not relinquish the one prime object of his life. On the 18th of August he thus wrote to C. H. H. a young lady who had been for some time anxious for her soul.

"According to your own confession, your case is deplorable indeed. Convinced of the necessity of religion, and of the vanity of all earthly pursuits, you still choose the way to death. But stop; is C——a in the way to death? can it be possible that she has lived three months sensible of her danger, and knowing her duty, without casting herself, a guilty rebel, at the foot of the cross? O remember, the Savior will not always call. Continuing to reject him the day of your calamity is at hand! The

eternal sorrows that shall come upon you, make haste. Think again of his melting invitations: 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Slighting such calls, and abusing such privileges as you enjoy, must you not deserve and receive an aggravated doom? If these were the last words I could ever speak to you, I would say, *Haste—throw yourself immediately on the mercy of God in Christ.* Unless you do this, you can never enter heaven; and unless you do it *soon*, it is more than probable the lamentation will be yours: 'the harvest is past, the summer ended—and I am not saved!'"

On the 23d of August he wrote an affectionate letter to friends in Jewett City, expressing his regret that he was unable to return; encouraging them to persevere in duty; and enclosing a solemn appeal to his Sabbath school class.

September 5, he transmitted, for publication in the Guardian, a sketch of the interview held with a young lady, July 22; his object being "to convince her that there was *no obstacle on the part of God* to her coming to him, and that the guilt of her continued impenitence rested *wholly and alone* on herself.

"'I acknowledge,' she said, 'that I do love the pleasures of this world; and that *dancing*, which is my favorite amusement, is one of the last things I could give up.'

"'Are you prepared then,' I asked, 'to risk your eternal all, for a short season of this world's enjoyment? When so much has been done for your salvation, will you still hazard the tremendous consequences of being 'a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God?'"

"'However that may be,' said she, 'I shall continue in my present course till the Spirit of God leads me to think and feel differently. Should I die now, I know I must be lost; but I can see no way to prevent it. I do not desire to be miserable—I wish to go to heaven as well as others; but what can I do? The *prayer* of the wicked is "abomination to the Lord;" and if I am to be saved, when God sees fit to change my heart, he will do it.'

"'True,' said I, "the sacrifice of the wicked is abomination to the Lord," he neither accepts nor requires it. He requires the prayer of 'a broken and contrite spirit;' and you can render no valid excuse for not going to him this day, and even this moment, with a spirit contrite and broken for sin. Every moral exercise of your heart, and every act of your life, that are not consistent with supreme love to God, are also an abomination in his sight. And besides all this, your impenitence and your neglect of religion is *your own choice;* for this you are guilty; and for this, if persisted in, you will be justly condemned. If you cannot plead this excuse at the bar of God, never, I beseech you, make it again on earth.

"After endeavoring in vain to obtain a promise that she would do so much for her salvation, as for a short season each day to call to mind and *confess her sins individually to God*, I left her, hoping that the interview would be the means at least of exciting some serious reflections.

"I think we see in this example, that impenitent sinners have *no desire to become the followers of Christ*. They wish to escape misery, and to be happy; but are unwilling humbly to accept of Christ; and refuse to engage, for his sake, in self-denying duty. They also, impliedly, if not confessedly, cast the *blame of their impenitence on God*.

"*Let every Christian*, while so many are thus excusing and deluding themselves, be faithful in unveiling to them the real state of their hearts, and showing them their guilt and danger. Let him warn them no longer to reply against God; show them that their excuses arise from hatred to him and his perfect law, and from their own disposition to justify themselves. And let him add to this, frequent and fervent prayer, that their eyes may be opened, and that they may cast themselves on the mercy of God in Christ.

"To *persons of the character of the young lady above described*, I would say, in the language of the apostle, that, at the bar of judgment, 'every mouth will be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.' At that dread tribunal you can plead no

palliation for your impenitent life. You must stand confounded, while you acknowledge the justice of the sentence that fixes your doom in eternal wo. Be deceived no longer. Your immortal soul is at stake. Awake now to your danger, while you are in a land of hope. Acknowledge yourself a vile and guilty rebel; and remember that *you must repent and believe in Christ*, or you can never be admitted to the abodes of the blessed."

There stands appended to a copy of this article the following note, dated 1829, in the hand-writing of Mr. Page:

"The young lady above described received impressions from this article which resulted in her hopeful conversion to God. She has since died, trusting in the merits of Christ."

Coventry, September 20, 1821.

(To Miss J. B.)

"I hear you *have not yet professed Christ before men.* If you hope that you are a child of God, I think you would receive much spiritual benefit, and be instrumental of more good to others, by publicly joining yourself to his people.

"The field is open to all who are willing to labor in it; and the present is a day when none can excuse themselves for being inactive. Every humble, well-directed effort for Zion's cause, God seems ready to own and bless. This is also an age and

country in which *females* may do much to advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

"And now, Miss J——, can you not do more than you have done? Is there no Christian female, whom you can encourage? no impenitent sinner whom you can warn of his danger? no young friend whom you might hope to bring to the know ledge of the truth? Do be faithful to the youth around you. Pray for them, and labor with them, that they receive not the doom of the rejecters of Christ Your friend, H. PAGE."

"*Coventry, Monday evening*, 8 *Oct.* 1821.

(To Miss P—— A——.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This afternoon we have committed to the dust the body of one of your intimate acquaintances, D. R. Why was it not myself? Why was it not my friend P——? We are still in the land of the living, and God grant that the remainder of our days may be spent in the service of Christ.

"What are your feelings, my friend, as you revert to those seasons *when the Holy Spirit spoke to your conscience*, and brought you, in some degree, to feel your wretched condition? Are all serious impressions banished from your mind? Are the Divine influences withdrawn for ever? Is my friend, who was once trembling in view of her state as a sinner, now thoughtlessly pursuing her course to the world of wo? I can hardly bear the thought.

An immortal being—blessed with a religious education—a child of many prayers, labors and tears—continuing to reject the offers of life, and refuse the gracious calls of a bleeding Savior!

"May I not indulge the hope, that, ere this, you are a child of God; an active laborer in his vineyard; and prepared for the rest that 'remains for the people of God?' If not, let me affectionately urge you *now to awake;* to delay the work of repentance no longer; and to suffer the enemy of souls to gain no farther advantage, lest it prove your eternal ruin.

"Do not remain careless because others are so. Be an active friend of Christ yourself, and labor to bring them to be so too.

"I have been *but little acquainted with the state of the youth* among us, the summer past, having been for some time absent; and for the last two months *my health has been so much impaired that I have had opportunity to converse with but few.* But there is reason to fear that many are gliding down to the gates of death.

"This may be the last time that I shall ever address you on this subject; but when we meet at the bar of God, may it appear that these lines, and our opportunities of conversation, have not been in vain. Will you not write and tell me the state of your mind? I did intend to have seen you again before you left Coventry, but was disappointed.

"Your affectionate friend, H. PAGE."

On the 15th of March, 1822, he writes to H—— D——, a young relative, *on business;* and that part of the letter being finished, proceeds to express his regret that their personal interview, when his friend was at Coventry, was so short; and his hope that correspondence may be an acceptable and useful substitute. "A thousand topics of interest," he says, "present themselves; but all others sink into insignificance compared with eternal realities.

"And now, dear cousin, permit me to speak to you particularly on *your own spiritual state.* From your conversation I was led to conclude that you did not consider yourself as having experienced that change 'from death unto life,' which the Scriptures represent as indispensable to salvation. 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord!' Destitute of supreme love to God, our state is indeed deplorable. While we are purposing at some future time to give him our hearts, an unexpected and unwelcome messenger cuts short our hopes for ever.

"I can assure you, my friend, that no period of life will ever be so favorable for your accepting the offers of mercy as the present. God has said, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' I would affectionately urge you, by all that is solemn in heaven, on earth, and in the world of despair; in a dying bed, and in the day of judgment; to delay the work of preparation for death no longer. Hasten, and flee to Christ as a ruined sinner. Days and months fly swiftly; all

opportunity to make your peace with God will soon be over; and the soul once lost, is lost for ever.

"Do write me, and fully express your feelings.

"Your affectionate friend and cousin,

"H. Page."

The following is an illustration of a final and almost desperate effort to reach the heart of one whose case seemed nearly hopeless.

(To Miss N—— R——.)

"The remark has often been made, that 'it will do no good to converse with N—— R—— on her state as a sinner;' and you have probably yourself been brought to the same conclusion.

"I take my pen to say a few words more to you, trembling lest it should only be the means of hardening you in sin. All motives from this world would lead me at once to desist. But when I look to a dying hour, and a little beyond, into an unchanging eternity, I feel irresistibly impelled once more to expostulate with a perishing fellow-sinner. I beg you to receive it in kindness, and as probably the last lines or words, addressed to you personally, which you will ever read or hear from me while you continue professedly the enemy of God.

"And now, what shall I say? Will you accompany me to that silent room? Here lies a young lady wasted by disease, and just on the confines of eterni-

ty Approach her—the paleness of death is on her cheek. Take her by the hand—why start at its icy coldness? It is but kindred dust. Listen to her tale. 'Alas! my friend, I am dying! I am dying! My day of grace is over. My sands are almost run. In a few moments I shall be enveloped in devouring fire. I have lived in sin, rejected Christ, and now he hides his face from me, and there is no remedy. O how have Christians plead with me to make God my portion; but I would not listen. I accused God of injustice, quarreled with that sovereign love that would have wooed my heart; resisted the Holy Spirit, that was teaching me my lost condition and pressing me to accept of Christ. He called, but I refused; and now he is withdrawn from me for ever. O my friend, take warning from me. While you have the offers of mercy, flee to Christ. Make haste. Delay not a moment, lest you mingle your cries with me in the bottomless pit!'

"Can you look at this melancholy picture and not apply it to yourself? Death is even now at the door. There is no time to parley with Satan, or your own heart. Heaven must be gained soon, or not at all. Christ now stands at the door and knocks. O, N——! say not again, depart!

"That you may bid him a cordial welcome, is the earnest wish and prayer of your affectionate friend,

"H. PAGE."

Early in the autumn of 1822, commenced another precious revival of religion, which continued for several months, as the result of which, he says, in a letter to his cousin H—— D——, near the close of winter, "about *one hundred* have obtained a hope. Some of the most amiable have found their hearts violently opposed to God; have even represented themselves as 'devils incarnate;' and found peace only in confessing all their awful guilt, and casting themselves alone on the merits and mercy of Christ." In a subsequent letter to Mrs. A—— A——, a distant friend, he gives the names of twenty-five, with whom she was acquainted, who had united with the church.

This is all the notice he has left of what he did, or felt; of his prayers, or labors, or success, or thanksgivings, during this blessed harvest of souls, a season in which he rejoiced, as fraught with the choicest of all blessings conferred by a gracious God this side of heaven. A friend, who knew him well, states that, in this revival, he manifested a deeper interest, and put forth more glowing and unceasing efforts than ever before. Religious meetings were held almost daily, and sometimes at different hours of the same day; and usually he attended them *all. Personal conversation with individuals*—the careless, the inquiring, and the young convert—was, in connection with prayer, the prominent means of his usefulness; and for this, as opportunity offered, and duty seemed to

call, he did not hesitate, at any and all times, to leave his business. Though he had little of this world's goods, it was generally true, that he "owed no man any thing;" the necessary wants of his family were supplied; he felt that, while the influences of the Holy Spirit were descending, the opportunity must be improved to pluck the golden fruit; and that, whether he obtained a little more, or a little less of this world's goods was nothing, compared with the salvation of a soul. If any would censure his course, let the decision be deferred till the judgment day. And O that he may not then be found *almost alone*——with a *little band*, who supremely devoted themselves, while in this world, FIRST to glorify God in the salvation of souls around them, and AFTER THAT to make provision for the present life.

In reference to Mr. Page's efforts, at this season, the individual to whom his last moving appeal above quoted was addressed, relates the following incidents: "I had long been awakened, but determined to let no one know it; and made every effort to *escape Mr. Page.* At length, near the close of November, I attended a little meeting where I believe all were indulging a hope, except my brother and myself. After conversing with my brother, he came to me, and wished me to tell him the state of my mind. I at first said that I was in despair; but from the manner of his reply, perceived that he did not give full credit to my assertion. This roused my

resentment, and I at once determined not to speak again while he remained in the room. He pressed me to decide that I would, without delay, give my heart to Christ; but I was so angry that I would not even answer him. This conversation brought the malignity of my heart more clearly to my own view than I had ever seen it before. I could never have imagined myself to have indulged such malice as I then felt towards him; and my misery was, that I could assign no other reason for it but his faithfulness. Soon, as I trust, God was pleased to subdue my enmity; and my hatred to Mr. Page was *at once changed to love, for I saw in him the image of my blessed Redeemer.*"

A little phrase incidentally dropped by his pastor, as from his window he saw him approaching in company with another, has a significant import: "*There comes Mr. Page with another lamb.*" Seeing *him* come with an individual beside him in that season of mercy, such a result, it seems, was the first thing anticipated.

CHAPTER V.

HIS NARRATIVE OF THOMAS HAMITAH PATOO, A NATIVE OF THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS, HOPEFULLY BROUGHT TO CHRIST IN COVENTRY.

THOUGH Mr. Page left no written memorial of his efforts, or the state of his mind during the work of grace just alluded to, the deficiency is at least partially supplied in the interesting memoir of THOMAS HAMITAH PATOO, which he originally prepared. He had often agitated the question, whether, even at his age, and with a rising family around him, it was not his duty to go and labor in some humble station among the heathen; and when Patoo was located near him, he felt that *Providence had brought a heathen to his own door*, and that he must omit no efforts for his salvation.

Patoo had reached the age of about fourteen, when, attracted by ships which occasionally touched at his native Islands, he resolved to visit America; and to secure his purpose, jumped on board a ship with her sails spread, just in time to see his afflicted father reluctantly wave his handkerchief as a signal of farewell. He arrived at Boston; and after a varied life of two or three years, and many sufferings occasioned by his own folly, was taken under the charge of Mr. D—— H——, a benevolent gen-

tleman, who, in May, 1822, placed him in a pious family in Coventry, commending him to "the prayers and Christian kindness of the pastor and the whole church."

"At *a prayer-meeting at sunrise*, in the autumn of 1822," says the narrative, "it was observed that Thomas was much affected, and wept bitterly. He was made a subject of special prayer; and his conversation at the close of the meeting, evidently showed that he was under the strivings of the Holy Spirit." These impressions were deepened by the clear exhibition of truth at successive meetings, and its faithful personal application to himself in private conversation. His distress was such one day, that he left home in the rain, first to find his Christian friend, and then to visit his pastor, to obtain some relief. Truth presented, took hold of his mind; but he rebelled against God; murmured at the conversion of a young acquaintance; and returned to spend a sleepless night, in view of his hopeless condition. On the day following, his anxiety continued unabated; his distress was such that he could not attend to the business assigned him; most of the day was spent in agonizing prayer; till at length the Savior appeared for him, his burdened conscience was relieved, and he found peace in believing. His own narrative of the way in which he was led, expressed in his broken idiom, is a delightful exemplification of the power and excellency of true religion.

"*Question.* Thomas, what was the state of your mind after the commencement of the revival in Coventry?

"*Answer.* Christians talk to me a great deal about my bad heart. Me think my heart good enough.

"*Q.* Did you then endeavor to pray?

"*A.* Mrs. T. teach me to say Lord's prayer. I think me got no mother, no father, no sister, no brother here; and Mrs. T. good to me, so I do as she tell me. Then I kneel down before I go to bed, and say prayer.

"*Q.* Did you occasionally omit this duty?

"*A.* Sometimes. Then Deacon T. say you must say your prayers, Thomas, every night. Then me go pray mad.

"*Q.* Had you any different feelings at the morning prayer-meeting, at which you wept?

"*A.* Then me feel heavy—feel afraid to die—feel sorry for my sin. Me try to pray, 'Our Father.' Me go home, think what minister say, then I pray. Next day forget it all—then feel light.

"When you went to the inquiry meetings, how did you feel?

"*A.* I feel good some—then I feel heavy again. When minister say all about poor sinner—then I feel sorry.

"*Q.* What were your feelings at the meeting for inquiry on Sabbath evening?

"*A.* Heart feel hard. Somebody tell me J. B. got a new heart. I feel angry.

"*Q.* How did you spend the Tuesday following?

"*A.* Me want to see minister. I set out—go part way, feel so bad can go no further—then kneel down by a great rock and pray. Me say, O Lord, have mercy on poor Thomas, poor heathen—give him new heart—take away old heart—O give him new heart now. Then I go on. Go in minister's barn—'fraid to go in house—then I pray again. Then look round and say, God make this hay—this grain—all these things—why can't God make me new heart. Me wipe tears off my cheeks, but they come again. Then go in house. Mrs. C. say, What the matter, Thomas, you hurt you? I so 'shamed, me say, O it rains out doors. Want to have her think it rain on my face.

"*Q.* What did you say to the minister?

"*A.* Me say, me got that bad heart yet.

"*Q.* Did you feel glad when told that J. B. had a new heart?

"*A.* No, sir, me feel bad—me feel very heavy—me want to come first, before any body get in. When me go away, hope me come to be like J. B.

"*Q.* How did you feel that night and the day following?

"*A.* That night me feel heavy—heavy all over. Eyes all tears—could no sleep. Next day feel so all time. Afternoon go work in barn with W.—

could no work. Feel me want to pray Tell W. we kneel down. Then me say, O Lord have mercy on poor Thomas, poor W.—give us new hearts. Then me think about Jesus Christ, and about Christian folks. Me never feel so before. Heavy all gone. Then me love to pray, and say Our Father, and thank great God he give J. B. a new heart. Then me think me feel to love Christ—me go up on hay to find him—pray to him. Then me think Christ every where. Then come down.

"*Q.* What were your feelings during the meeting in the evening?

"*A.* Me want to shake hand with the minister, then feel to love all Christians.

"*Q.* How do you think you know a Christian from an impenitent sinner?

"*A.* Christian shake hand hard—his hand feel warm—sinner no shake hand.

"*Q.* What do you mean by a new heart?

"*A.* A heart that feel to love good thought.

"*Q.* How do you know your heart to be sott now?

"*A.* Why, me no feel mad to any body; if man strike me, no want to strike him back again.

"After his conversion, his advancement in divine knowledge was rapid. The Holy Spirit seemed to teach him to understand the truths of God, and as far as understood, they evidently produced the fruits of holiness."

He had a great desire to unite with the church at the approaching communion, and when the pastor informed him that, at the suggestion of his distant friend, it was thought best that his admission be deferred, he replied with great feeling: "If, Sir, you think best, then me wait; but may be me die soon—then me never own Christ before men!"

He adorned the Christian character—loved the Bible—prayed much, especially for his own relatives and countrymen, for the heathen, and the impenitent in Christian lands—and, like the brother who made him the object of his Christian love and more than paternal regard, and wrote his history, he *put forth his most ardent efforts to bring sinners to Christ.* The statements in the two following communications are full of import, and have an impressive bearing on the immediate object of this work. The first is from a young lady, who had long been convicted of sin, and was still cherishing a rebellious heart.

"'After our friend Thomas indulged a hope, I endeavored,' she says, 'to avoid him as much as possible; but one day, after conversing with my sister, and expressing much joy because she got a new heart, he turned to me and said, 'N——, why you no give up that bad heart—why you no come with C. and be a Christian? Me want you be a Christian too!' In order to evade what he said, and prevent his saying more, I replied, 'Thomas, why did you

never speak to me about these things before? Perhaps, had you been as faithful in talking to me, as you have been to my sister, I too should have had a new heart.' With an expression of deep regret, he replied, 'N——, me very sorry me no talk to you before. Me *pray* for you before, and *now* me talk to you.' After this he embraced every opportunity of affectionately urging upon me immediate submission to Christ.

"'In the height of the revival, when a number of Christian friends were spending the day at our house, feeling no disposition to be with them, I retired to another room, and there staid meditating on my hopeless condition. It was not long before some one rapped at the door, and who was it but Thomas! He immediately began, in the most feeling manner, to entreat me to submit to Christ without delay. 'Christ ready to receive you—all the good Christians want you to come—angel in heaven ready to rejoice over you—why you no come?' After conversing in this manner for some minutes, he was silent. At length, looking at me most expressively, he said, 'Me sorry me no talk to you before. Me pray for you; me want to pray *with* you.' We knelt, and Thomas poured forth the feelings of his heart in language like this: 'O mercy, Father, have mercy on us sinners. Have mercy on this friend. Pray this friend may now give up that bad heart to Christ, and not go to hell' &c. It was the burden of his

prayer, that I might then submit to Christ. I will leave others to judge what were my feelings, to have this heathen, who had but just learned there was a God, on his knees pleading for mercy on me, a stubborn sinner, hardened under the meridian light of the Gospel.'"

The other communication to which we have referred, is from one *now a minister of the Gospel*, and was made to Mr. Page a few months previous to his death:

"'The first time I saw Thomas after he thought he had been born again, was on Sabbath, Dec. 8, 1822. I was then groaning under convictions of sin—I felt myself lost. It seemed that there was but a step between me and hell. I longed to converse with some one, but I was too proud to tell any one how I felt.

"'Thus situated, Thomas approached me, and began to question me about my spiritual condition. I told him I felt that there was no hope for me: I had sinned against so much light, and so many strivings of the Spirit.

"'He proceeded to urge me to immediate submission. 'Why you no give up that bad heart? It will do you no good to keep it. It will destroy you for ever. Give it up *now* to Christ. Christ ready to give you a new, a good heart. Me hope me have given my bad heart to him. Me hope me have a new one. Oh, sir, do give up your bad heart.'

"'I told him I wished I could, but it was so hard I could not: something was in the way, I did not know what.

"'This excuse did not satisfy him. It only led him to press home with more earnestness the duty of immediately giving up my *bad heart* to Christ.

"'I felt so distressed, I begged him to pray for me. This was the first time in my life that I ever had made such a request. and the very asking him to pray for me deepened my impressions. It came to my mind immediately, "What! must you, a gospel-hardened rebel, call in to your help the prayers of a poor Marquesan, who has but just been converted from the worship of idols! He has just now heard of Christ, and received him as his Savior; you have heard of him for years, and have been slighting his salvation, despising his offers of mercy, trampling on his blood, and grieving his Spirit!' These reflections were like daggers to my soul.

"'Thomas promised to pray for me, but left me saying, '*Oh, Sir, give up that bad heart* NOW.' This sentence was the most powerful sermon I ever heard; it contained the eloquence of the Spirit; and coming in the way it did, with an expression of the most tender pity and concern, left an impression on my mind which, I trust, will never be effaced. I have always considered his earnest exhortation to me at that time, as *the principal means in the hand of God of my conversion.*'"

In March, 1823, Mr. Page accompanied Patoo to the Foreign Mission School, then in operation in Cornwall, where he hoped to become qualified to return as a messenger of Christ to his native islands. On the 30th of March he thus wrote to Mr. Page:

"My dear Christian Friend—I have received your very kind letter, and am now happy to answer it. One of my brothers writes for me, because I can't write well enough yet. I tell him what to write, so the word be some like Thomas. I very glad the great God in heaven make the Coventry people pray for poor heathen where there is no Savior. I think they pray for me too, that I be prepared to tell the heathen all about the great God, and our Savior Jesus Christ. I rejoice a great deal to hear about sinner come to Christ, and get a new heart. I hope the good work continue always among you, so I rejoice always. The people here have no revival—no pray enough. I sorry; I hope we pray enough by and by. We have good many meetings, but no feel.

"I hope I go home by and by, and have sinner come to God in my country. Yes, my dear Mr. Page, *I go, if I live to be ready.* We have some scholars no love the Savior. I tell them they must be born again or go to hell. I talk to some sinner all about they no come to Christ. I tell them I come away from heathen land, and find a good Savior·

they been here so long, and no come to Christ. You must pray a great deal for poor sinners in Cornwall school. May be we have a revival here.

"I must close now. I think I pray every day for you and all my friends. The great God bless you and make you do good while you live, and when you and I die, may we meet and *shake hand in heaven*, and stay always with our Savior and all who love him.

"Your true friend, PATOO."

This promising youth, in the mysterious providence of God, was called, on the 9th of June following, to join the lamented HENRY OOBOOKIAH in a better world. As he stood with Mr. Page over Oobookiah's grave, in Cornwall, three months before, he said, with great solemnity, "*May be I lie here too.*" He remained steadfast, and in sickness and death gave delightful evidence of Divine support. Further particulars may be learned from the memoir, which is published by the American Tract Society.

In the journey to Cornwall with Patoo, Mr. Page passed a Sabbath in Torringford with the venerable father of SAMUEL J. MILLS, whose name is so dear to all the friends of Missions. He attended the religious meetings of the congregation; and feeling a deep interest that the work of God should be revived among them, on returning to Coventry, engaged Christians to pray for them, and wrote to the family of Mr. Mills an affectionate letter.

In their reply, they say: "We hope we shall ever have reason for gratitude, that Providence directed your steps here, and gave you an opportunity to address this people. There seemed to be a general impression that day, that God was about to visit us again. Christians began to feel that they must sleep no longer, and that something must be done. The next Sabbath evening, though the weather was very unfavorable, five of the brethren called unexpectedly to spend a little season in prayer, and we have not, for many months, witnessed so much solemnity. Last evening we had twice the number, and evidently increasing fervor, and one instance of awakening was reported.

"We mention these circumstances that you may know our state, as you manifested a deep interest in our spiritual welfare; and to engage a renewed interest in your prayers."

CHAPTER VI.

CLOSE OF HIS LABORS IN COVENTRY.

In the summer of 1823 he had another violent attack of fever, with a renewed inflammation of the liver, by which he was brought, as he and those around him supposed, to the last moments of life. "He was calm," says one who watched at his bed side, "but did not receive such measures of grace as were imparted to him when God's time had come for him to die." Thus did his Heavenly Father see fit again to discipline him for further usefulness.

On regaining essentially his health, he was induced to direct his attention chiefly to the business of engraving, which led to his being employed for a time by the American Tract Society, then existing at Boston. We find him, on the 17th July, 1824, in the Museum of the "Society of Inquiry respecting Missions, in the Theological Seminary at Andover," writing a description of some of the interesting objects before him, for the benefit of the Sabbath School he had left in Coventry.

"*Missionary Room, Theol. Sem. Andover.*

(To the Members of the First Sabbath School Class.)

"My dear Friends,—With no less than six gods of the heathen staring me in the face, I am now

seated to redeem my pledge of a letter. One of these gods is from the Sandwich Islands, and was worshipped by Tamahamaha, the queen; and though larger, is similar to the one in New-Haven, a picture of which you have seen.

"The remainder are Hindoo gods. One from Bengal is in the form of a man, about twelve inches high, painted white, with tinsel around the shoulders, waist, wrists and ancles, having the appearance of gold and silver, with red and green colors intermingled. Its hair resembles the fibres of the black ostrich feather, and on its head is a small cap. It would, in short, make a beautiful doll; yet, this is none other than the famous god Vishnu, which human beings like ourselves worship.

"The next is Krishnu, the god of music, a favorite god of the Indian women. It is about ten inches in height, perfectly black, and with its arms in the position of playing on an instrument.

"The other three are brass, five or six inches high, representing the god Vishnu in different incarnations. The head and body are like a man, with four arms, while the lower part of one terminates in a fish, and of another in a tortoise. In such odious forms the Hindoos believe their gods descended to the earth. How is it possible that the mind of man can be so debased as to pay homage to such horrid objects?

"I now turn with pleasure to the *Ollas*, or palm

leaves, on which are written the Gospels of Matthew and Mark in Cingalese, presented by our Missionaries in Ceylon. The leaves are about fourteen inches long and two wide, straight and smooth, written very handsomely on both sides, in perfectly straight lines. Perhaps these two Gospels fill one hundred and fifty of the leaves, which are connected by strings passing through them, so that they can be opened and read, or folded very compactly together in a small bundle. Another is 'Devout Meditations in Tamul,' written on the olla by a native convert of Swartz, and is used as a school-book on the Malabar coast. It was presented by Christian David, from whom we have had many interesting communications.

"I next look at the *ear-rings*, which were given by Catharine Brown to aid the Palestine Mission, and were redeemed by some ladies and placed here; valued at sixteen dollars. Happy would it be, should many of *our* females cast their useless ornaments into the treasury of the Lord. By this means alone, *many*, now enveloped in pagan darkness, might be brought to rejoice in the light and salvation of our God. Catharine *worked while it was day*, and is now gone to her rest.

"I here see also a *twig* from a tree over the grave of Harriet Newell. Though her precious dust there moulders in a pagan land, she will never regret—no, *never*—the greatest of her sacrifices for a perishing world.

"While sitting here, I cannot but reflect on the deplorable condition of those who have not the Gospel. Contrast our situation with theirs, and it seems a paradise. Let us do *all in our power*, that the news of a Savior may be soon extended to every corner of the globe.

"I left you, my friends, with regret. I hope you are all making advances in holiness, as well as in Divine knowledge. Live not, my friends, as do others. Be *eminently* devoted to God. Let the lukewarm Christian be severely reproved when he beholds your life, and the sinner plainly discern the difference between 'him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.' Then will your life be happy, and at death you shall enter into the joy of your Lord.

"A work of grace seems to be silently progressing in this place, and a powerful revival has recently commenced in Salem. Pray for me.

"Your affectionate friend, H. PAGE."

To a young lady of a family in which he some weeks resided, he wrote the following awakening note:

Sabbath evening, Sept. 19, 1824.

"MY FRIEND M—— lives, I fear, alas! without hope, and without God in the world. No title to a heavenly inheritance; no Savior to cheer her in sorrow; none on whom to lean when nature is dissolv-

ing; none to welcome her to the abodes of the blessed.

"Is such the deplorable state of the friend I am addressing? Ah, M——, your prospects are gloomy indeed! A few more days of delay, and your probation is closed; hope dies; and a long eternity will echo and re-echo, WRATH TO COME—WRATH TO COME.

"The less feeling you may have on this subject, the more alarming your condition. Up, then, M——, and flee for life. There is not a moment to be lost. While you wait, your sins are increasing; the Savior is rejected; the Holy Spirit resisted; and there is reason to fear he will leave you for ever. Now what is your decision? What course, M——, will you take? Now salvation is offered. The door of mercy is open, after so many years spent in sin. Come, I entreat you, as a penitent prodigal, and cast yourself on the mercy of an injured and bleeding Savior. Your friend and well-wisher,

"H. PAGE."

The following is the last letter which has come to hand, written previous to his leaving Coventry:

"*Coventry, Friday P. M. Nov.* 26, 1824.

(To C—— B——)

"As I take my pen, I call to mind that once you indulged the hope that you were a friend of God,

and even contemplated uniting with the visible church. What, C——, is now the state of your soul?

"Am I then addressing an impenitent sinner? If so, what shall I say? The exhortations you received while under the strivings of the Spirit, can hardly have ceased ringing in your ears. The threatenings of Jehovah, and a long catalogue of sins, still lie against you. An opening eternity and a judgment day are just before you—and here you live on the forbearance of God, with no Savior to befriend you, and no Holy Spirit to console you; and all your life, through fear of death, subject to bondage. Your case, my friend, is deplorable indeed; and in view of it, what will you do? Will you still give no listening ear to the tender expostulations of a dying Savior? Will you continue to grieve that Holy Comforter by whose influence alone you can be saved? Will you not stop, C——, and make the interests of your soul the first object of your life? Wait not for another revival of religion. Before it shall arrive the monument of death may tell the passing stranger: 'Here lies C—— B——.' Now is your best—perhaps your only time. Let me affectionately urge you, by all the motives which can be drawn from heaven, earth and hell, to escape for your life. After waiting so long, Christ is still willing to receive you as a humble penitent trusting in his mercy, and in no other cha-

racter can you ever be saved. Methinks, while you read, you will come to the resolution, that, let others do what they will, you 'will serve the Lord.' Do you resolve thus? God and yourself only know.

"Affectionately yours, H. PAGE."

Mr. Page's connection with the Tract Society at Boston, led to his appointment as Depositary of the American Tract Society, formed at New-York in the spring of 1825. A few items of his history, previous to his leaving his native place, remain yet to be gathered.

"During the eight years that he passed under my ministry," says his respected pastor, "he exhibited much decision of religious character, and much zeal and activity in the cause of Christ. Uncontrolable providences only could keep him from the house of God, where he performed a prominent part in his praises, and in the instruction of the Sabbath School. Very few sermons were preached on the Sabbath, or on week days, which he did not hear, and the plans of which he did not preserve in writing. In seasons of the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he was one of the first to 'hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees,' and to bestir himself. He was in the conference and prayer-meetings, and his voice was heard in earnest supplication for the conversion of sinners.

"He would converse faithfully with the careless, and search out and report to the pastor those who were seriously impressed. In the examination of candidates for admission to the church, *not unfrequent references were made to his conversation* as a means of awakening their attention; and there is evidence that he contributed an important instrumentality in the conversion of many sinners. In seasons of spiritual declension he did not feel that direct efforts for the conversion of men might be omitted; and though few attended the prayer-meetings, he was sure to be one. If a little company united in concert prayer, or private prayer, he was among them. For a long period, three or four brethren, of whom he was one, devoted one evening in each week to prayer in the meeting-house, where, in secret, and without light for the natural eye, they supplicated the descent of the Spirit. Neither the members of the church nor the pastor knew of the meeting, till, at the approach of winter, it was transferred to his study; they received a large accession to their number; were cheered with the special presence of the Comforter, and it proved *the commencement of an interesting revival of religion.*

"In seasons of stupidity, brother Page found individuals in whose spiritual welfare he manifested much interest by conversing and praying with them; and his labors in this respect were not in vain in the Lord. From the time of his conversion, so long as

a resident here, he was *ardent, active, and untiring*; this characterizes the man; and his efforts were *principally directed to one object—the conversion of sinners.*"

A valuable friend, (Mr. D—— W——,) who was very intimate with Mr. Page, says, that, at the close of religious meetings, his mind would often become *intensely fixed upon the conversion of some impenitent individual.* He would address the individual with great solemnity, urging an immediate compliance with the terms of the Gospel; and as his friend accompanied him homewards, such was sometimes the pressure upon his heart, that they would seek a retired spot, and there, even in the depth of winter, kneel and plead with God for the person's salvation. His anxiety for individuals was frequently such, that he could not rest, but would leave his business to seek an interview with them, or address them by letter, or pray for them. Many of these efforts were so retired that his wife came to the knowledge of them only as he alluded to them in their private supplications to God.

"At social interviews," says the same friend, "when a number of relatives met, and God and the value of the soul seemed to be forgotten, he would sometimes beckon to me, and we would go out, seek a place of retirement, join in prayer for some perishing sinner; and then return to the company under the hallowed influence of such an exercise."

Captain T——, a few days after his death, with tears fast flowing down his cheeks, bore witness to his fidelity to souls, and added: "But for the efforts of Mr. Page and a dear Christian friend of his, my soul, to all human view, must have been lost."

Rev. M—— B—— says: "I was attending Mr. Page's school when he became a Christian; and never shall I forget how he talked to us with tears, and prayed with us. It was *then that my mind was first seriously impressed.*"

Mr. D—— N—— says, Mr. Page's faithful conversation, as they were on the way to a prayer-meeting, was the means of *tearing from him a false hope* and bringing him at length, as he trusts, to the saving knowledge of Christ.

Another estimable friend (Mr. C—— T——) says: "His Christian character was unusually even, and unusually elevated. He deeply sympathized with those *in affliction and trials*, and was ever ready to minister to their necessities, and contribute to their comfort. But his *great object was to benefit the soul;* to bring the impenitent to Christ, and to awaken and quicken the people of God. I have often heard persons, in relating their religious exercises, say, 'Mr. Page's conversation first led me to think seriously of my soul and eternity.'

"There was an interesting little meeting" (alluded to above by the pastor) "of which I think he was the mover, in which a few brethren, residing four or

five miles apart, united in secret for prayer, and which was continued for about two years. They conversed, they wept, they prayed. He encouraged them to persevere; occasionally selected particular individuals as subjects of united prayer; and sometimes would earnestly inquire, 'Is there any thing whereby we cannot be agreed in this thing? Is there any unkind feeling among us? What is it that hinders the blessing?' and this course was pursued till God appeared in the salvation of sinners.

"Many, very many, with whom he conversed and prayed, were impressed at different times, little being known of his efforts for them till their hopeful conversion. His anxiety for them was often very great. He was distressed for them. From time to time he would say to a Christian brother, 'pray for such a one;' and it seemed that he could not give over till they were brought to repentance; and sometimes almost, that he must sink unless they were converted.

"He loved those who reflected the image of Christ, and to pray, and weep, and rejoice with them. I have just met a brother, who said, Were I to recall former scenes I could tell many times when I have kneeled down alone with Brother Page to pray."

One consideration that satisfied his mind of the propriety of changing his sphere of effort, was, that he *could think of no young person within the bounds*

of the congregation, (and the young he ever considered as, under God, the hope of the church,) *whom he had not seriously addressed, either personally or by letter*, on the subject of their salvation. Many of them had already united with the church, while others had become apparently insensible to the motives of the Gospel.

We have taken some pains to ascertain the subsequent history of the several individuals to whom the moving appeals inserted, or referred to above, were addressed, and the initials of many of whom are given; and though four or five have continued still far from God, and two or three, who appeared to run well for a time, have faltered in their course, and the subsequent history of several is unknown, yet upwards of *thirty* are recognized, who have either hopefully died in Christ, or still live adorning their profession of faith in him.

A reference has also been made to lists of scholars belonging to the two schools in Coventry, taught by Mr. Page; one for five and the other for two winters, being one hundred and ninety-five in all; the history of seventy of whom is unknown; and of the remaining one hundred and twenty-five, *eighty-four* are thought to have given evidence of piety, and *six* are preachers of the Gospel.

It is probable that his efforts for individuals were the means of increasing the obduracy of some, and of exciting in others a degree of personal hostility.

The danger of both these results he seriously considered; and scrupulously endeavored to direct all his efforts with that kindness and discretion which should give no just occasion for either. But he came to the deliberate conclusion, that, if he would be truly faithful, such results could not be wholly avoided; and made up his mind to do what the claims of God and of perishing souls required, leaving the results with him.

To withhold the truths of the Gospel, because they may be perverted, would be to stop the mouth of every minister, and prevent the circulation of the pure word of God itself. "We," says the great apostle to the Gentiles, "are a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life." Such is the fact with every form in which the Gospel can be presented, though by "an angel from heaven;" and in the mind of Him who commanded it to be "preached to every creature," it constitutes no objection, and no excuse for neglect of duty, in any one, from the preacher addressing the great congregation, to the Bible and Tract distributer, the Sabbath School teacher, and the humblest Christian who speaks a word to one of his fellow-men for Christ and eternity.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE TIME OF HIS CONNECTION WITH THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY TO THE REVIVAL OF 1831—EMBRACING THE PERIOD OF THE SIGNAL DISPLAYS OF DIVINE GRACE IN THE TRACT AND BIBLE HOUSES.

We now follow our brother into a new sphere of action: a plain and humble Christian, a stranger in a large city full of display, and dissipation, and crime; and with his hands full of responsible labor for a public institution.

Being appointed Agent of the General Depository of the American Tract Society, formed at New-York in 1825, he arrived in that city, October 10, of that year. He had, a few months before, been spending some time in Norwich, Conn. in drawing and engraving, and was strongly inclined to comply with a request to locate himself there; but he felt that the opening for usefulness in connection with the American Tract Society, was such, that he "could not conscientiously decline it." He had visited the city; and the responsibilities involved, with the question whether his family could live on the compensation

proposed, caused him to pass a sleepless night, till the text, "*Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed,*" resolved his doubts, and he determined to follow the indications of Providence, and commit his way to Him.

The pressure of duty, of which he speaks in the following letter, rested upon him henceforward till his death; rendering his future correspondence comparatively brief, and confined to the points of practical interest which had at the moment the strongest hold on his mind.

"*New-York, July* 11, 1826.

"HONORED AND DEAR PARENTS,—I can write only a few hasty lines. My time is all so occupied, that I can devote very little to friends—far less than I could desire, even to my dear father and mother.

"Cousin H—— P—— left us last week for Troy, on her way to Vermont. She is an interesting girl. Since she came here, I think there has been a material change in her character. She once thought that she lived in the enjoyment of religion, but grieved the Spirit, and for a long time neglected prayer. I think now there are many favorable indications in her case.

"I have lately taken the *superintendence of a*

Branch Sunday School, connected with the Central Church in Broome-street; the old school to retain one hundred and fifty scholars, and mine to be increased till they are equal, and then add to both. We have two large and commodious rooms; and hope both schools, if we can get teachers, will soon embrace five hundred scholars. I don't know but I am taking too much upon me; but the request was so urgent, that I could not deny it. With Divine influence, it is a great field for usefulness.

"I heard that a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting was attended in Coventry, and that but *three* male members were present besides Rev. Mr. C——. Alas, how fallen! Is he not almost discouraged? Shall there be no 'Aarons and Hurs' to hold up his hands?

"Your affectionate son,

"H. PAGE."

Just before leaving his family, the young lady above alluded to, wrote him a letter, expressing her sense of the dangerous condition in which she had been living, and her need of Divine grace and strength to keep her from again falling, and adds:

"I feel, cousin H. that you have been an instrument in the hand of God of awakening me, and directing me to a throne of mercy; and could I approach it in an acceptable manner, I know you

would be amply rewarded for all the anxiety you have felt on my account. I beg of you still to pray the Lord to have mercy upon me, to give me a sense of *sin*, to guard me against temptation, and to forgive and receive me."

From Troy, she again wrote him a full letter, describing her religious feelings, thanking him for his fidelity, and asking his prayers; and soon proceeded on her way to Vermont; but before arriving at the place of her destination she was called to her eternal state.

On the 15th September one of the officers of the church in Coventry wrote him, bewailing the prevalent declension in religion. "The vacancy caused by your removal," he adds, "is not filled. Many who used to lead in our prayer-meetings are removed; others have retired, and the efficient, energetic members of the church are greatly diminished; yet I hope there are some who are mourning over the desolations of Zion

In a letter from Mr. Page to his parents, December 15, he gives the following items:

"Last evening we had the male and female children of our two Sabbath Schools arranged in the church each side of the middle aisle, filling the slips from the pulpit to the door: one hundred and thirty-four boys and nearly as many girls, with forty teach-

ers, were present. Rev. Mr. J—— addressed them, and commanded the strictest attention.

"We have at this time a great press of business. Within a little more than a week I have sent off, for different parts of our country, not far from 1,700,000 pages of Tracts. Should each Tract be accompanied by the Divine blessing in sanctifying and saving a soul, what an amount of good would be effected!"

We cannot but feel grateful for a few such letters as the following, addressed to his beloved parents; detailing with child-like simplicity, as a means of rendering them content that he should be absent from them, some of the indications that God was blessing his efforts.

Sabbath eve. 10 *o'clock, March* 11, 1827.

"My dear Parents,—Expecting an opportunity to send to-morrow, I improve a few moments to speak of the goodness of God to us, and of some interesting things which have recently occurred.

"O. R. K. arrived on Thursday. I hoped to hear by him, of a powerful revival of religion in Coventry, and that many of my acquaintance were subjects of it; but I am disappointed. What can be the matter? Why is not the church awake? Is any darling sin of more value than immortal souls? I will, however, give thanks, that some have been

born into the kingdom of Christ. Remember me with much affection to them all.

"Besides a press of labor at the Depository, I have *my hands full of business more directly connected with the welfare of souls.*

"In the *Sabbath School* under my charge are about twenty teachers, one half of whom were, not long since, without hope. *Six* of that number, promising young men, now give evidence of piety, and the remainder, I think, are unusually serious. One of the little boys, I found to-day to be distressed for his sins, though the scholars in general are very careless. The school to-day consisted of one hundred and sixty-two boys. In the female school there have also been some conversions.

"*A Teacher's prayer-meeting* has been held weekly for both schools, and has been very solemn and interesting. At the last meeting about thirty were present. In sustaining this, considerable responsibility rests upon me.

"In the *congregation* too, a wide field for effort is open, and there are very few efficient male members of the church. About fifteen attended the last inquiry meeting; a number were deeply affected. There have been several instances of conversion besides those mentioned above.

"In the *Tract and Bible houses* we have lately had a season of uncommon interest. A work of grace commenced a few weeks since among the

young women employed in the two houses in folding and stiching Bibles and Tracts, as the fruits of which we now number about *sixteen* hopeful conversions. It has been a most interesting and wonderful display of God's power and grace. On one day *seven* of them hope that they were brought from nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel. That was one of the most interesting days of my life. Twice or thrice I was sent for to pray with them, and to take the hand of those who had just been brought to bow at the Savior's feet, while, with tears streaming from their eyes, they expressed the hope that they had surrendered themselves entirely to Him. Two of these had thought that I talked too severely, and discouraged them; they now wished to thank me for the very efforts in their behalf, of which they had before complained. To see those who were brought to hope in Christ clinging around their former companions in sin, and with tears beseeching them to come at once to the Savior they had found so precious, was enough to move a heart of stone. I could say much more; but this must suffice. It was indeed the wonderful power of God. This week we design to have a general meeting for all employed in both houses, male and female, and hope God has still greater blessings in store. The meetings have hitherto been sustained chiefly by those connected with the societies, and an active Christian, who resides near.

"I say these things, that you may see that I have a field in which I may labor to good advantage—whether I enter it with all my heart, is another question.

"My love to my dear sister. Your affectionate son, H. PAGE."

We well remember the day above alluded to. A glow of heavenly ardor burned in our brother's countenance; and, when attempting to pursue his accustomed business, his mind seemed scarcely to know how his hands were employed. His whole soul was on fire with love to souls, and joy and exultation in the triumphs of Divine grace. "Never before," said he, "have I so sensibly felt the presence of the Spirit, or the force of those words: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.'"

In a letter to his parents, August 21, 1827, he expresses great alarm at the *prevalence of iniquity and infidelity* in the city, and mentions that a club of infidels regularly assembled on Sabbath evening, in a spacious room, where their principles were inculcated, in every alluring and deceptive form, upon the minds of hundreds.

"Pray for us," he proceeds. "Were it not that the Lord of hosts is jealous for his own glory, we should have nothing to expect but to see the wicked triumph. *When will God's people put on the harness!*

"I have been exerting myself to have a number of

theological students engaged *among the poor and destitute of the city*, during their vacations. The Central Church will employ one or two. It is believed that not far from 100,000 inhabitants of this city attend on no regular religious instruction. I ask again, pray for us. We need now forty missionaries with the zeal of Paul, to proclaim God's truth to these perishing multitudes. But no persevering, energetic means are yet adopted to obtain *any*."

The facts concerning the infidel meetings above referred to, Mr. Page at this time carefully collected and published in the religious papers, as an incitement to Christians generally to redouble their exertions.

One of the four individuals who so long met in concert for private prayer, writes to Mr. Page, August 25, that he had just attended a prayer-meeting at his father's, where his children were present on a visit, and adds, "While pleading for them, my heart was very much enlarged; I seemed to climb up near to my heavenly Father; and calling to mind the many, O how many, precious seasons I had spent in retirement with you and my two other friends, in pouring out our supplications especially for our children, I seemed to 'travail in birth' for them, till Christ should 'be formed in them,' the hope of glory."

To this letter he replied as follows:

"*Thursday evening, N. York, Sept.* 13.

"My dear Brother,—Your very kind and fraternal letter almost overwhelmed us. You know, my dear brother, the tender chords of a parent's heart; and the thrilling sensations produced when they are made to vibrate by the efforts and prayers of Christian friends, who *feel* for the salvation of our children. As you described the scene at my father's, and showed me my dear brethren pleading for the souls of my children, I could only weep with gratitude, that some supplications had arisen for them from those who stood near the mercy seat. You will, I trust, remember them still. You are not forgotten in some of our little praying circles.

"I was pained at your description of the prayer, meeting, where no male member of the church but yourself was present. That wretched sentiment, which *releases Christians from moral obligation during harvest-time*, you know I could never away with. Give my love to all the little circle; and though we meet not again here, may we meet in heaven.

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"H. Page."

Under date of November 4, 1827, we have a letter from Mr. J. H. then at Mobile, which presents another example of the fidelity of Mr. Page to the *members of his own household.* Mrs. H—— was

then residing in the family of Mr. Page, and had written to her husband informing of his fidelity in warning, instructing and praying for her, and of the joy and peace she then had in believing in Jesus. Mr. Page had also written to confirm the joyful tidings. The deep emotions of the husband are poured out in a full sheet.

"It is impossible," he says, "to express the emotions awakened by your truly affectionate letter. My heart is so full that I scarcely know how to thank you for all your goodness to *me*, and above all for what you have done for my companion. O my dear Sir, what must be your happiness to have been the instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit in bring, ing peace to the soul of our beloved A——. Her whole mind seems bent upon one theme—the love of Christ."

The following is at least another evidence of the various methods he adopted to awaken the attention of individuals to the concerns of eternity.

"*Lines received by a lady uncommonly skillful on the harp and the piano.*

"Permit a stranger to express the delight with which, in the stillness of the evening, he has paused to listen to those notes, which have been so sweetly, so plaintively, or so wildly obedient to the skill of

your fingers and the emotions of your soul. Pardon me if I express some of the reflections awakened in my own mind.

"'Alas,' thought I, 'those fingers which produce such thrilling emotions will soon be motionless in death. Those keys will no more tremble at their touch; those notes will be hushed to silence; and the steps of the stranger be no more arrested except by a plaintive dirge from some friend of her who sleeps in death. What then will be her state? Is her heart now prepared to sing that song which none but the redeemed can sing? Are her sins forgiven? Is Christ, the bleeding Lamb, her chief beloved? This to me is all unknown.'

"That you may be one of the performers in that grand chorus, which ascribes 'Blessing, and honor, and power to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever,' is the earnest prayer of an affectionate friend, who will probably be personally unknown to you until the judgment of the great day."

To his parents he writes, December 5: "The Lord is again doing wonders in the Bible and Tract houses. The work of grace seemed to commence anew about three weeks since, and *more than twenty* have recently indulged the hope that they have been born of God. We have indeed passed through interesting scenes during this period. Last Thursday

was observed by a number of us as a day of fasting and prayer. There has been one instance of hopeful conversion to-day."

An estimable and pious young lady (Miss B——) has informed the writer, that, on becoming acquainted with Mr. Page, in 1827, he soon inquired if she was "a professor of religion?" and again, if she "had an interest in Christ?" if she "thought it desirable?" if she "had sought to obtain it?" if she "had renounced the world, and resolved to live for the glory of God?" could she "give him the reason why she had not?" The impressions made on her mind by repeated conversations were such, that she could not rest till she found rest in Christ. "This result," she says, "I cannot but view as in answer to fervent prayer, and in fulfillment of the promise, 'them that honor me, I will honor.' His life was a living epistle. Often, to this day, has the solemn question, 'Are you a professor of religion?' warned me of danger, and summoned me to duty!"

"*New-York, February* 8, 1828.

"My dear Parents—We have felt much anxiety respecting my father's health, fearing that God may take him from us, and that it may be soon.

"I know, my dear father, that I have done many things which have tried your feelings, and that some of them have been inconsistent with filial duty and

Christian character. These *I would beg you to forgive;* and while you continue here, cease not to remember me before the Throne of Grace, where we often attempt to present the wants of our dear parents, both for time and eternity.

"I am now placed in circumstances more solemn than ever before, having been *consecrated as an officer in the church* with which I am connected, by prayer and the laying on of hands; and if I do not have help from God, instead of advancing, I shall only hinder his cause. The work of grace in our congregation is gradually progressing. Thirty-five were present at the last inquiry meeting, and several have recently indulged hope, some of whom are teachers in my school.

"Last evening we had a meeting, which all in the Bible and Tract houses, male and female, were invited to attend. It was very full and solemn. The day was observed by the females in the two houses as a day of prayer, and of special thanksgiving to God for what he has done for them the past year; it being just one year from last evening, that the first prayer meeting was attended with them.

"Do write immediately. Your affectionate son,

"H. PAGE."

At this time, his pastor being ill, and there being an urgent call for ministerial labor, it was proposed to request Rev. Mr. C—— to leave his charge in

Coventry, and labor a few weeks in the city. In endeavoring to induce the church with which he had formerly been connected to yield to this request, Mr. Page thus wrote, under date of February 28:

"I do believe, that, could the good people of Coventry come here, and see for themselves the great want of such labor as Mr. C. could bestow; could they see the thousands here going down to the grave and to perdition without instruction; and so many as there are among us solemnly affected in view of their sins, I am sure they would be willing to make any sacrifice that the great work of salvation may not be retarded. There is another world than this. Pastor and people cannot be *for ever* together on earth—death will sunder the strongest ties; and in heaven, how must it enhance the joys of the blessed, that by means of their willing sacrifices here, multitudes have been prepared to unite with them in songs for Redeeming grace. I hope the dear brethren will look at the subject with enlarged views, and pray over it, and be prepared to say, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"

The following extract from a letter to his friend A—— K——, dated April 8, shows his ardent aspirations and hopes for the rapid extension of Christ's kingdom:

"What, my dear brother, is the Lord about to do for our country and the world! What mean the interesting movements of the last half year? When

I look at them, and view the hand of God in them, my blood chills, and I anticipate with astonishment the still more wonderful operations of his hand. This is indeed an eventful day. Every enterprize for Zion prospers. What would once have occupied an age, is now performed as in a day. I rejoice, my dear brother, that you have girded on the harness, and placed yourself in the ranks of those who may lead numbers on to conflict and to victory. Be not dismayed. Even one onset, if you never have strength to make another, may put to flight, in this day of God's power, an army of his enemies."

The following day he was cheered by a letter from E. F. H., who, while a teacher in his Sabbath School, had been the subject of his deep anxiety and faithful labors for his salvation; had obtained hope; united with the church; and was then a member of Middlebury College, pursuing a course preparatory to the Gospel Ministry.

"Blessed, thrice blessed," he says, "was that hour, when the Lord directed my steps to the Sabbath School, where I formed a friendship with one, which I hope will continue to all eternity. Yes, dear brother, it was *your kind voice that was the instrument*, in the hand of God, of *arresting a thoughtless wretch, and leading him to the Savior.* Henceforth you need never fear to converse with the impenitent, even with the careless worldling. I would

address myself to you as my spiritual father, and still seek from you that advice and direction, which you will not refuse to give."

"*New-York, April* 18, 1828.

My dear Sister,—I suppose you are occupied with the cares and concerns of your family, and of this unsatisfying world; but let me ask, what are your prospects of a better state hereafter? Will any future season be more favorable to secure that good part which shall *never* be taken from you? O my sister, what will you do, should death arrive before your sins are forgiven? No parent, or husband, or brother can then help you. Prayer will cease to be availing. The Savior himself will be against you. All hope must retire for ever.

"Are you clinging to an old hope, which gives you composure, while you have *no present evidence* that your peace is made with God? If so, abandon it. Such a hope is often a prelude to a more awful, because unexpected doom.

"Your children are rising around you; and they need a *godly mother*, to pray with them, and guide them to the Friend of sinners; and they may be for ever lost for want of such a guide. Ah! could you see them standing at the bar of Christ, unconverted through an affectionate mother's neglect of their souls, how would the scene rend your heart with anguish.

"But *I will hope* better things. I will hope that they shall have *a pious mother*, and that speedily. May I not? What will you reply? God grant you may answer, 'Yes. From this hour I surrender myself to Christ. I will be his devoted follower. I will do all in my power for the salvation of my children, and for others, until my dying day; and leave my soul with God, to dispose of me and all events according to his holy pleasure.' I have time to say no more.

"Your affectionate brother, H. PAGE."

On occasion of the death of the father of Mrs. Page, Mr. P. wrote a letter of consolation to the surviving sisters, in which he says:

"And now, my dear sisters, let us who remain, awake to duty. A dying world is perishing around us; lost sinners are daily entering the world of wo; and have *we* done all we can to prevent it? Have we done all we can for our impenitent relatives and friends? Have we prayed for them, and labored with them, as our consciences tell us we might have done? If there is *one impenitent individual* within the circle of our influence, whom we have not done all we can to bring to Christ, let no time be lost; let us do our duty to that soul. Let us in all respects live and act as dying sinners, who have to render to God a strict account of our stewardship. Thus doing, we may hope this solemn dispensation will be sanctified to us and others."

May 24th, he wrote a kind and filial letter to his parents, expressing his ardent desire to be with them and "smooth their way down the decline of life;" tendering them temporal aid as they might need, and endeavoring to strengthen their faith; to which he adds:

"I should like to tell you of several interesting incidents of the present week, but have no time. Give thanks to God that such a worm is used for the benefit of any soul."

His pastor having visited Europe for his health, Mr. Page, June 14, transmitted to him a narrative of what God had done for those employed in the Tract and Bible houses, hoping that it might be used as an incitement to efforts for those similarly employed for the kindred institutions in London.

In this communication, he states, that more than one hundred young women were then employed in the Tract and Bible houses, and that of these God had brought "*between fifty and sixty* hopefully into his kingdom. One of them was convicted by means of the truths which caught her eye while folding the Tract, 'Day of Judgment.'" "Many sheets of the word of God and Tracts," he says, "as they have been folded and stitched, have been moistened with the tears of the convicted sinner and the broken-hearted penitent; and thence gone out on errands of mercy to a perishing world. Every day at twelve o'clock, the females of each of the two houses de-

vote a part of their recess, in their retired rooms, to prayer and praise; and on every Thursday evening we have a general meeting for prayer and conference, conducted by three or four brethren, the binder and printer of the two societies cordially taking part in the same."

A few days after this, he states that the seamstresses employed by Mrs. J——, residing not far distant, had also joined in the meetings in the Tract and Bible houses; that he had personally conversed with several of them, and that *five* of them had obtained hope in Christ.

At this time he was cheered with a letter from his endeared fellow-laborer in the societies' houses, (Mr. J. H. T.) who was then in the country, containing messages for their mutual charge; exhorting those who were indulging a hope to examine well its foundation, and warning those who remained impenitent to "be timely wise."

"Religion," he says, "is a personal thing; and let others do what they will, as for us, my dear brother, may we put on the whole armor of God and go forward. Although absent in body, I do not forget our friends in the societies' houses. God has done much, yet there remaineth more to be accomplished; and we, as co-workers, have much land yet to possess. May He, who has hitherto helped us, still be our guide and stay; and then, if our faith fail not, we have nothing to fear. Tell our dear

sisters in Christ to persevere like good soldiers of the cross, counting nothing too dear to part with for him. Tell anxious souls to make haste and escape for their lives; submitting themselves to Christ, and owning him as their rightful sovereign and Lord. Say to careless sinners, 'How can ye escape, if ye neglect so great salvation?' 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?'"

Having a desire to learn, as far as practicable, what are the lasting results of these efforts among the females of the societies' houses, a list of *fifty-nine* who obtained hope in Christ while the efforts above referred to continued, has been placed in the hands of the writer, one of whom soon died, and all the remaining *fifty-eight* have connected themselves with evangelical churches: viz. thirteen with Protestant Episcopal churches; fourteen with Baptist churches; twenty-two with Presbyterian, five with Reformed Dutch, and four with Methodist churches. *Five* of these were among the seven mentioned March 11, 1827, as having obtained hope in one day; and *thirty-six* each gave by request a written narrative of her own religious exercises.

It is an interesting fact, that, though Mr. Page knew that those for whom he here labored were connected with different religious denominations, he neither knew nor wished to know to which most of the individuals respectively belonged.

"*Sabbath evening, near ten, June* 30, 1828.

(To Mrs. Page, then in Coventry.)

"We have had a precious season to-day. The great Master of the feast has indeed been present with us at his table. Twenty-six, I think, united with the church from the world. Among them were *five* of the teachers of my Sabbath School, and one who had been a teacher, with four or five scholars of the female school.

"I have learned this evening, that Miss J——, who has been a thoughtless girl, and was this morning at church in great distress, has come out rejoicing, which is heart-rending to some of the family who are left. They were at our meeting this evening, borne down with a sense of sin; and as I spoke to one of them, she sobbed aloud. God has been in our meeting to-night. An awful solemnity has pervaded it. Brother D—— and I held an inquiry meeting for Sabbath scholars, at a quarter before seven. More than twenty were present, and some of them deeply affected. A—— M—— seems to feel in some degree her deplorable condition; and says her mind has been impressed ever since I spoke to her a Sabbath or two since. God grant that she may flee to Christ.

"In passing out of church this P. M., I remarked to Mr. M——, that I observed he was separated from his wife at the communion season. He could hardly reply. I begged him, for his wife's sake,

and for his own soul's sake, to seek an interest in Christ. He grasped my hand, and could hardly let me go. Miss. C—— appears to be wide awake in religion—a changed creature indeed.

"My dear companion, let the fire be kindled in your own heart, if it is not already kindled there; for *we* have a rising family all in their sins, and let us plead that they may not be passed by.

"I yesterday visited the sick-bed of Mrs. C——. It is sweet and refreshing to see one, who feels that she may be on the borders of the grave, so calm, so united to her Savior, and so sweetly reposing in his arms.

"This same Comforter may be yours. He is alike ready to pour his consolations into the soul of all who will confide in him, and be his willing and obedient servants. You say there is something wrong in your heart,—prostrate yourself at the foot of the cross, and let the bleeding love of a dying Savior subdue and purify it. There only can its errors be corrected.

"Your affectionate husband,

"H. Page."

July 15, he writes to an intimate friend: "I cannot but bless God that in his Providence he has placed me in this city, where there is so much opportunity, and so urgent a call to labor for souls. I assure you I am *never in want of something to do directly for*

this object. I dare not enlarge my sphere of effort. I am already attempting so much, that it is but poorly done.

"The *Sabbath Schools* are a most interesting field for Christian exertion. I have there, as it were, a family circle, where we all feel at home. The importance of this department of effort daily increases in my view. When once we have the confidence of teachers and scholars, our influence with them is almost unbounded. God has done great things for us—how great, eternity only can disclose."

"*New-York, July* 31, 1828.

(To Mr. D. W. a friend in deep affliction.)

"My dear Brother,—Your heart has been made to bleed; but the wound, deep as it is, has been inflicted by a kind Father. He knew, my dear brother, what you needed; and though it is most distressing, it still evinces his covenant faithfulness. Your beloved companion and our sister, has only passed over Jordan a little before us; and waits on the other shore a brief season, when all her friends, whom Jesus loves, shall be with her.

"I know not by experience the pains you feel; but I know there is a Savior, 'touched with the feeling of our infirmity,' who can and will give consolation to all who stay themselves on him. Let us, dear brother, feel that we have no abiding city here.

If our 'light afflictions' wean us from the world, and make us more obedient, and faithful, and humble, we may have confidence that they shall 'work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"The Lord, in tender mercy, is among us by his Spirit, and I trust a work is commencing which shall shake, in due time, this whole city. How blessed to labor in the service of such a Master as ours, and how animating to see sinners coming home to God!

"I hope that you will have evidence that your trials are sanctified, *by your greater activity in our Lord's service.* Don't let any, with whom you may have influence, go down to perdition without your faithful and persevering efforts to save them.

"My love to your dear children. Tell them they must be born again, or they and their dear mother will be separated for ever.

"Your affectionate and sympathizing brother,

"H. PAGE."

"*Saturday evening, N. York, Jan.* 3, 1829.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I often think of you in this excessively cold weather, and hope you are not left to suffer.

"What is the church doing in Coventry? Are they acting in full view of the approaching day of account? If they were, I think we should oftener

hear of the conversion of sinners there. When will the church awake, and make religion their *business?* This great concern must not be crowded into an obscure corner, and the world permitted to occupy the whole ground. No; religion is a business for eternity; and he that does not make it *the principal thing*, must suffer immense loss, and will perhaps ruin his soul for ever.

"Prospects with us are still encouraging. *One hundred and eight* have united with our church the past year. *Seventy-six* of them by profession. A special interest is now awakened for *heads of families*, whom we hope to see bowing to the sceptre of Immanuel.

"Your affectionate son, H. PAGE."

To A—— K——, who had just entered on the ministry in Ohio, he thus wrote under date of January 8: "I trust that, when this reaches you, you will be publishing the messages of our ascended Savior to lost men. 'Lo, I am with you always,' is a blessed promise. I cannot but feel that our Missionaries at the West, if they are faithful, will gather fruit, precious and abundant. The fields are white, and it appears to me that God is about to do wonders for that portion of our land. The thousands of prayers, which have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, must be answered. He will make his truth powerful and effectual. I think you have been

sent out at a most important period of our history—that it is truly the day of enterprise for enlightening our destitute millions; and that salvation is soon to be the song of multitudes who have long lived in sin."

A letter dated, Columbus, Ohio, February 3, from F—— E—— R——, a young gentleman, who had been teacher in his Sabbath School, says: "The emotions which swell in my bosom, as I attempt to address you, are such as I cannot describe. My heart is filled with gratitude to God, that he once placed me under your particular care, and that *there I was led to embrace Christ*, as my friend and portion."

In a letter to his parents, March 6, he says: "We have now commenced presenting a Tract monthly to all the families of the city in which they are cordially received. The Tract for March is on the Sabbath, and that for April on Intemperance. This I think will prove *one of the most interesting enterprises* in which Christians of our city have ever been engaged. It will bring them to see and feel the moral wants of our neglected population; and the Lord, I trust, will prosper it."

"The Spirit of God is again moving among the young women in the Bible house. Two are under pungent convictions, who have been peculiarly hardened."

June 23, he says, "We have had an inquiry meeting this evening, which I attended alone; eight present, and some cases of deep conviction. There

is now unusual solemnity among *the boys in my Sabbath school.* God grant it may not be like 'the morning cloud and early dew.'"

To his parents he wrote, February 17, 1830, mentioning an illness of about ten days. "For six hours," he says, "I was in *agonizing pain;* and obtained relief only by the most powerful medical assistance. I am confident these are chastisements I need, though I fear they have not produced the desirable effect. *I have been neglecting duty, and become cold in my religious services and affections.* O that I might live as expecting to end my pilgrimage, and render up my final account to God."

To a friend in deep affliction he writes, September 14: "You are not left *alone.* The Lord Jesus Christ has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Though all earthly friends should fail and die, that blessed promise, '*I will never leave thee,* is better than all."

On Sabbath, October 10, he had the satisfaction of seeing his eldest son, with whom, in his deep anxiety and distress for his sins, both father and mother had some months before spent the greater part of one whole night in prayer, publicly consecrating himself to the service of Christ by uniting with his visible church.

The following letter shows that such a pleasure was soon renewed.

"*New-York, December* 14, 1830.

"My Dear Parents,—I have now the satisfaction to inform you that E——, *our only daughter, has publicly professed her faith in Christ*, and I hope she may be a humble follower of him through evil report and through good report, and be an honor to the Christian name. If she has really become a child of God, how infinitely better than all the blessings that earth can yield. *Sixteen* others united with the church last Sabbath by profession.

"My love and thanks to friends and neighbors for their kindness during my father's sickness. We are all of us, parents and children, nearing our long home; and soon, if we are the real followers of Christ, we shall be *at rest*. Let us all prepare, and look, and wait for it, that the hour of our transfer come not unawares.

"Your affectionate son,

"H. Page."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVIVAL OF 1831 TO HIS LAST SICKNESS—EMBRACING RESULTS OF HIS SABBATH SCHOOL, HIS SUPERINTENDENCE OF CHRISTIAN EFFORT CONNECTED WITH TRACT DISTRIBUTION, AND THE TRANSFER OF HIS LABORS TO A NEW CHURCH.

"*New-York, January* 24, 1831.

(To Rev. A. K., Ohio.)

"My dear Brother,—The Lord appears now to be coming down in all parts of this great city, to arouse his children and to awaken sinners. Thousands of Christians here, are, I think, praying as they never prayed before. Public general meetings commenced yesterday afternoon, and are to be continued through the week. Conversions are occurring in all parts of the city. Churches and ministers of different denominations are beginning to awake. Meetings for inquiry were held in several churches on Monday evening, and were very encouraging. Stout-hearted men are brought to bow, as well as youth and children. We tremble lest, by our unfaithfulness or other sins, we shall impede the work, and grieve the Spirit of God. Churches are daily crowded to overflowing; and a most fixed and

solemn attention is given to the dispensation of the truth.

"Your affectionate brother, H. PAGE."

"*New-York, Tuesday, February* 1, 1831.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—Though brother S—— will tell you much from us, yet I cannot forego the privilege of giving you some notice, with my own hand, of WHAT GOD IS DOING HERE. His children are awaking—many are giving up their former hope—thousands, I think, are wrestling for the general descent of the Holy Spirit. Prayer meetings at daybreak are held in various parts of the city, where Christians seem to agonize for the blessing. Ministers are seeing eye to eye. Meetings are crowded, and awfully solemn. They were held daily last week, and they commence again to day. Sinners are awakened, and many have been converted. I have heard from several inquiry meetings held last evening. They were full, and there were a number of cases of hopeful conversion. The severe storm did not prevent attendance. We are expecting, my dear parents, that God is about in a signal manner to shake this whole city, and to Him shall be all the glory.

"One year ago, had we been told of what we even *now* see, we should have said, 'If God should open the windows of heaven, can such a thing be?' Two of the teachers of my Sabbath school, brothers, were hopefully converted the past week, and several of the scholars are deeply impressed.

"A case occurred last week of *special encouragement to praying parents.* At the close of the afternoon exercises, a meeting for religious inquirers was held in the Lecture-room, and a few professors, who lived at a distance, staid in the church till the evening service. Among them were two mothers, who, though strangers to each other, agreed to go to a retired pew, and spend the season in prayer. As the question arose what they should pray for, one said, 'I have a daughter who has no hope.' The other replied, 'So have I an only daughter, and she is now in the inquiry meeting, and we will pray for them.' They kneeled, and while they were still praying, one of the daughters came, found her mother, and as soon as she could do it without interrupting her, took her by the hand, saying, 'O, my mother, I hope I have found Christ to be precious.' They all knelt again in prayer, and offered their united thanksgiving to God. The other daughter was hopefully converted on the following day.*

"Several very interesting cases have occurred, but I cannot communicate them now. We expect God will do great things among us this week.

"Do beg my dear friends at Coventry to let all their energies be awake; for we trust the kingdom

* A note, dated March 7, says, "Both of these daughters were yesterday, as I have understood, to be united to the two churches of which their parents are members."

of heaven is at hand. Let them "prepare the way" of the Lord, that no stumbling blocks hinder the conversion of sinners. My love to all who love the Lord Jesus.

"Your affectionate son, H. PAGE."

Mr. A—— R——, then Agent of the American Tract Society at Boston, acknowledges a letter from Mr. Page, dated February 28, of which he says:

"The facts it contained, showing the efficacy of prayer and the power of Divine grace manifested in the conversion of so many in one family, are truly striking, and exceedingly encouraging to Christians. I read the letter in our church on Sabbath evening. This evening Rev. Mr. G.'s church will hear the same; and I intend to have extracts read in all our churches. That letter, I ardently believe, will be instrumental of good among us."

In a letter, dated, Sabbath evening, April 3, he says: "This day has been one of unusual interest in our church. Our pastor was never more direct and earnest in his appeals. He seemed to have aid from on high. Text in the morning, 'Go thy way for this time.' His object was to show that sinners feel that it depends on their own choice whether they will accept of Christ. P. M. 'Their feet shall slide in due time.' The assembly was solemn, and the appeal urgent and powerful. This evening, the meeting has also been crowded and very solemn."

It is truly a painful fact, that this is *all* that remains from the brother's pen, of his labors, prayers, and success, during by far the most signal revival of religion ever enjoyed in New-York; and as the fruits of which, there was an accession to Evangelical churches of about *two thousand souls.* His whole soul was on fire from week to week. Besides the routine of his official duties, he attended the prayer-meetings at day-break; visited many individuals at intervals during the day, introducing at once the subject of religion, making a short prayer with them, and giving them the instruction he thought best adapted to their state; almost every evening he was in a religious meeting, and generally expending all the powers of his mind and heart for the eternal welfare of some individuals he there met; the spiritual welfare of his own children and household, and of more than two hundred teachers and scholars in his Sabbath school, pressed upon his heart; and the full measure of his powers was employed, that, while the Holy Spirit was descend ing, not a sheaf of the spiritual harvest should be lost. His mind and his movements were rapid. *The chain of communication from his own to other's hearts was bright.* His feelings were thrown out into a prayer meeting, or a Sabbath school, or in visiting families or individuals, almost instantaneously, as soon as his lips were opened; he accomplished very much in the space of a day; and in

the ardor of his efforts, while having a spirit of prayer, and seeing the displays of divine grace, it was impossible for him coolly to sit down and calculate whether his strength of body could long endure the continual drafts made upon it. A few days hence might be the season for relaxing his endeavors; but NOW was the season of effort, and that NOW was, with him, almost perpetual.

As the warm season approached, and brought with it accumulated labors for the society he served, he found that his incessant effort had exceeded his bodily strength, and occasioned a renewed inaction of the liver, accompanied by a slight bleeding at the lungs, which nothing but repose could restore, and which for several weeks confined him chiefly to his room.

In this state of health, he felt compelled, on May 14, to *tender his resignation as superintendent of the Sabbath school*, to the duties of which station he had consecrated his vigorous and persevering efforts for nearly five years, and with the most encouraging success.

Among the means of usefulness in this sphere, he had formed a *Sabbath School Temperance Society*, though he had no knowledge that such an experiment had then been made; and he had at length the pleasure to have enrolled the names of *thirty-two teachers*, and *one hundred and eighty* male pupils, as subscribers to the temperance pledge.

Finding that many of the boys were *profane*,

he also made assiduous endeavors to correct that evil; frequently calling on all to give testimony, by rising, whether they had sworn during the week, and using all possible means to induce them to reverence the name of God. His report on this subject states, that, whereas three fourths of the boys had formerly been profane, he had reason to believe that only a few hardened individuals persisted in the sin.

The sins of *lying* and of *Sabbath-breaking* among them, he also labored perseveringly to correct; and frequently held meetings of such as were serious, at his own house, for conversation and prayer. Especially did the religious welfare of the *teachers*, many of whom, in the earlier part of his connection with the school, were not pious, engage his ardent endeavors; and during the period that he acted as superintendent, *thirty-two* male teachers hopefully embraced Christ, and united with the church, *nine* of whom have entered on a course preparatory to the ministry. Another teacher, (Mr. R. O. D.) whose heart was knit with his in this labor of love, is now a preacher of the Gospel, and has consecrated himself to the work of a missionary in India.

Though devoting his efforts more immediately as superintendent of the large male Sabbath school, the female school was also under his general supervision. In a communication to the female teachers at the time of his resignation, he says: "I would gratefully acknowledge the loving kindness of our

God, in permitting me to be associated so long with such a band of Christ's friends; and allowing me to witness the hopeful turning to him of *from fifty to sixty, or more teachers*, connected with our two schools, and *several of the scholars*, all of whom I hope to meet at last in the great assembly of the redeemed in heaven."

As soon as he so far regained his health that he could leave the city, he repaired to Coventry; where he spent several weeks of rest from every effort beyond the degree of exercise on horseback and otherwise, which was essential to his most rapid restoration.

During this season of relaxation, he amused himself by drawing sketches of various scenes in the place of his nativity, among which he did not omit the humble dwelling where he had spent near thirty-four years of his life, and where, at the period of his death, his aged parents still resided. The sketch is a fac-simile of the house, the joiner's shop and the surrounding objects. After his return to New-York, at the request of one who had often attended the meetings in the societies' houses, he copied it into her album; and as the claims of poetry were alike unheeded by both, he threw underneath it the following lines:

"Here, a child, I sinned and strayed;
"Here, the Savior disobeyed;
"Here, I felt his chast'ning rod;
"Here, I trust, returned to God."

In reference to his illness, he wrote to Mrs. Page: "We h ve great occasion to speak of the goodness of God to us. We have hardly, as yet, been called to 'run with the footmen.' Let us see to it, that we secure a divine helper to sustain us when called to 'contend with horses,' and meet the 'swellings of Jordan.'"

A letter to a relative, October 11, contains the following passage:

"Has M—— indeed done *all he can do?* Let him then fall at the feet of Jesus, and tell HIM so. Let him tell Him, that he would love Him, that he would submit to Him, that he would be sorry for his sins, that he would be an obedient child; *but he cannot.* O how unwilling the sinner is to confess *all* the guilt which the word of God imputes to him, and to acknowledge himself justly condemned."

In December, his eldest son, who had for five years been associated with him in labors for the Tract Society, having expressed a desire to study with a view to the ministry, he placed him in the Manual Labor Department of an Academy in Massachusetts; accompanying his farewell with the following paternal counsel:

"*New-York, December,* 1831.

"MY DEAR SON,—As you have now entered on a very important period of life, and are about to be

separated from home, you will gratefully receive a few hints from your affectionate father.

"Let it be your first object (for without this all other acquirements will be in vain) to be a humble, holy, consistent Christian, till death shall separate you from all earthly scenes and responsibilities.

"By uniform kindness and propriety of deportment, endeavor to merit the love and respect of all. Never indulge a spirit of retaliation. Yield a cheerful obedience to the requisitions of your instructers; join no combinations for resisting authority; and mingle with no companions whose reputation you would not wish to share.

"Be careful of your health, if you would accomplish any thing of moment for yourself or the world; govern your appetite; have regular hours for sleep and exercise. Do not place too much confidence in a vigorous constitution; it will not long be trifled with, with impunity.

"The Bible should be your daily text-book; and according to the request of your mother, endeavor also to read every day a portion of Baxter's Saints' Rest, or some kindred author, and to form your life by such models. If your studies will permit, always have some useful book in a regular course of reading.

"In your religious duties, as in every thing else, system will be necessary. Let nothing prevent your holding communion with God, on your knees

in your closet, at least twice every day. *Meditate* there, as well as read and pray. Daily prayer with your room-mate should be maintained, if agreeable to him; but let not this be made a substitute for closet prayer. Unite yourself with a select circle for social prayer and the cultivation of devotional feelings, and take part in the exercises when requested. In hearing preaching, guard against a spirit of criticism. Let the Sabbath be to you a holy day. Remember it as God would have you.

"Keep constantly in mind, that the object of your education is to prepare you to do the greatest possible good; and *try to be useful every day.* Think much of Christ, and commit your all to him. Go on, my son; aim to be eminently holy and eminently useful; and may the Holy Spirit guide and cheer and bless you.

"Make confidants of your parents. None will sympathize with you like them. They will soon sleep in the dust. While they live, give them the consolation to believe that your heart is set on being and doing good; and should you survive them, act and feel as you know they would have desired, and as God will approve. And when we all meet at the great day, may they and the universe see that you have not lived in vain.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER."

Having resigned the superintendence of the Sab-

bath school, he labored, as he regained his health, to promote its interests by visiting to obtain scholars; and about the beginning of the year 1832, commenced instructing a *Female Bible Class;* and also yielded to earnest solicitations by assuming the *superintendence of the system of Christian effort in connection with Tract distribution in the Fourteenth Ward*, containing not far from three thousand families, in which work he had the co-operation of *thirty-six* male and female distributers or Tract Missionaries.

They had not long pursued this enterprise, when he clearly saw that, as little more was done than to present a Tract monthly to each family, there was *no such direct, faithful, personal and persevering effort and wrestling prayer for particular individuals*, as duty to God and the souls of men demanded. At the meeting of his fellow-laborers in January, he therefore laid the subject solemnly and earnestly before them, depicting the spiritual wants of the ward; the condition of hundreds of families who absented themselves from the stated means of grace, and who, unless reached by their efforts, would probably never have the offers of salvation pressed on their attention. He urged their obligations to God and the souls of the perishing; and then inquired of each distributer, whether there were not in his district, some one or more individuals, for whom he felt that there was special encouragement to labor, and to

whose salvation he would direct his own devoted efforts and prayers, till he should have evidence of conversion, or that the door of useful access was closed. It was made a subject of prayer and heart-searching with each distributer, till one fixed his mind on one individual, another on two, and another on three or more, and by the thirty-six distributers eighty-eight individuals were thus selected as special objects of their prayers and affectionate endeavors for their salvation.

This gave them, as will be readily conceived, a new impulse in their work. They saw a distinct object before them, important as eternity, and yet one in which they could do nothing without the marvellous displays of Divine grace. They went to the throne of mercy. They went to the objects of their affectionate solicitude, and their mouths were filled with arguments. Access was easy. The Spirit of God seemed to have gone before them, and to go with them.

His duties as Superintendent did not prevent him from taking a portion of this work regularly upon himself. An instance of the encouragement he met, is recorded in the following letter.

"*New-York, June* 21, 1832.

(To Mrs. Page.)

"Last evening I closed up our efforts in the Tract

distribution for this month, and gave in my report. A few hours before the meeting, I found that a district of seventy-eight families had not been supplied; and to complete the distribution for the ward, undertook to supply it myself. I found several, whose minds were very tender, and on whom the truth seemed to make a deep impression. A *young man and his wife* listened with fixed and trembling attention, as I conversed with them on the subject of their own personal salvation. Two pious females residing in the house, soon joined the little circle, and we all knelt and endeavored to commit their case to Him who is able and willing to save. It was a solemn season, and our Divine Redeemer seemed to manifest his special presence.

"This morning I *called on them again.* I found both of them apparently trusting in the Savior. They hoped they had surrendered themselves to Him on the preceding evening. They had opened to each other freely the feelings of their hearts; and had that morning erected the family altar, and were now determined to live together as fellow-heirs of the grace of life.

"The husband of the woman who was thought last month to give evidence of conversion, is now also rejoicing with her, and they appear to be walking together in wisdom's paths.

"Your very affectionate husband,

"H. PAGE."

During the prevalence of CHOLERA in the city, in the summer of 1832, which at one period removed more than one hundred souls daily to eternity, we find Mr. Page, not merely confiding himself and family to the care of Providence, but *laboring to improve the tenderness and concern existing in many for their eternal good.*

"An unusual solemnity and readiness for religious conversation," he says, "has prevailed; and not a few, while the pestilence has been raging around them, have been deeply affected in view of their condition as sinners. Most Christians, who have remained in the city, have exhibited a delightful trust in Christ as their all-sufficient refuge. Frequent occasions have offered, and been improved, for faithful conversation and prayer with those who were not accustomed to pray; and I cannot but hope that the efforts of this season will result in the salvation of some precious souls. The Tract on Cholera has been distributed throughout the city, and almost universally received with thankfulness."

A memorandum bearing date February 7, 1833, contains the names of *fifty-nine* individuals obtained by Mr. Page from the square in which he lived, as subscribers to the *temperance pledge.*

An illness of some weeks occasioned the two following communications:

"*New-York, February* 18, 1833

(To the Tract Missionaries of the Fourteenth Ward.)

"My dear Friends and Fellow-Laborers,—For several weeks unforeseen Providences have prevented my co-operating with you as fully as I had intended; and I much regret that I am unable to meet you this evening. As I have not the satisfaction of seeing you all at our regular meetings, I had *determined to visit you at your own places of abode*, that we might quicken and encourage each other, and unite in imploring the blessing of God on our great and responsible work; but hitherto the Lord has prevented me.

"Now, my dear friends, as you value the immortal soul, and the favor of our Divine Leader, I would urge upon every one of you to enter on your duties with new zeal, new hopes, and new confidence in God. Endeavor to fix in your mind what it is to live for ever in heaven, or in hell. How many, who are living in utter neglect of God and are reached by no other means of grace, must be left to perish, if you are not faithful to them! How many, if you do your duty, may you meet at last on Mount Zion, who shall bless God for ever, that you found them, when lost and wandering from Him.

"Fix it in your mind that you must not be satisfied, unless, through your agency, sinners are brought to repentance; nor rest, till you see each of

your districts as a well-watered garden, and the reviving and saving influences of God's Spirit operating in every family. I know that in some districts there are many things discouraging; but you must adopt the language of Paul: 'I can do *all* things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

"I do not think it Christian wisdom to expend all our strength on the darkest part of our respective fields; there is soil which we may cultivate with the fairest prospect of success; and while each of us has so large a field, let us labor *principally where there is the greatest encouragement, and there be faithful and persevering.*

"As all our strength comes from God, I would propose that, in our morning and evening devotions every day for one week, we pray in concert for the outpouring of the Spirit on the families of the Fourteenth Ward; and I wish you would express your determination on this subject by a vote at your meeting.

"The Lord be with you, my dear friends, in all your labors, and give you many souls as your hire. Remember your superintendent, that he may be fitted for his work, have bodily strength, and be endued with wisdom from above.

"Your affectionate fellow-laborer, H. PAGE."

"*Sabbath, March* 8, 1833.

"TO THE FEMALE BIBLE CLASS.—My dear

Friends,—This is the fourth Sabbath that, in the providence of God, I have been deprived of the privilege of meeting you; but I have not forgotten you, and I trust you remember some of those things to which your attention was called while I was with you.

"In looking over my list of members, I find that *ten* of your number, as far as I know, are still in the dark way to eternal death; having none of the hopes and consolations of the Gospel, and no title to the kingdom of heaven.

"The object of this note is especially to urge you, in view of the alarming progress you have already made in sin, and of the dreadful end of all the ungodly, *this day* deliberately to make up your minds that henceforth you 'will serve the Lord.' Be blind and deaf to all the attractions, frowns, or reproaches of a gay and deceitful world; and resolutely set your faces toward heaven.

"My friends, you must not deny me—*me*, did I say? you must not deny Christ, who came 'to seek and to save' such lost sinners as you and I. He entreats you, he bids you forsake all and follow him.

"Here, my friends, though I cannot speak to you face to face, are the feelings of my heart. When we next meet, whether in this or another world, let me rejoice with you as having chosen that good part which shall never be taken from you.

"Your affectionate friend, H. PAGE."

New-York, March 13, 1833.

'My dear Parents,—I am pained to hear by Mr. G. that you are so feeble, and that life seems so fast wasting away. As I may not have another opportunity of addressing you both this side the grave, I would inquire how the dark valley appears as you approach it.

"How does my dear mother feel under the distressing pains of her disease? Can she patiently and submissively say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good?' Is she comforted with the reflection, that he 'doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men?' Can she lean on that almighty arm which sustains all God's children in the last conflict? Many, while enduring intense suffering of body, and about to take their departure, have found that

'Jesus can make a dying bed
'Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

In his hands, my dear mother, I leave you; and though I may not again speak to you face to face here, I hope that after a little while we shall meet where pain and sorrow and sin are known no more for ever.

"And now, my dear father, as flesh and heart fail, I trust God is 'the strength of your heart;' and that your hope in Him, through Christ, is steadfast. I know that to the impenitent sinner the near ap-

proach of death and eternity is an unwelcome theme, but not so to the saint. It is his delight to think and speak about HOME—that home, which Christ has gone to prepare; and though you and my dear mother may have almost finished your journey here, I hope neither of you regret that its end is so near; but that you can wait calmly and patiently till your change come, and then commit yourselves to Him who will safely bear you through the billows of death.

"It is trying to me, that I cannot be with you; but at present it is impracticable. I have been for some weeks confined at home by impaired health. The Lord has been gently correcting us. C—— has had a violent attack of fever, and sister P—— has left us, we trust, for a better world. But I feel assured that God has sent these chastisements in mercy, and hope they will bring us all nearer to himself. The family send love, and may we all meet at last in the kingdom of our Redeemer.

"Your affectionate son,

"HARLAN PAGE."

"*New-York, March* 18, 1833.

"MY DEAR SON,—I have been able to be at the Tract house but two days since early in February. My complaint commenced with chills, fever and cough, occasioned by a congested state of the liver; but by copious bleeding and other remedies the cough is removed, and I am now nearly restored.

"I beseech you, my dear son, to remember, that you live in a day when all God's children must harness themselves for the great work of the Lord. Let no delusive claims of earth gain a hold upon your affections. Go continually, as a humble, penitent sinner, to Christ, and live for God and eternity.

"The state of things in our church is more than commonly interesting. Nearly fifty attended the inquiry meeting last evening.

"Your affectionate father, H. PAGE."

May 30, he says: "W—— F—— departed this life yesterday, and his brother G—— is almost gone. Their tender-hearted father said to me, that he had rather bury them both in a day, and have all his anticipations of their speedily entering the ministry cut off, than to see one of them twenty-four years of age in health but impenitent."

During the remainder of the spring, and the season of anniversaries, he was constantly pressed with business at the Depository; and early in the summer made a short visit to his parents for the last time.

August 9, he says, "I do hope that some spiritual life may be restored to the Christians of our church and city. I think there are some faint indications of pulsation with a few, though hardly perceptible. Sometimes I think I have evidence of the presence of God; but alas, it is so indistinct that I hardly dare believe it to be true."

Again he says: "We have had an interesting church prayer-meeting this evening spent in conversing with the members. We have sadly declined, and some are beginning to feel it.

"I am now so pressed with business on all sides, that I can hardly find time to write even a few lines."

In December, he says, "Those engaged in Tract labors throughout the city have just observed a day of fasting and prayer. The meetings were full and solemn, morning and afternoon; and in the evening a sermon was preached from, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' showing that every Christian should make his influence *individually and directly felt for the salvation of those around him.* We have commenced meetings again in the bindery of the Bible house. On Friday evening about eighty were present, and a deep solemnity was apparent."

"*Saturday evening, January* 25, 1834.

"My dear Parents,—The Lord has in great kindness thus far preserved our health the present winter, for which I know we are not sufficiently thankful. There is an uncommon interest in religion in several of the churches, in some of which it is hoped from thirty to sixty have been converted to God.

"*Monday morning*, 27th. Since the above date, we have passed through scenes which will never be

effaced from my memory. On Saturday evening, C—— and A—— returned from meeting about nine. Nothing was said, and all were seated, when A—— broke the silence by sobbing in great distress for her soul. The Holy Spirit had set her sins in order before her, and she was troubled. We all felt that this invisible and blessed Agent was present; and only C. could restrain his tears. I asked the sobbing child what was the cause of her distress. She replied, that she was a great sinner against God. I endeavored to present Christ clearly to her mind as the Savior of sinners, and show her her duty to humble herself at his feet, and yield herself without delay wholly to Him. We all knelt and committed her case to God with strong crying and tears. It was hard to cease pleading till we had evidence that she had surrendered herself to Christ. But there seemed a reluctance to yield up all for him. After further conversation and prayer, Mrs. Page and myself retired to our chamber, where we again plead for her and the other children before God, and committed ourselves to rest.

"About one o'clock, A—— came to our bed-side saying: 'I hope I have given my heart to Christ. I have been a very naughty girl. Do forgive me. I will love you now, and try to do as you wish to have me.'

"On Sabbath morning, W—— was alarmed in view of his sins. When he came from church at

noon, he was overwhelmed. The family were all in tears. We all fell on our knees and spent an hour in prayer, W—— still sobbing and begging for mercy.

"These scenes affected C——. The most solemn attention to the concerns of their souls was manifested by him and W—— at the meetings in the afternoon and evening, and during the remainder of the day; and now both are hoping in Christ, and seem resolved to serve him alone. I hope for them with trembling. Time will determine whether the work is genuine. God grant that they may not be deceived. It will be wonderful grace indeed, if these three children, from eleven to twelve years old, have all been born again; but it is such grace as God in Christ can bestow. My dear parents, pray that the work of grace in them, and in all of us, may be such as shall stand the test of the final day.

"Your affectionate son,

"H. Page."

About this time an urgent application was made to him to unite in forming and sustaining the Brainerd Church in a very destitute part of the city. He felt the force of the request; for he had well considered the moral desolations of the city, and prayed and wept over them. To his mind no duty was clearer or more important, than that members of the older churches, filled to a great extent with pro-

fessors of religion, should separate, as fields of usefulness open, and go out to form new circles of religious influence. And if it was the duty of some, and others did not enlist in the enterprise, why should he not go himself? True, his health was already enfeebled, and the additional labor might crush him; but he was not accustomed to spare himself, and made the sacrifice, as he believed, at the call of duty.

This transfer of his field of labor made it necessary that he should resign the superintendence of the Tract distribution in the fourteenth ward, which he did on the 12th of February; "having felt," as he said, "*more and more fully convinced of the completeness of the* PLAN *of the Tract Mission, if but faithfully carried out by praying, self-denying and devoted Christians.*"

In a scrap, which he seems to have prepared as a memorandum for an address to Tract distributers or missionaries, perhaps on their day of fasting and prayer in December, 1833, the following facts appear:

From March, 1829, to January, 1832, only *four* cases of conversion were reported from the fourteenth ward, three of which were by a blessing on the reading of Tracts. Little more was done than to present them from door to door; spiritual life was wanting; and the laborers were becoming disheartened.

Of the eighty-eight individuals for whose salvation the distributers, in January, 1832, resolved steadfast-

ly to pray and labor, more than thirty were reported in February, as at least in some degree anxious for their souls; and *three* of the number as rejoicing in God; in March, *four;* in April, *six;* in May, *three;* in June, *six;* and *twelve* in the subsequent months; making in all *thirty-four* hopeful conversions from that ward within the year 1832. Of this number three or four were awakened by reading the Tracts, and others apparently by means of the prayers and exhortations of the distributers. Many of the poor and afflicted people of God, forsaken by the world, had been found and comforted; some backsliders reclaimed; and the Gospel message delivered to numbers who continued to disregard it. Many interesting instances of the blessing of God on these efforts are alluded to in the memorandum; and it is stated, that almost all of them are the cases of individuals who were *scarcely reached by any other means of grace.*

The separation from the church with which he had been for eight years so happily and usefully connected, was indeed trying; but he went to the new field of labor with the prayers and kindest wishes and sympathies of his brethren.

"All the time he was with us," says the pastor, "he was a man of kind and peaceful spirit; always grieved at dissension in the churches, and laboring to promote a spirit of love.

"He was always *prompt in action.* What he un-

dertook, we knew would be done, and well done; and he was ready to any work to which the great Master called him—not shrinking from self-denial, nor asking to be excused. In our meetings of religious inquiry, he was a safe and faithful laborer. Often would he seem to fix his heart intensely on the salvation of some individual; and as he saw the prospect of good, would labor with him till the hour was gone, and then accompany him to his home, still toiling to remove obstacles from the mind and bring him to accept of Christ.

"Many souls here owe their salvation, under God, to his faithful and persevering labors:—in the prayer-meeting; in the Sabbath school; in the Bible class; and especially to his personal conversation and guidance in the Christian course. His eye was single. He had one definite object before him: it was not fame, or family, or ease, or pleasure—but *to honor Christ in the salvation of men.* This singleness of purpose made him skillful and prompt in adopting means, and was the grand secret of his success.

"He left us to go to a new and unbroken field, where the toil of gathering a church was all to be borne anew; but he felt that he was consecrated, not to one particular church, but *to Christ;* and must go, and that cheerfully, at his bidding. With four such Aarons and Hurs to hold up his hands and co-operate with him, any faithful and qualified min-

ister would be strong, under the blessing of God, for building up a new church."

As a means of furthering the new enterprise, Mr. Page again assumed the responsibilities of *Superintendent of the Sabbath school;* and put forth his devoted energies to bring the Gospel, by all practical means, to bear effectually on the surrounding population, old and young. His labors for the Tract Society were undiminished; and it was scarcely to be expected, that the constant pressure of his varied and ceaseless efforts, and the exhausting excitement of mind continually connected with them, should not bring back that derangement of the vital organs from which he had repeatedly suffered. Under date of March 25, he thus writes to his parents:

"These tabernacles of clay are wearing down, and will soon be demolished. How little should we depend upon them. If we are God's children, we have in prospect a more glorious body, where all is filled with the fullness of God. Let us look much to it, and patiently wait for it."

His strength was sustained till the results of the year in his department were prepared for the Annual Report, and the immediate pressure of the anniversary season had subsided, when he found himself exhausted; was obliged to remit his exertions; and at the advice of his physician, spent several days at Saratoga Springs, but with no improvement to his health. He returned to the city, and gradually de-

clined till about the first of August, when it became apparent to himself and others, that his earthly labors, except from his dying bed, were closed.

A brief letter to his son, June 4th, concludes thus:

"Now I have done. Let no good resolutions be forgotten, or neglected. Remember—remember—duty——God——Christ——Judgment——Heaven——Hell.

"Your affectionate father, H. PAGE."

To his daughter, he wrote from Troy, June 23, on his return from the Springs: "I trust I had some special consolation last evening, in committing myself, my family, and all our concerns, into the hands of that Redeemer whose long suffering and mercy are without measure. He is doing with us what is infinitely best; and we should not desire him to change his mode of discipline in any of its details."

Two days later he writes: "I have for some time been depressed in body and spirit; have felt many anxieties and solicitudes, and had but little communion with God. I think, however, that within a few days I have had a satisfaction in resigning all my concerns to the disposal of Him, who, I am confident will pursue the best possible course of discipline, though often demanding strong faith, when the reasons of his dispensations are so entirely concealed. In order to be ripened for heaven, I need a *great deal* of purification by the Holy Spirit."

Of his labors in connection with the Brainerd Church, the young clergyman who commenced religious worship there, says: "His influence, while the Lord continued him with us, was excellent. He was *always* engaged—*always* spiritual. His zeal seemed to suffer no declension: it savored of the closet, of self-communion, of heaven. He had a wonderful tact in conducting our prayer-meetings and making them interesting: always diversified, and yet always solemn. His remarks, though simple, were never common-place. The *point* and *spirit* of them appeared to have been premeditated, and they were generally well adapted to the character and condition of those present. In superintending the Sabbath school, he would in a remarkable degree fix the attention of the children. He had also a happy talent for addressing *strangers* on the subject of personal religion; and after our meetings would almost always single out some individual, and engage in close personal conversation. Several persons were in this way brought under conviction of sin, and some will have reason to bless God to eternity for his persevering faithfulness. His loss we feel deeply. He loved those with whom he had here been laboring, and prayed for us on his dying bed. Our members were very much attached to him, and constantly and fervently prayed that his life might be spared, could it be consistent with the Divine will."

The last item of business to which he gave the

least attention, was to look at the annexed sketch of one of the scenes of the labors of David Brainerd. He had visited the spot, and drawn the sketch, and Dr. A——, having engraved it on wood, called to present it, and see if it had his approbation.

"I will look at it, but I have done with every thing here."

"You can cast your eye upon it now, and look at it again perhaps when you are stronger."

"No; I shall never look at it again. My work here is *all done.*"

View of the Creek and Village of Crosswicks, New-Jersey, July, 1833.

CHAPTER IX.

PROMINENT CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS EFFORTS FOR THE SALVATION OF MEN.

It may not be unimportant to bring together some of the *characteristics of his efforts to honor Christ in the salvation of individuals*, as illustrated in the preceding history.

It was *the burden of his heart, and the purpose of his life.* When engaged in his usual business, the religious welfare of persons with whose state he had become acquainted, was generally pressing on his mind; and it is now known, that for several years before he died he almost always had by him a *memorandum of the names and residence of a few individuals* with whom he was to converse. On these he would call, as he went to and from his office, or religious meetings; and *if no names were on this list*, he felt that he was doing little good. He also uniformly had in his hat more or less awakening tracts, that he might present as he should judge them adapted to the state of those he met. Not unfrequently he would seize a few moments from his usual occupation, to go out and address some individual; and when the business of the day was closed, he hastened

to some meeting or other religious engagement for the evening. It is believed that an entire month has frequently elapsed, during which he did not sit down for an hour, even in the bosom of his own family, to relax his mind, or rest. Every evidence of good accomplished gave him new joy; and every opening for usefulness added a new impulse to his efforts. He felt that, under God, the eternal joy or wo of immortal souls depended on his fidelity. Each evening and each hour brought its duties, which he felt could not be neglected or postponed. The *present duty* was still before him; and though "faint," he was still "pursuing." His labors on the Sabbath were not less exhausting than on other days; and he doubtless thus failed of obtaining that "compensation for toil," which the animal constitution requires, and which is essential to a long life.

When urged, at the close of a day of fatigue, to spare himself and spend the evening at home, he would say, "Don't attempt to persuade me away from duty. I have motive enough within myself to tempt me to enjoy repose with my family; but that will not save souls." A little previous to his last sickness, as he returned from church coughing, he was asked if he had not spoken too much in the Sabbath school: "perhaps I have," he replied; "but how could I help it, when all eyes were fixed, and the children seemed to devour every word I said?"

It was not uncommon, at different periods of his

life, for him in sleep to imagine himself addressing the impenitent; and to wake in a high state of excitement and in tears, occasioned by the deep sympathy he felt for their perishing condition. It is also known, that, when he saw no manifestations of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, he would be, at times, in deep distress; would wrestle more abundantly in prayer, renew his efforts to arouse Christians to duty and awaken the impenitent; and more or less conversions were almost always the result.

In short, it was not the great object of his spiritual life, *himself to be happy in religion;* but rather by persevering labors and holy self-denial—like the Apostle who testified that he *died daily*—to glorify God in winning souls to him. He ardently desired to devote the whole undivided efforts of his life to this work, and nothing but the duty of providing for the support of his family prevented it.

He had the most clear view of the *necessity to every man of being born again.* As soon as an individual came into his presence, it seemed to be the first question of his mind, "Is this a friend or an enemy of God?" The next thing was, if impenitent, to do something for his conversion; or if a Christian, to encourage him in duty. Whatever else he saw in an individual, he felt that it availed him nothing unless he had received Christ to his heart by a living faith. This he felt and urged to be the sinner's first, great, and only duty in which he could

be acceptable to God. This was exemplified at a meeting of his Sabbath school teachers, when he called on each to know whether he thought he had a well grounded hope in Christ, or not; and recorded their several replies. Among them was an amiable young merchant, whom he highly respected, and who seemed not far from the kingdom of God.

"Have you a hope?" he tenderly inquired.

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Then I'm to put down your name as having no hope?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I write down your name as having no hope."

The young man pondered on this decision and record of his spiritual state; was troubled, and soon came to our brother, saying, "I told you to put me down as having no hope; but I can't say that." He is now a member of the church, and a decided supporter of all her institutions.

He *brought his efforts to bear upon individuals, and followed up impressions made.* All the triumphs of the Gospel, he knew, consist in the conversion and sanctification of *individuals;* and he was not satisfied with merely praying and contributing for the salvation of the world as a whole; or having a general impression made on the minds of a congregation. His intense desire was that *individuals* should be turned from sin to God. Not unfrequently he

would observe in the congregation a person unknown to him, who seemed to give solemn attention to divine truth; ascertain who he was, and seek a personal interview; and IN ALL CASES, if he left an individual to-day in an interesting state of mind, he would endeavor to see him again to-morrow; and follow up the impression at brief intervals, till there was no longer encouragement, or he had evidence of true conversion.

He had *a clear sense of obligation*, both in the sinner to repent, and in the Christian to devote all his powers to God. He felt, and labored to make others feel, that if any one neglected duty, the guilt was all his own; that God was ever ready to receive the returning prodigal; and that if any withheld their hearts, or aught they possessed from him, in the day of judgment they would be speechless. This sense of obligation he urged with unabating fervor. His heart was intent that it should be *felt*, and *immediately carried out* in an entire consecration to God.

"Brother," said he to a lovely Christian who watched with him, "when you meet impenitent sinners, don't merely say calmly: 'Friend, you are in danger;' but approach them with a holy violence, and labor to 'pull them out of the fire.' They *are* going to perdition. There *is* a heaven and a hell."

As a brother from Boston to whom several of his letters were addressed, had called for a few moments.

and was about taking leave, he asked the dying man if he had any particular thought on his mind to express as he bade him farewell. "Ah, I can say nothing," he replied, "but what has been repeated over and over; but could I raise my voice to reach a congregation of sinners, I would tell them 'their feet shall slide in due time'—they '*shall slide*'—there is no escape but by believing in Christ."

He not only endeavored to alarm impenitent men, but to *bring them to a decision* that they will be the Lord's.

While in his native place, he was absent one evening till so late an hour, that his wife remonstrated with him for unreasonably tasking his own health, and separating himself from home. "I have spent this time," said he, "in trying to persuade your poor impenitent brother to give his heart to Christ." That impenitent brother was soon brought to accept of mercy; pursued a course of theological study, and is now serving God in the ministry.

On another occasion, while residing in the city of New-York, he had gone to a religious meeting, and returned late in the evening, when he was reminded of the danger that his protracted efforts might be more than he could ultimately sustain. "I have been standing this hour," was his reply, "at the corner of the street, laboring with Mr. H——, (one of the teachers of his Sabbath school,) and trying to persuade him to submit to God." Within a few

hours the young man found peace; soon resumed his studies which he had been pursuing for other ends; and he is now a devoted minister of Christ, gathering a flourishing church in one of the principal cities of the West. A letter from this young clergyman, received as these sheets were going to press, thus confirms this brief statement.

"The name of brother Page will ever be associated in my mind with all that is worthy of imitation in the Christian character. By the persuasions of an acquaintance, I was induced to engage as teacher in his Sabbath school; and though I was then destitute of faith, he welcomed me, and won my confidence and love. Very soon he began to address me with the utmost apparent tenderness and anxiety in reference to my own salvation. His words sunk deep into my heart. They were strange words; for though I had lived among professors of religion, he was *the first who for nine or ten years had taken me by the hand, and kindly asked, 'Are you a Christian?'* 'Do you *intend* to be a Christian?' 'Why not *now?*' Each succeeding Sabbath brought him to me with anxious inquiries after my soul's health. On the third or fourth Sabbath, he gave me the Tract 'Way to be Saved,' which deepened my impressions. At his request, I also attended a teacher's prayer meeting conducted by him, where my soul was bowed down and groaned under the load of my guilt. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Page took my arm as

we proceeded on our way to our respective homes, and urged upon me the duty and privilege of an immediate surrender of my heart to Christ. As we were about to part, he held my hand, and at the corner of the street, in a wintry night, stood pleading with me to repent of sin and submit to God. I returned to my home, and for the first time in many years bowed my knees in my chamber before God; and entered into a solemn covenant to serve him henceforth in and through the Gospel of his Son. God was pleased, I trust, by his Holy Spirit, to seal my vows. If I have since had any Christian joy, or done any thing to advance the cause of Christ, it is to be attributed to the Divine blessing on the faithfulness of brother Page."

He *expected success from God, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer.* He felt that humble, self-denying effort, made in God's strength, *he would own and bless;* but that for this he would be "inquired of" by his people. HE LOVED PRAYER. Besides prayers at social meetings, with the families and individuals he visited; and on special occasions, frequently recurring, he, regularly, not only conducted family worship, accompanied by singing, but every morning and evening prayed with his companion as they retired and rose, and also poured out his heart to God alone in the closet. For the latter duty, when in his native place, he often retired to a consecrated spot in a

grove near his father's house. If one of the household were about to take a journey, the family assembled and commended each other to God, which was frequently done on other occasions of special interest.

His prayers were usually short and fervent, and confined mainly to those topics which pressed with special force upon his mind. At all times, prayer seemed to be a privilege, and the throne of grace a resting-place, and a solace to his heart. There is no doubt that it was by continual and fervent prayer, that he imbibed that glowing sense of eternal things, that love to souls, and that heavenly unction, which were at once the spring of his fidelity, and, under God, the ground of his success.

So anxious was he that there should be more prayer in the churches; and such were his hopes, that, if the duty were properly presented, it would be felt and practiced, that he united with a brother whose means were as limited as his own, in paying fifty dollars as a premium for a tract on prayer—himself drawing out minutely various hints to guide those who might write; and it was by this means that the excellent Tract, (No. 271,) on the obligations, nature, benefits, and occasions of prayer, was procured.

In his mind there was no jarring conflict between *perfect obligation* on the part of man, and *perfect dependence* in his relations to God. He knew both were revealed, momentous, eternal truths; and left

all embarrassing questions of their consistency to be settled by God himself. It was enough, to hear God speak, and to obey. He prayed as if all the efficiency and praise were God's, and labored as if duty were all his own. His sense of dependence threw him on his knees, and his sense of duty summoned him to effort; and prayer and effort, and effort and prayer were the business of his life. Blessed day to the church, when this endless source of contention and controversy shall thus be settled in every Christian's heart!

He was *uniform and unwearied.* I know not who has made or heard the charge of inconsistency in his Christian character. Those who knew him best, best knew how supreme in his heart was the business of glorifying God in the salvation of men. I have well considered the assertion when I say, that, during nine years in which we were associated in labors, I do not know that I ever passed an interview with him long enough to have any interchange of thought and feeling, in which I did not receive from him an impulse heavenward—an impulse onward in duty to God and the souls of men. No assembly, even of professed Christians, from which *the spirituality of religion was excluded*, whether met for social enjoyment, or in furtherance of some benevolent design, received his countenance; nor was he satisfied with what too justly seemed the strange anomaly of excluding Christ from the hours of so-

cial intercourse, and then, as it were atoning for the sin, by closing the interview with prayer.

The only remaining particular which it seems important now to mention, is his FRUITFULNESS IN DEVISING EXPEDIENTS FOR DOING GOOD. Of this point the history of his life is but an exemplification.

As the father of a family, he labored for the spiritual welfare of all his household, especially for the early conversion of his children. Of thirteen individuals, who resided in his family at different times in the city of New-York, twelve became deeply anxious for their salvation. One of these was a Roman Catholic, whose attention to family worship was forbidden by her priest; one, who was hopefully reclaimed from her backsliding, has since died; and six others gave, and, so far as known, still give evidence of saving conversion to God. Of his fidelity to his children, the testimony contained in the following expression of filial gratitude from his son, in transmitting, by request, the letters he had received from his father, will be excused.

"In reviewing the letters I received from my father," he says, "I see every where an expression of the tenderest solicitude both for my temporal and eternal welfare; and O for some of that ardent desire for the salvation of souls to bear me forward in duty, which impelled him onward, till he ceased his toils on earth, and entered on his rest in heaven.

"I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to my father's fidelity to my own soul. Well do I remember his endeavors in my early childhood to lead me to the Savior—his prayers—his entreaties—and the anxiety with which he followed me year after year, while under the paternal roof and when away, till he could speak to me no more. His kind voice I shall no longer hear. His affectionate smile of approval, or tears shed over my waywardness, I shall no more see. His kind intercourse with the members of his family, we shall no more share. He will no more call us around the hallowed family altar, lead us in the hymn of praise and in pouring out the soul to God. He is in a more endeared, a happier and holier sphere, enjoying the smiles and presence of his God and Redeemer. Pray for me that I may have grace to follow his example as he followed Christ, and at last to unite in his songs."

The above pages have sufficiently shown in what varied forms he rendered himself useful, as the *teacher of a day school;* in the relations he sustained to the *Sabbath school* cause, and to the *Tract* cause; in *Bible classes*, and in religious meetings; to families and to individuals. The variety of efforts he made with his *pen* is equally striking. Not only did he address moving appeals to individuals; but if a thought occurred which he judged to be of general interest, he embodied it in a few paragraphs and sent it for insertion in some religious paper;

and even if he inserted a scrap in an album, he improved the opportunity to direct the reader's mind to Christ.

In the *Temperance cause* he enlisted with a whole heart as early as 1823; rejecting all that could intoxicate, including tobacco in all its forms, and throwing an influence in a thousand ways to extend the Temperance reformation.

Many *pious young men* were by him sought out and directed towards the Ministry.

To the *cause of Missions*, both in our own and pagan lands, he was steadfastly devoted. He not only turned his eye away from the *accumulation of property* as the object of his life; but felt the duty and claimed the blessedness to his own soul, of imparting for the cause of Christ a portion of what he had. On his dying bed, he mentioned to Mrs. Page, that five dollars, which before his sickness he had subscribed to a benevolent object, remained unpaid. "We have consecrated it to God," said he, "and I had rather it would be paid. You had better pay it, and trust him."

His familiarity with the character and religious bearing of all the Society's publications, and with the general state and wants of the community, rendered him skillful in selecting publications appropriate to the different fields and circumstances for which they were designed; and also in giving an impulse and a wise direction to the feelings and efforts

of Christians who were continually calling for the transaction of business.

And in all, it abundantly appears that he felt that the efficiency was alone with God; and mingled continual prayer for *the gift of gifts*—the accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit.

Is it wonderful that GOD SHOULD BLESS his efforts? That, in each church with which he stood connected, individuals, when relating their religious experience, should be heard referring to his faithful endeavors as the means of bringing them to Christ? That a revenue of souls should have been gathered from the place of his nativity; *thirty-two* teachers be brought publicly to profess Christ, from one of his Sabbath schools, and *nine* of them have set their faces toward the Ministry? That *thirty-four* souls should hopefully have been gathered by him and his fellow-laborers from one ward of the city; and *fifty-eight*, in connection with his efforts and those of a few endeared associates, have been brought to join themselves to the people of God, from the Tract and Bible houses? That individuals should come to his dying bed, and thank him with tears for his fidelity to their own souls? Is it wonderful, that, in speaking to her who is now his widow, of his early departure, and looking back on his work on earth as ended, he should, with the solemnity of eternity on his countenance, say: "I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I

have had evidence that *more than one hundred souls have been converted to God* through my own direct and personal instrumentality."

Look at the influence of such a christian life *on a large scale*. Suppose every Christian labored, I do not say with such talents, but with such *a heart to the work*. Suppose there were *ten* such Christians in every evangelical church throughout our land, and God should equally bless their labors. How would they rouse their fellow Christians to duty. How would they search the highways and hedges, and by God's grace compel the ungodly to come in. How would they instruct the rising age. How would they hold up the hands of faithful ministers. How would the Holy Spirit be shed down in answer to their prayers. How would their influence penetrate through every vein of this great community; and how soon would living piety here pour its influence on every benighted land. Such a light as would then shine could not be hid. It would illumine the world, and Christ would come and possess the nations.

CHAPTER X.

TRIUMPHS OF GRACE ON HIS DYING BED.

It remains only to linger a little while with our brother in the chamber of death. We did not look to his dying bed for *evidence* of his good estate. This we had in his life. Nor have we to record what occurred in the hurry, and excitement, and delirium of dying. He was let down to the grave by a gradual process of four months; and, contrary to almost all example, gave up all expectation of living many weeks before he left us, and while in the full and perfect exercise of his mental powers.

It cannot be said, that death had to him no terrors. This enemy did not come and steal him away unawares; nor were the powers of his mind blunted by disease, or medicine. The king of terrors presented himself as if he would *challenge Divine grace* to gain a victory. He showed him usefulness closed; a dependent widow and children, agonizing bodily pain, and his soul about to appear before God.

His disease was in the vital organs, and a continual cough gave alarming evidence that it was seating itself upon the lungs. About six weeks previous to his death, Dr. W——, one of the skillful and pious

physicians who gave him their gratuitous counsel and aid, made a careful examination with the stethescope; and, as a faithful friend, informed him that his lungs were ulcerated, and he must die. "He received the announcement," says the physician, "calmly; as a man who felt that it is a solemn thing to exchange worlds, but that he had *a home in heaven.*"

To a heart so spiritually alive, the scene before him was unutterably solemn and momentous. He wished clear evidence of his union to Christ, that should leave no question of his interest in him; and to have *a constant and lively sense of his immediate presence.* Nothing short of this could meet the urgency of his case; and this, for some days, he did not attain.

"About six weeks before his death," says a kind brother who called on him with a Christian friend, "we found him in much mental distress. He said he had been endeavoring to examine his past life, but it was all a blank. 'O,' said he, 'I have done nothing for Christ. What an unprofitable life have I lived! How can one be a Christian who has done no more to prevent his acquaintance, and even his own household, from going down to hell.' We repeated to him a number of Scripture promises. He said they were precious promises, but he could not appropriate them to himself."

"A few days after," says the same brother, "we

called on him again; and found that the desire of his heart was granted. Christ was with him; and his emphatic language was, 'It seems as if I never knew before what it was to love him.' He appeared to feel that he had obtained *a new view* of the love of Christ, which he was anxious to communicate for our benefit. 'I have been following him,' he said, 'all along as the evangelists record his history—how he healed the sick—how he fed the hungry—cast out devils—comforted the sorrowful—and at last *died for poor sinners*'—(when his weeping prevented utterance)—'O who can help loving such a blessed Savior!'

"'I think I have evidence of love to Christ,' he soon added, 'from another source; I *love his people.* O how my heart goes out towards all the dear brethren who love Christ, and are trying to save poor sinners from hell. Brother A——, and brother B——, and brother ——; O that the Lord will make them more faithful, and more useful. Do, brethren,' said he to us, 'be faithful to souls. It will be time enough to rest by and by.'"

Again he said: "Should I go into a meeting and see a Christian with his eyes filled with tears, and his heart glowing with love to souls, pleading with sinners to come to Christ and live, should not I love him? And when Christ comes and weeps over poor sinners, and says, 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together,

even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!'—shan't I love him? I know I love that Christian brother that would feel so; and don't I love Christ? I do love him. I do love him."

The cloud returned no more till his spirit took its upward flight.

The writer having been some time absent from the city, sat by his bedside alone, expecting it might be the last interview with him on earth, when the following conversation, almost word for word occurred.

"I have thought a great deal of you in my absence, brother Page; and when I come here and find you so low, it is very affecting. How wonderfully God is dealing with us. He has seen fit to take away both of my children; you are sinking; and your son, by falling from an upper window, has very narrowly escaped death."

"Yes," he replied, in slow, feeble and tender tones, "God mingles mercies with afflictions. I want to thank him for preserving Cyrus' life. It is a great mercy."

"It is wonderful," I added, "that God often cuts down those who seem most needed. Brother Hunter is gone; Evarts and Cornelius are gone. He makes great breaches on the church."

"O, brother H———," said he, (as if he could not bear the allusion to himself as having been specially useful,) "I am nothing; and have done no-

thing. I'm nothing but a poor sinner. I'm a blank, and less than a blank. I hang on the mere merits of Christ."

"Has it not been a great trial to give up your wife and children, and all your work here?"

"It has been a trial to give them up; but not my great trial. I wanted a clear sense of the presence of Christ in my heart. For some time I could not get a clear view of him; and it was not till I followed him all along from the manger to the cross, that I seemed to get a clear view of him as just the Savior I need, and bring him home to my heart. I've given all up here. My work here is *all done*—its *all done*. What I want now is a sense of the presence of Christ; and I think he is with me, and sustains me."

"I rejoice that it is so; and may his grace carry you through. I want before you die to thank you, brother Page, for your uniform kindness during the nine years we have been laboring together; and especially for the help you have given me in the spiritual life."

"O, brother H——, don't thank me. I've done nothing, and been nothing but a poor miserable sinner. I don't want any thanks."

"I have always felt," I added, "that you have essentially aided me in the Christian course."

"Ah, I've often felt wrong, and done wrong. I want you, brother H——, to forgive all you have seen amiss."

"I have nothing to forgive. I wish rather to confess my faults to you.

"O, don't speak of it, brother H——, I've come short in every thing"—(bursting into a flood of tears.)

The scene was full of instruction. I could scarcely avoid the impression that I was conversing with his spirit already purified for heaven. To see one who had lived such a life thus abasing himself; to see him shudder at the intimation that he had been specially useful; to hear him say, amid the solemnities of dying, "I am nothing, and have done nothing; I'm a blank, and less than a blank; I have done wrong and felt wrong, and cast my soul alone on the blood and righteousness of Christ"—opened *a new view of heaven;* and made me feel, that, whoever arrives at that blessed abode—whatever his life has been, however much he has labored for Christ and the souls of men,—will THERE PROSTRATE HIMSELF LOWER THAN THE DUST, AND GIVE TO GOD ALL, ALL THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER.

"You must feel some anxiety for your wife and children. I will endeavor to do what I can for them."

"I don't want any promises. God will take care of them."

"I have hoped, that it will be in the hearts of friends around us to contribute something for them."

"It can't be expected that any thing like what

would support them could be raised. But *I give all that up.*"

"I understand you have expressed a desire that your body be removed to Coventry. If so, I hope I may accompany it."

"Ah, I've no concern about this poor body. All will be done right about it."

About this time, a friend from his native place visited him; and asking if he had any message for his parents and friends, he said, "Yes.

"Tell my aged parents not to despond because God has taken me first; for he will be their stay and support, and soon we shall meet where parting will be no more.

"Tell ——, that it will be hard dying without an interest in Christ.

"Tell sister L——, I expect soon to meet her in heaven.

"Tell my former pastor, that I remember with gratitude the instructions received from his lips."

On the following Sabbath, as the writer called on him, he said: "I wanted to have *gone home* to-day; but they're trying to keep me here. My work here is *all done*, and I want to be with Christ."

"Do you not look back now with peculiar pleasure on your direct personal efforts for the good of souls?"

"I look upon *personal conversation and prayer with individuals* as among my most successful en-

deavors, and hope I have done some good. But it is not me. It's all of grace in Christ. There's nothing in me but sin. I'm nothing—nothing—less than no thing. Brother H——, I have been a great sinner."

"Is it the sins of your heart that trouble you chiefly?"

"Not particularly. I've been a great sinner in my childhood—and youth—and all my life—the chief of sinners. But, 'it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

"Do you feel that it is your choice now to go?"

"Yes, if it is God's will."

"Should he please to restore you, would you not be willing to remain here and labor a little longer?"

"O yes, I think so, if it was his will. But my work on earth is *all done.* I want now to go and be with Christ. Prophets, and apostles, and martyrs are there; and many pious friends are there—I feel that I should like to meet them. Christ will be there; and we shall be like him, and see him as he is: that will be enough."

"Is it not wonderful that Christians do not live in a nearer view of death?"

"O yes; I'm a wonder to myself. I didn't feel how short this life is."

Some time previous to this conversation, he had adjusted all his earthly concerns; reviewed his will

arranged his papers; given advice respecting his family and his burial; and thenceforward he seemed to feel that his work here was "all done," and to welcome nothing that did not immediately pertain to the exchange of worlds. The daily paper had for weeks been put aside as having "nothing of Christ in it," though not without expressing his belief that ere long the daily papers shall carry to their readers messages of salvation; and when his family were reading to him from religious papers, he would sometimes stop them, saying, "Is there any thing there for a dying man? If so, read it."

He relished nothing but what was *eminently spiritual;* and regretted that he had not treasured more of the Bible in his memory. The twenty-third Psalm and the last chapter of the Revelation were very precious to him. At one time he said, "Do read me a spiritual hymn, or something from the Bible: I'm starving." Again, as a clergyman came in, he said, "Do look out some hymns that express a great deal of heaven. Many of the hymns seem tame. They are pretty poetry, but do not present the joys of redemption and the glory of Christ. When I have a clear view of Christ, my fears vanish, and I can trust myself wholly in his hands."

It was remarked by those most familiar at his bedside, that not one impenitent acquaintance visited him, whom he did not seem to have warned. The tenor of his language to them was: "I have said all

I can say. I can now add nothing new. My work here is all done."

Finding that his life was continued longer than he expected, he said: "I thought my work was done; but I find it is not. I must strive to urge Christians and sinners to duty from this dying bed."

As two brethren of the church from which he had recently separated himself came in, he said: "You will allow me to speak freely as a dying man. Are the dear brethren of the church awake? Are they laboring for souls? If I were to be raised up from this dying bed, would you not feel that *I* ought to be faithful? And is the duty less *yours* than it would be *mine?*"

More than once he said, "The millennium will never come until Christians are more awake to duty." And again, "O for a holy Ministry! a Ministry devoted to the salvation of souls! I can't bear to have *so much time wasted in controversy.* If all would devote themselves to the salvation of souls, how many might be saved from eternal burnings."

The principal of a large female school coming in, he entreated her to be faithful to the souls of her pupils; and urged the momentous consequences, should they be converted to God. She was much affected, and begged him to pray for her, when he immediately offered a short, appropriate prayer for her and all committed to her charge.

He observed that the number of the impenitent who

visited him was comparatively small; and when one with whom he had conversed, retired, he said, "O how the impenitent dread a dying bed!"

As a Christian friend, on seeing him so much reduced, expressed his regret that he left the church with which he had been so long connected, for the new enterprise, he said: "There were motives pressing upon me that I could not resist. I felt that one at least of the officers of that church ought to go; and hard as it was to tear myself away from the dear brethren, I do not regret it. There are some praying souls there, and I feel that God will bless their efforts for that destitute part of the city."

His *utterance in disturbed sleep* continually indicated what the burden of his life had been. Generally, it was prayer, or an appeal to Christians, or the impenitent.

—— "No more *pain*—no more *sin*," (was once his unconscious utterance.) "Lord, reveal thyself to us. Show us thy glory."

At another time he exclaimed with great earnestness: "Dear brethren! *where are you?* WHERE ARE YOU? Are you in the light of God's countenance? Are you in the light of the Sun of Righteousness?"

Again, as if he were addressing the impenitent: "'*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation.' O why will you not turn and give your hearts to God? Why will you go down to hell?"

Again he said, with melting tenderness, as if some

effort of his had been unavailing: "Poor girl! she has rejected her Savior, and her soul must be lost."

The visit of J—— H—— T——, his fellow-laborer in the Tract and Bible houses, was peculiarly gratifying. He greeted him on being so near home; they conversed on the dealings of the Lord with them, and the glories of eternity; and bade one another farewell for *a little while*, till they should meet again never to separate.

Again he said: "A death-bed is a precious place, when we have the presence of Christ—then to wake to a glorious immortality. God does not send one unnecessary affliction."

Again: "I feel as if I had got half-way home. I cannot bear to stop. It would be a pity to have the flesh return on these limbs again."

Perhaps SACRED MUSIC was never a source of more spiritual benefit or enjoyment in the chamber of sickness and death. For some years he led the devotions of the sanctuary, and in his earlier days was accustomed to play on the bass-viol and the flute. In his latter years, he made singing *strictly a devotional exercise:* a point, the practical bearing of which on the Christian life cannot be too much urged. He used it as such at social meetings, and uniformly made it a part of family worship. Providence kindly so ordered it, that Mr. F. a Christian brother, accustomed to lead choirs in the city, resided near, who, to his love of music, joined a tender

sympathy with the sick and dying. At the request of Mr. Page he sung a few appropriate selections; and finding they were as a precious balm to his heart, tendered his services to come in daily and as often as he desired. The impression made upon the mind of the dying man was so strong, that he would anticipate his return with great interest. "I expect Mr. F. soon," he would say to his family, "and I want you all to be here." When he arrived, he would inquire for each absent member, unwilling that the singing should commence till all were present; and then anxious that all should join in the praises of the Most High. After singing one day, he said: "How sweet—and if the music of earth is so sweet, what must be the music of heaven, where all the heavenly hosts unite their voices—ten thou sand upon ten thousand!"

The beautiful hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "My Faith Looks up to Thee," as set to music in the "Spiritual Songs," took precedence of all others. The music of the first was composed by Mr. Hastings, of New-York, and of the other by Mr. L. Mason, of Boston, who have consented to their insertion here, as it may be gratifying to some readers, and perhaps be the means of adding consolation to some other departing friend.

OLIVET.

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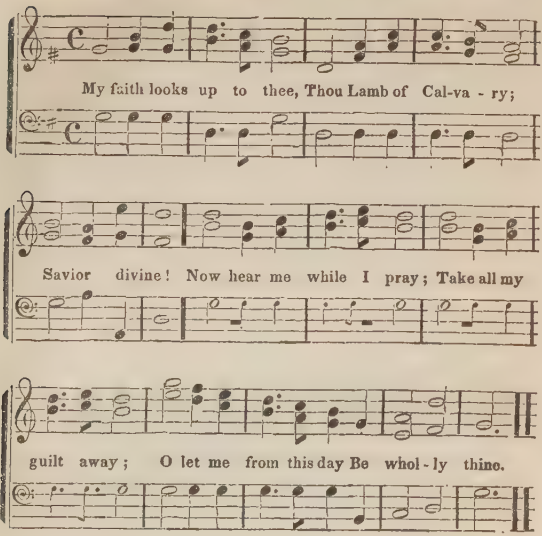
My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va - ry;
Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt away; O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside

When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

ROCK OF AGES.

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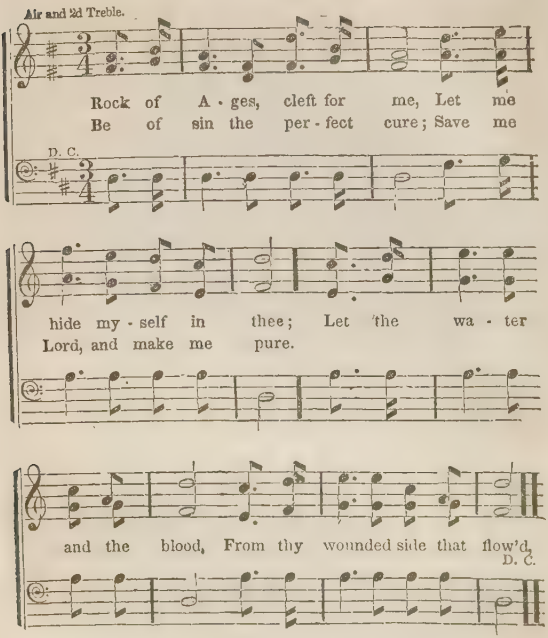
Air and 2d Treble.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me
Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me
D. C.
hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter
Lord, and make me pure.
and the blood, From thy wounded side that flow'd,
D. C.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow;
Should my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

The hymn beginning "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," as set to music in the same work, was also peculiarly precious to him, and one that he often repeated. At one time he asked for the reading of the hymn, "When languor and disease invade," &c. and as the fifth verse was read, said with emphasis, "Yes,

> "Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
> "And know no will but his."

On one occasion, as they were singing from the 17th Psalm, beginning with the words,

> "What sinners value I resign,

"he repeated the verses," says one who was present, "with a tone and animation more than earthly:

> "'Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
> "'I shall behold thy blissful face,
> "'And stand complete in righteousness.'"

"As he repeated the 5th verse, with inexpressible ardor and solemnity, we felt almost that we were already transported to those blissful regions:

> "'O GLORIOUS HOUR! O BLEST ABODE!
> "'*I shall be near*, and LIKE MY GOD.'"

"I wonder," he said, "that singing is not more used around the bed of the sick. It seems to me admirably adapted to cheer and comfort them."

"He expressed an earnest desire that all his family should learn to sing. "Then," said he, "you can have a little heaven here below."

Again he said: "O how can the churches be so indifferent to the praises of the sanctuary—the very employment of heaven! how can Christians sing so little in their families—it is the beginning of heaven—it is heaven on earth."

As he was apparently slumbering, his infant son struck the strings of a bass viol that stood in the room—"My little son," said he, "is that you? Do that again. Pa loves to hear that."

On hearing an organ as it passed in the street he said: "That sounds sweet. I am becoming very fond of instrumental music: I suppose there will be a good deal of it from the golden harps of heaven."

At one time, with much effort, he sung the line, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;" but not having strength to proceed, stopped, saying, "O when shall I go *home?* How long must I be burdened with this body! The Lord knows how much suffering I need to prepare me for his kingdom."

"In all his sickness, he exhibited surprising *tenderness of spirit.* He could not bear the thought that there were any Christians who did not love one another, and who were not engaged in the service of Christ. If he had manifested the least *impatience*, he would pray God to forgive him; beg his wife to forgive him; and often express his gra-

titude for the kindness he received, in the most affecting manner. Frequently he wept in view of the long continued and gratuitous attentions of his stated physician, (Dr. J. C. B.) As he had been ministering to his necessities one day, and had led in prayer, and retired, he said with tears: "How good to have some one to carry you up into heaven!" adding, after a pause, "When I think of his prolonged and unwearied kindness to us, my heart swells with emotions which I cannot utter."

He was continually endeavoring to relieve the sorrows of those around him. When he saw her weeping, who was soon to be a widow, he summoned his utmost efforts, and urged his most ardent supplications to God, that she might have Divine consolation; and when he found that she had yielded the point, and given him, and herself, and her children, and her all away to God, to be disposed of according to his pleasure, he expressed great joy and gratitude. "God will take care of you," said he, "I am sure of it. Only trust in God, and he will provide for you. His promises to the widow and the fatherless are precious. The Bible is full of them."

His *tender dread of sin* continued to the last. A dear Christian friend says, he regards the night he watched with him, as one of the most privileged seasons of his life. They had many short and delightful interviews. Towards morning he spoke very seriously: "Have you seen any thing, brother, in which

you think I have *sinned* to-night?" "Nothing in particular," was the reply. "Twice," added the faithful affectionate brother, "you spoke of the pain occasioned by your labored respiration, and perhaps expressed a little impatience." He immediately lifted up his tearful eye to God, and offered an earnest prayer, that he might he purified from *all* sin.

After violent coughing, he said, "My children, you see this is suffering. It is for *sin*."

At another time he said: "The Bible speaks of perfection. I feel no perfection. I am all sin. Christ is perfect, and his blood cleanseth from all sin."

Again he said, "Sometimes I so earnestly desire to depart, I feel as though I could not wait; but I want you to persuade me not to feel so. I fear it is wrong."

Equally undiminished was his *sense of his unworthiness.* As one, now a brother in the church, had wept at his bedside, and thanked him for his faithful efforts in arresting him in his downward course of sin, he said: "I know not what to do with such scenes—there's a great deal too much ascribed to man."

His eldest son having been absent, he expressed a great desire to see him before he died; and when he arrived, clasped him for many minutes in his withered arms, and bestowed upon him a father's richest counsels and blessing. This had been, for some time, the only remaining earthly favor he had had

to request. He wished to have all his children once more together, and to give them his dying counsels.

A few days before he died, after a paroxysm of coughing, he said: "I was in hopes to depart; but I must wait a little longer. How long probably before another ulcer will fill? O, when shall I awake in Thy likeness!"

Again he repeated the words, "Home! home!" and prayed: "O for a free and full discharge. Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why wait thy chariot wheels so long? I dedicate myself to thee. O may I have the victory. O come quickly. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

A little before his death, as all his family were around him, after a short prayer, in weakness and want of breath that rendered utterance scarcely possible, he addressed a word to each. "I want you all," said he, "to be a bundle of love."

To Mrs. Page. "Though a thousand miles apart, you may be serving God here—and I in heaven.'

To his eldest son. "I want you should be *a holy man*—an active, living Christian."

To his daughter. "Stand fast. Be steadfast in the faith. Wander not from God. Be wholly his."

To a younger son. "O be a Christian indeed, my son."

To the infant. "Love God. Learn what he is—what heaven is."

To a niece. "I have been committing all my

family to God. Love God. Pray to him daily.'

Then he prayed: "I thank thee for suffering. I deserve it. How much I deserved death—eternal death! Deliver me from a long series of sufferings, if consistent; but I submit. Let me not complain nor dictate. Remember thine handmaiden. Remember her in her trials. Thou knowest the supports she needs—grant them fully. May she be willing to commit me to thy hands. Bless this daughter, and all these children, and all their concerns. I COMMIT MYSELF TO THEE, JESUS, SAVIOR OF SINNERS. O THE INFINITE LOVE OF CHRIST! I MAY STOP MY MOUTH, AND LIE IN THE DUST."

This is the legacy he left to a lonely widow, and four fatherless children.

This his testimony to the *matchless grace of God*, abounding, through Christ, to one who had no merits of his own.

This his moving persuasive *to every child of God* to abound in duty.

This his voice of warning and entreaty *to rebel sinners*, saying, "Be ye reconciled to God."

The mercy and kindness of a covenant God, to whom he committed his family with such implicit trust, claims here to be recorded in the fact, that soon after his death, a few christian friends assembled, and commenced a subscription for the benefit of the widow and children, which was raised to $2,000. As the subject was mentioned to a pious mechanic, he said, with the tear standing in his eye: "I want to give something. Here are ten dollars. But for Mr. Page, I should probably have sunk into a miserable eternity." He was asked to relate the circumstances, and thus replied.

"On New Year's day, 1827 or 8, which was Monday, I reflected that I had never attended a monthly concert of prayer in this city, and determined that for once I would go. I went early, found only the sexton in the room, and sat down. Soon there came in a plain man, who spoke very pleasantly to the sexton, and then coming and sitting by my side, after a kind salutation, said: "I trust you love the Savior?" The question instantly filled my eyes with tears. *I had been preached to,* AT ARMS' LENGTH, *all my days in New-Hampshire; but this was the first time in my life that ever a Christian thus kindly and directly put such a question to my heart.* We conversed considerably together, in the course of which, at his request, I gave him my name and residence. *The next day he came into my shop,* and brought me the Tract "Way to be Saved." which he thought I

should like to read. He called again and again. I became interested in him, and the next Sabbath joined his Sabbath school; was brought, as I hope, to Christ, and soon united with the church."

The body of Mr. Page, according to a suggestion above, was removed to Coventry, his native place, and over his grave a marble slab bears the following epitaph:

"In Memory of
"HARLAN PAGE,
"FOR NINE YEARS DEPOSITARY OF THE
"**American Tract Society,**
"WHO DIED AT NEW-YORK,
"September 23, 1834,
"IN THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH,
"Aged 43.

"*He ceased not to warn every one night*
"*and day with tears.*' "

END.

MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH HOBBIE;

OR,

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY, AND TRIUMPH IN SUFFERING.

BY REV. ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG, A. M.

PASTOR OF A CHURCH IN FISHKILL, N. Y.

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PREFACE.

Memoirs of the pious dead should be regarded as intimately associated, in their object and tendency, with the instructive biographies of the sacred Scriptures; and as carrying out the original designs of the Spirit of Inspiration in the abounding narrative of the Bible.

This method of communicating instruction is admirably adapted to secure, in reference to such beings as we are, the most important ends.

We are taught, alike in Scripture biography and in the lives of departed saints, the *practical effects of divine truth upon the heart and conscience.* We see the influence upon those of like passions with us, of principles purifying and controlling; at war with every sinful inclination, and successfully struggling with every unruly passion; and are thus effectually taught what we, by grace, may be.

The recorded dealings of God's providence with his people are also an instructive commentary by which *the import of his promises is clearly and impressively illustrated.* Here *we see how much he does* for them; how freely he forgives their sins; how faithfully he keeps his word, and how he watches over them with a warm, a lasting, and a sleepless friendship.

Besides, the history of each individual who has finished the christian course in triumph, *adds another to the "great cloud of witnesses" by which we are*

H. H.

"*surrounded*," who testify to the faithfulness of God and the reality, power, and excellency of religion.

If the humble, retiring individual, whose narrative is here given, "being dead," shall "speak" with power to any—if this little volume shall pay a visit of mercy to the sufferer—if it shall ever be found the companion of a sleepless pillow, guiding the inquiring soul to Christ, or kindling the graces of any of his people, or lighting up a smile in the hour of death, its errand of love will not be in vain.

It is proper to state that the selections from what she had written are frequently abridged, condensed and simplified; but the original sentiment is in all cases carefully retained.

H. H.

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MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH HOBBIE.

CHAPTER I.

Hannah Hobbie was the daughter of Caleb K. and Clarina Hobbie, of the town of Northeast, Dutchess county, New-York. She was born October 13, 1806.

Her family were of that respectable and substantial class which stands at an equal remove from the rich and the poor. Possessing what Agur so wisely desired, neither poverty nor riches, they were happy in comparative exemption from the temptations which are incident to both.

From this class of society I believe God has ever taken the greatest proportion, and, if I mistake not, the most efficient of his people; and the members of this family have been consecrated by the Spirit, one after another, to his service, as fast as they have grown up to maturity. At the time at which this narrative commences, none of the family but Mrs. Hobbie belonged to the church of Christ. I have had the happiness since of receiving, at different

times, her husband and three of her children, as members of the church to which I then ministered. Others have joined themselves to the people of God in a distant part of the state.

Hannah was the second daughter. She was remarkable from childhood for a solidity of mind and sobriety of deportment not frequently found in the buoyant season of youth; was dutiful to her parents, and affectionate and even-tempered towards her brothers and sisters and companions.

The religious instruction which she received from her mother, and which, doubtless, greatly contributed to establish the equanimity of temper and sobriety of behavior which so strongly characterized her early years, seems to have made an abiding, though not an awakening impression upon her mind. From a sketch she left of her sufferings and exercises, I find that though at an early age she seems to have been sensible of the importance of religion, and to have had many serious impressions, none of them were lasting. Her first decided convictions of sin were during a revival of religion in the neighborhood in which she lived, when she was about fifteen years of age. At that time her attention became fixed upon her eternal welfare in a manner which, to her, was new, and she saw that to that period she had lived (under all her advantages) in strange ignorance of herself, of sin, and of God. She was deeply sensible that, under the

holy administration of God's government, gracious and merciful as it is, *there is no peace to the wicked;* and felt that, as she had been a great transgressor, there was none for her.

In the paper which I have mentioned, and which begins with that appropriate expression of the Psalmist, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul," having alluded to the visit of a pious missionary, who had called upon the family and conversed with her, she says:

"Being deeply impressed with a sense of my lost and perishing condition, soon after he left us I retired by myself to pray; and solemnly resolved, that, let what would be the consequence, I would endeavor to seek that religion which I considered of the utmost importance, and without which I was sensible I never should know true happiness. My health was pretty good; but I knew enough of the influence of disease to convince me that repentance should not be put off till a time of sickness, or the hour of death. I therefore prayed that I might not delay the important work."

This was six months subsequent to her being awakened; and after the expiration of another half year, she says of herself:

"I continued to seek for peace and pardon; but

depending too much on my own strength, instead of submitting entirely to God, I was, in a measure, left to myself, and in the course of the following winter grew somewhat careless, sometimes neglecting the duty of prayer. My health, for some time, appeared to be declining; but I was not aware of the danger which threatened me, and made very little complaint. Knowing that the Lord did it, I opened not my mouth."

Her state, a half year still later, is thus described:

"On the 26th of April, 1823, I was laid upon a bed of sickness, and commenced a course of medicine. My physician, after making two or three visits, intimated that such was the nature of my complaint, it would probably be permanent. A consulting physician was called, and coincided with this opinion. This excited neither fear nor alarm; I thought it was intended for my good, and that it was all for the best. I was brought, apparently, near the grave. For several weeks after this I was almost insensible of spiritual things."

She speaks of her physician very kindly and thankfully; and having been relieved, in some measure, from her pains two or three months after this, she ascribes it (under God) to his "kind and unremitting attention."

Who does not see that in her distress she fled to every refuge but the right one? She prayed *to be made happy*, but she found no relief; she wept at *the misery of her condition*, and in view of *coming wrath*, but her guilt still lay heavy upon her, and her conscience troubled her with ceaseless upbraidings. The congregation to which she belonged was then without a pastor; and like many others in her situation, she concealed the state of her mind, and became at length almost as careless as before.

It was at this critical period of her spiritual condition that I was called to that field of labor, and became acquainted with the state of her mind, which she has herself briefly described:

"I was almost insensible of my sin and danger; but after one or two visits from our friend and pastor, who urged upon me the necessity of being prepared for death, I was led to reflect on the past exercises of my mind, and to renew the practice of *that duty* which I had so much neglected. I suffered much; but thought it a punishment for my sins which I justly deserved, and seldom felt the least disposition to complain, or to think my lot hard. When I considered how much less my sufferings were than they might be, and how much less than I really deserved, I found I had more reason to be thankful than to complain.

"About this time I was greatly alarmed by *a dream.* I had been more unwell for a week, which probably was the occasion of it. In my dream, my physician came to see me, and on his first entering the room there seemed an unusual solemnity on his countenance. He examined my symptoms, said but little, and did nothing for me. He seemed to hesitate about leaving me. I could not imagine the cause of his solemnity. He at length departed; but soon returned, and with the same solemnity, and apparently with great reluctance, told me that I was not as well; that I should not live longer than till the next week; that by that time I should be so poor that my bones would pierce through my skin. I knew that I was not prepared for the important event. I supposed my time short, and, in dreadful agony, wrung my hands and cried aloud for mercy; urging the doctor not to leave me. He promised to come the next day, and departed. I awoke in a profuse perspiration, and in great agitation on account of my dream. Though only a dream, it made a strong impression on my mind. I told it to no one.

"My sufferings greatly increased, and I was in great distress of body as well as mind. The next Sabbath was, I think, the most trying day I had ever experienced. In my distress I cried unto the Lord: I said within myself, *surely the hand of the Lord is upon me.* My dream was continually before

me; nor did I soon forget it. I thought it was to show me that my time was short, and to awaken me to immediate preparation for death."

Her own remarks respecting this dream show that she attached to it no undue importance, but improved it wisely. The reader will perceive, that though her life was continued many years, the suffering and emaciation of which she now dreamed, became at last a matter of history.

Some time after this she thus writes:

"It seemed as if I had endured enough to wean me from the world; but I still felt that my attachment to it was strong. My sufferings, however, tended somewhat to draw off my affections from terrestrial enjoyments, and to engage me more earnestly in pursuit of those which are incorruptible and fade not away.

"In the following summer I had some degree of hope, but I soon found that I had still a heart of unbelief, and again almost despaired of mercy."

During the latter part of the period embraced in these extracts, I had visited her, and felt anxious to learn the real state of her mind. Although she seemed at first reluctant to give me a faithful account of her former and present feelings, I at length, by patient assiduity, succeeded in obtaining the knowledge which I so much desired.

During these interviews I found her more and more impressed with a sense of sin; and discovered also that she was fast treading again her former mistaken course of *selfish desire* for mercy, merely *that she might be happy;* seeking *only* deliverance from her sorrows, and praying, under the impression that, *for so doing*, she ought to be regarded of God. I endeavored to show her that there was but *one way* in which she could become a child of God; that a mere desire of happiness for herself, and laying claim to the favor of God because of her frequent prayers, was not what he required: but that she must come in all her guilt, and wretchedness, and ruin, looking to the blood and spirit of Christ for cleansing and for life; and at the foot of the cross make a full and cheerful surrender of her heart and all she had *to the Savior*, to be his—consecrated to his service and glory for ever.

Her religious exercises soon assumed a new character. She saw that all was wrong within. *Sin* appeared to her exceeding sinful. She abased herself before God, and cried with the Psalmist, *Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.* Then her prayer was heard, and graciously answered. By degrees light came, and peace and joy in believing.

She now knew what it was to believe in Christ, to rest upon his covenant promises. *Now* she saw and acknowledged that God was right in refusing

to hear her prayers, because she regarded not *his glory*. She saw that she had been unwilling to give up *all* for Christ; that she had possessed a proud and rebellious spirit, having no fellowship with a plan of salvation which plucked away every merit from herself, and bound all the laurels fresh and flourishing upon the Redeemer's brow. *Now* she rejoiced *in God her Savior*, and fully and freely ascribed to him *all the glory* of her deliverance. Her own account of this great change is deeply interesting.

"When about to sink in despair, the Lord in infinite mercy heard my cry, and brought relief. Then I could truly say, 'I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me.'

"At times before, I entertained flattering hopes that I had passed from death unto life, but not till then, was I willing to *give up all for Christ*, and accept of salvation on the terms of the Gospel.

"How much did I now mourn the loss of sanctuary privileges, and the privilege of reading. I considered them the greatest I could enjoy; but the Lord was my effectual Teacher.

"After I had experienced this happy change, which filled me with that peace which 'passeth all understanding,' I was led to wonder—to love and praise the Lord for his goodness in my happy deliverance. I beheld and admired the perfections of God in every thing around me; in the works of creation and the ways of providence. O the wonders of redeeming love! How astonishing! Sinners may be reconciled to God, and, through a Savior's merits, have hope in his mercy!

"I now look upon my many afflictions as among the means appointed by infinite wisdom and goodness to bring me into possession of that 'exceeding weight of glory' which the Lord has prepared for his people; and though I have hitherto been prevented, through fear and shame, from making known the wonderful goodness of God to me, I now bless the Lord who hath opened my mouth to show forth his praise."

This peace of mind was, at intervals, interrupted a little, for some time afterwards, by fears and doubts, arising from the very thing which gave others the strongest confidence in her piety—*a very tender conscience*—a quick and delicate susceptibili-

ty, respecting even the appearance of evil. This sometimes presented her own heart to her view in such a light as threw a shade for a moment over the usual brightness of her hope; but, under all this, it was manifest to others that she was rapidly growing in grace.

From this time (nearly four years from the first appearance of her decided convictions of sin) a new era in her life commenced. She saw that it was her mistaken views of the divine plan of showing mercy to sinners which had caused her feet to stumble, and kept her so long in darkness. Now she was afraid of being left to her own understanding in any thing. She dared not trust her deceitful heart any more, for it had too often betrayed her already. With entire distrust of her own competency to direct her way, she felt that in all things she needed the guidance of that "wisdom which cometh from above." From the *wilderness* in which she had wandered so long, and where she had found the way so dreary, she "came up leaning upon her beloved." She earnestly desired to be taught *wholly—in every thing*—of God; and he fulfilled to her the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Though her outward man was perishing her inward man was renewed day by day.

I cannot pass on without looking back from this point, to gather up two or three striking illustrations of divine truth, afforded by the history of Hannah's conversion.

In external strictness of *moral deportment* there is nothing in the view of the true penitent which can palliate or *excuse opposition of heart* to the truth. How then can it be otherwise than lightly esteemed of God? This amiable female, though faithful in the discharge of the social and relative duties of life, found that *one thing* was lacking. She saw that she had *never loved God*—that her heart was enmity against him—and she loathed and abhorred herself in dust and ashes, as altogether vile.

We see that a *humble, broken heart*—a heart really distressed because of the evil of sin, of its odious character, as opposed to God's holy, and just, and good law, God will never despise; while such as have no desire to be holy, to be pure as God is pure, he will not regard. We see this weeping sufferer at times in deep distress of soul for four years before she came to the Savior in all her sins for healing and salvation. She found no rest, because she saw not the dreadful character of sin, and consequently was not driven *wholly* to Christ, renouncing sin and herself, and giving *all* to his service and glory. But when she saw that sin was *her crime;* that she stood in open and desperate rebellion against God, so great, so excellent, so mer-

ciful, that he ought to be loved, and obeyed, and chosen above all; then, filled with grief and self-abasement, she came and cast herself, weeping over past transgressions, at the Savior's feet, like the woman which was a sinner, and *was forgiven.*

Watchmen of Israel, let us heed the admonition to be faithful to the souls committed to our care. For a long season Hannah was in darkness, because she had none to teach her *what she must do to be saved.* We may find, if we search our congregations with diligent attention, many who conceal their feelings. When the real state of her mind was elicited, and the way of salvation pointed out clearly in simplicity, then she saw her duty—and took up her cross and followed Jesus. We must at the fire-side, as well as in the public assembly, preach, as did the Apostles, the Gospel of the kingdom; and endeavor to ascertain *from themselves individually,* who among our people accept of the terms of salvation—who among them are resisting the Holy Ghost. Thus shall we find those, who, but for this paternal solicitude, might succeed in *quenching the Spirit.* How many has God saved through such fidelity as this! Let us "*watch for souls as they that must give account.*"

CHAPTER II.

I love to sit down by the bed-side of a dying believer, when the process of removal from the world is slow, and the approaches of death gradual, but steady. I love to watch the developements of christian character—the manner in which God illustrates the import of his covenant engagements, and mark the excellency of religion. There, more than under any other circumstances, have I seen it displayed in all its purity of principle, its elevation of purpose, its loveliness of character, its brightness of hope, and its strength of consolation. There the mind has time and opportunity *to think*, and to *search out* the foundations of its confidence.

I retrace with fond remembrance, and often with deep emotion, the scenes which I witnessed during the painful and protracted sickness of this beloved, but now departed friend; the clear and edifying light in which truth has often been presented to my mind, by the impressive simplicity with which she would tell of the dealings of God with her soul, and recount her views, and trials, and comforts; and above all, I love to look back upon the humble, and patient, and child-like spirit with which, during years of bodily suffering, often intensely severe, she kissed the rod, and rejoiced in him who, she was

enabled to see, had wisely and kindly appointed it.

In my frequent visits to her at this period, I found her bodily sufferings, in general, great; but her mind, for the most part, sweetly and firmly stayed on Christ. It was manifest throughout, that the promise which secures *good to them that trust in God*, as the result of all the allotments of his providence, was, in her case, remarkably fulfilled. Under all her severe pains, in her greatest debility (which at this time was excessive) she was always patient, always resigned to her Master's will, always trusting every thing to his hand. She firmly believed all the trials she endured to be, *in her case, necessary;* that they were all intended for her good; and her uniform choice was, that God should dispose of her as seemed best in his sight.

For two years she had not been able to sit up, at any one time, more than ten or fifteen minutes. Repeated attacks of severe pain had so racked her constitution, that, through weakness of her nervous system, at times she could scarcely bear the softest voice in her room. I have passed to her sick chamber through doors with every latch muffled, and, with all this precaution, lifted in the most gentle manner; while the family would steal away from place to place, in their household occupations, with a step as noiseless as the falling of a leaf; and yet I have found her happy in her Savior's love. When these seasons of extreme prostration

passed away, it seemed as if she could not be sufficiently thankful.

As I was one day sitting at her bed-side, when she enjoyed rather more than her usual strength, and seemed anxious to improve the opportunity of christian intercourse, I felt desirous to ascertain her views of God's dealings with her more fully than I had ever before done.

"Hannah," said I, "you have been long and greatly afflicted. You have been shut out from the world in the bloom of life, deprived of its enjoyments, and for years visited with severe suffering: is it all right?"

She replied, in a voice so feeble, and tremulous, and sweet, that its very tones seemed to plead for sympathy with her sorrows, "Yes; it is all right. The Lord has done it; why should I complain? My sufferings have been great; but Jesus suffered more for me. My lot is not hard; I deserve it all. I have often wondered at the Lord's goodness in preserving me from death, while unprepared to meet it. These afflictions do me good; and are 'not worthy to be compared with the glory' that I trust will follow. I am in the Lord's hands, and I feel entirely submissive."

When I asked her what her greatest desire with respect to her sufferings had been, she said,

"It has been my prayer from the first, continually, that it might not be in vain that I was afflicted;

that God would sanctify his dealings with me to my soul, and cause them to bring me to himself."

"Well," said I, "what do you think is the result?"

"I can sincerely say, that '*it is good for me that I have been afflicted;*' in this I cannot be mistaken: I do humbly trust that God has glorified himself in causing my afflictions to work for my eternal good. It is a great privilege to say so; but I think I can truly say it."

Anxious to know her whole heart in this matter, I said, "But when you see so many brought from darkness to light in firm health and with fewer sorrows, do you not sometimes feel as if God had been needlessly severe?"

"O sir," said she, while feeling about her pillow for her handkerchief to wipe away a tear that started from her eye and lay upon her cheek, "you know not *my heart.* God is clear in all. I was very obstinate; I wanted every thing my own way. God could not move *me*, as others have been moved, by kindness. His mercies I slighted, his entreaties I disregarded, and his threatenings did not affect *me.* It appears clear to me now, that he had no other way to bring *me* to himself but to do *just as he has done;* and I bless him now, and hope to praise him for ever for it."

I looked at her while uttering this language of meek submission; and a heavenly smile was mellowing and softening the usually sweet expression

of her countenance. She turned her eye full upon me, beaming with the calm assurance of hope, and said, "My dear Pastor, *I am a favored being!*" When the starting tear had been wiped away, and the melting scene had gone by, I prayed with her, and departed. "I came here," said I, as I left the door of the dwelling, "to impart instruction and comfort a mourner, but I feel it a privilege to sit at her feet and learn."

In a letter to her aunt at Bedford, dated April 14, 1827, she says :

"I still languish on my sick bed; but it is all right; I 'own the sentence just.' My deprivations are many; but my mercies are many more. I cannot go to the house of God, but I thank him that I can hear the preached Gospel at home. Last Sabbath I enjoyed this privilege. Like water to the thirsty, or meat to him that is hungry, so was the word of life to me. The text was in the 117th Psalm, 'O praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise him all ye people; for his merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.' Surely his merciful kindness is great towards me; and because his truth endureth for ever, therefore I will put my trust in him and not be afraid.

"How astonishing it is that many hear from the lips of the faithful preacher their awful condition

while unreconciled to God, apparently with no concern. Though the Savior died to redeem them from eternal death, they regard it not. What a manifestation of the awful hardness of the human heart is this! Can any thing but mighty grace subdue it? Indifference to religion prevails in this place, and I sometimes fear lest heavy and deserved judgments may come upon us; but the Lord is infinite in goodness and plenteous in mercy; I sometimes therefore hope that, as he is reviving his work in other places, we too may behold his glory in the salvation of sinners.

"Spring has again returned with all its loveliness. How great and glorious is that God, at whose word the seasons perform their successive rounds! his glory shines in the firmament, and his goodness fills the earth: the hills and the valleys rejoice and sing—the fields and forests praise him.

> 'All nature seems at once combined
> 'In songs of wonder, love and praise.'

But in the plan of salvation God's glory shines brighter still; here he demands our highest praise. There is nothing in creation for which God has done so much as for man. As we are the peculiar objects of his favor, let it be our delight to serve him while we remain sojourners here, that we may reign with him in heaven."

In a letter to another aunt, four days later, she says:

"It is now about four years that I have been deprived of the blessing of health: I have passed through many trying scenes, I have had cause to weep, and I have had cause to rejoice and be glad. Had any one told me that I should thus have suffered, I should probably have sunk under the thought; or, on the other hand, had I been told of the benefit I should derive from my afflictions, and of the happiness which I now possess, I should have been ready to exclaim, *impossible!* But the Lord himself has done it; his righteous arm inflicted the stroke, and in mercy and compassion he has made it a blessing to my soul. Yes, my dear aunt, if I am not greatly deceived, I have reason to believe my present sufferings will be my eternal gain. As adversity has been your lot, I have sympathized with you.

"How different the lots assigned to man! While some have every enjoyment of life, others suffer greatly, as we do. But if we have an interest in Christ; if it be our greatest delight to do the will of our heavenly Father, as I hope and trust it is, I sometimes think it is a matter of little consequence in what condition of life we are placed. Health is indeed most desirable, and the things of this life are a blessing; but Agur saw that fullness in these things

was unfriendly to a spirit of entire dependence on God; and, lest he should *deny* him, he prayed that he might not have *riches*. For my part, whatever of this world's good I enjoy, I would receive *as a blessing* and *not as a portion;* and because all beneath the sun is fading and transitory, I look forward with joy to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"It is painful to me to be separated from those friends whom I hold dear; but the joyful period will soon arrive when the friends of Christ will meet at the right hand of God, where pains and parting will be no more. There I hope to meet my dear aunt, never more to endure the trial of a separation."

Another letter, written about the same time, was addressed to a cousin, who was still a thoughtless girl, though admonished by disease to prepare for a dying hour.

"*Northeast, April* 20, 1827.

"Dear Cousin,—I should not be excusable were I to neglect this favorable opportunity of writing to you. But O that I could address you as one that felt the importance of that religion which enables me, and all who feel its renovating and sustaining power, to be happy, and contented, even in sickness. I have not heard from you in a long time, but from the knowledge I have of your complaint, I suppose that you are still suffering. Have you felt the

need of that solace which arises only from a sense of the love and favor of God? If not, I sincerely pity you. Yes; I have, by painful experience, learnt to pity all those who are living without God and without hope in the world. I know not what could please me more than to hear that my dear Elizabeth had renounced the world and all its vanities, and made choice of that good part which can never be taken away. Should I attempt to tell you the happiness of a soul that loves God, I could not do it. I well remember, when I was yet a stranger to God, and was often entreated by Christian friends to forsake the ways of sin, they told me of the folly and danger of my course, and of the delights of the ways of wisdom. I can now say that the half of either was not told me. I never knew what true happiness was till I found it in religion.

"Separated as we now are, I often ask myself, shall we be separated beyond the grave? Were I assured that we should meet in heaven, I should feel much more reconciled to see you no more below, as I probably never shall. Good and evil are set before you; O that you would choose, and be a follower of that which is good!

"I should be highly gratified to have you write; for to receive letters from my distant friends is next to the pleasure of seeing them.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

CHAPTER III.

Miss Hobbie was a plain unlettered female, trained to habits of industry in a farmer's family, and enjoying limited privileges for the improvement of her mind. In this respect she was most emphatically self-made: she was fond of reading, and embraced every opportunity at her command to gain instruction.

Her journal was commenced on the 24th of August, 1827, and exhibits the exercises of her mind until within about seven weeks of her death, a period of nearly three and a half years. Here the true christian appears portrayed in a most amiable and edifying light. O that all who read it may imbibe its spirit.

It was written, and also her letters, as she reclined on her bed, too weak to sit by a table, having a book before her for a writing-desk, and her ink standing at her bedside. Under such circumstances few would have felt themselves able to write at all; few, very few would have persevered as she did. The trembling and faint characters in which many parts of this journal are delineated, indicate the pain and weakness under which it was frequently continued. She felt the object to be great—her own advancement in the divine life; and

faithfully pursued the plan of recording her exercises as the best method of ascertaining her spiritual as well as mental improvement. To a mind disciplined, like hers, to self-examination, it appeared the most eligible method of furthering her great object, that of being holy. In order to know her progress in the christian life, she felt that some permanency must be given to her passing impressions. From several records it would appear that she was in the habit of frequently reviewing her journal, for the purpose of ascertaining her growth in grace; and her manner and design in giving it into my hands, just before her death, which will be hereafter noticed, make it evident that she had not the most distant idea of its being published.

This journal, which appears to me so like a rich vein of gold throughout that I scarcely know what to omit, commences as follows:

"August 24, 1827. In taking a review of the last eighteen months of my life, which I have endeavored to devote to the service of God, I find much cause to mourn my misimprovement of time, and to regret that I have made so little progress in the divine life. Having been much impressed of late with a sense of the importance of so improving the short season allotted me on earth, that I may render a good account at last, I am induced to adopt this measure for the improvement of my

mind and for my growth in grace, believing it to be a very effectual method for keeping alive a flame of heavenly devotion in my heart, and increasing love to God, as the great source of christian excellence.

"And now, O Lord, I would make an entire surrender of myself to thee; and, through the merits of thy dear Son, hope to find acceptance with thee. May thy Spirit guide me into all necessary truth; save me from all error; influence me to receive the truth in the love of it; and transform me more and more into a likeness to thyself."

"August 25. Reason and revelation both teach me that I have an immortal soul, which, after leaving this present abode of flesh, must enter a state of inexpressible happiness in heaven, or sink into the depths of endless wo: and as the present is the only time for securing the favor of God and an inheritance in heaven, it becomes me to examine myself, and know whether I have been actually born again; whether a right spirit is renewed within me. Have I so repented of sin, that my heart is really set against it? Does the love of God appear to me to be the first, greatest, and best of all objects? O Lord, thou knowest that my greatest desire is to know and do thy will; wilt thou show me, if I am indeed thine? Manifest thyself unto me, as thou dost not unto the world, and make me such as thou wilt delight to own and bless."

"August 26. The returning *Sabbath* reminds me of the privilege I once enjoyed of going to the house of God and hearing the Gospel's joyful sound. But alas! I have long been deprived of the inestimable blessing. I nevertheless rejoice that God, whose presence makes glad the hearts of his children worshiping in the sanctuary, likewise condescends to visit the humble and contrite while languishing on a bed of sickness at home. Be pleased, Heavenly Father, to favor me with thy gracious presence, and make this day a blessing to my soul. My Sabbaths on earth will soon end; then may I be prepared to enter upon that Sabbath of rest which ends—*never*. There I may worship Thee, without the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh to interpose."

"Aug. 28. As the heavens are high above the earth, so great is thy goodness unto me, O Lord, from day to day. But alas! how ungrateful! What poor returns do I make for the mercies innumerable that I enjoy! How often am I contented with the form of godliness, without feeling its enlivening and invigorating power! With what indifference do I read the word of God! O Lord, awaken me from carelessness, stupidity, and unbelief. Thou knowest my wants and barrenness; how feeble my graces, how cold my love, how weak my faith, how lukewarm my zeal, how negligent my fear, and how imperfect *all*. O strengthen me with might

in the inner man; fashion my soul after thine own blessed image; and daily, out of thy fullness, give me to partake of the abundance of grace: give me clearer views of the *riches of grace*, that my unbelief may be confounded, and deeper discoveries of my own wretchedness produced. Let my pride be abased; and O, may I thankfully embrace thy free salvation, and be content to be saved, from first to last, *as a sinner*."

See how soon this prayer was answered. The next day she thus expresses herself:

"Aug. 29. To-day I feel religion to be indeed the *one thing needful;* and I bless the Lord for the hope that I have a share in that good part which shall not be taken away. Glorious hope! With this assurance I am contented and happy under the deprivation of health, one of the greatest blessings of life. With this assurance I am encouraged to 'fight the good fight of faith,' and to 'run with patience the race that is set before me.'"

"Aug. 31. Yesterday I felt sorely afflicted in body, and somewhat depressed in mind, so that the day passed away not comfortably. But towards evening the Lord was pleased to grant me nearness to the throne of grace. I was enabled to return him my unfeigned thanks for his multiplied mercies; to ask for the pardon of sin; and, through

the Savior's merits, to hope for salvation and eternal life. I think I can truly say that I found joy and peace in believing. The comforts of the Lord delighted my soul, and I was enabled to commend myself to the care and protection of the great Guardian of my sleeping hours, and close my eyes, *unsolicitous* whether I should awake in time or eternity. This morning I awoke, and found my thoughts still with God; aspiring after more grace and greater holiness; anxiously desiring to become more and more conformed to the blessed image of my Savior. O Lord, wilt thou show me the way of life? 'In thy presence is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

'God is my portion and my joy,
'His counsels are my light;
'He gives me sweet advice by day,
'And gentle hints by night.'"

"September 1. I have to record the abundant goodness of God to me during the past week. *Richly favored* with the gifts of Providence, and, I trust, with the better blessings of grace, I have been called upon, by love and gratitude, to devote myself *wholly* to the service of God. I think I have found that true happiness consists not in the enjoyment of health or the good things of this life. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast taught my thoughts and affections to ascend, and fix upon

those joys that never die. Thou art the *fountain* of life; the only source of true happiness: unto thee would I look for all that I need."

"September 2. I hail the return of another *Sabbath;* but, sensible of my own utter insufficiency, would look to God for a fresh supply of grace, through which alone I can rightly improve it. O Lord, may thy blessing make this day more profitable to me than any one I have spent before. I deplore my imperfections; may my afflictions be the means of removing them; and as the Captain of salvation was made perfect through sufferings, so may I be fitted by them for thy blessed will. He was without sin; I have many sins to be forgiven and to be forsaken."

"September 4. Through the mercy and goodness of the Lord to me the past night, I have been blest with refreshing sleep, and brought to behold the light of another morning. For two days I have had humbling views of myself as a sinner. In reflecting on the past, I have much cause for humiliation, because of the spirit of pride and selfishness which has hitherto been so prevalent within me. O when shall I be willing to render unto God *all* his due! He alone is worthy of all praise, honor, and glory. O when shall I be willing to live only to the honor and glory of that Savior who has called me from darkness to light! O that I might possess the Savior's meek and lowly spirit! O Lord,

poor and needy I would come, and through thy strength resolve to devote the remainder of my life *to thee.* Of myself I can do nothing. O for grace to help me in this time of need. I would present my soul and body *a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to thee,* which is my *reasonable service.* Accept thou the offering, and make my heart thy constant abode. Make me willing to sit humbly at the feet of Jesus, and submit myself altogether, implicitly to his teaching."

"September 5. Like a stranger and pilgrim below, I wander in search of purer and more substantial joys than this world can give. I look for a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. I feel and am assured that my days on earth are few: I am, therefore, more reconciled to the trials of life, and I count all these sufferings but light, when compared with the glory that shall be revealed in me hereafter."

"September 9. Another week is added to my mortal existence, which brings me nearer to eternity. I would ask myself whether I am nearer to God and heaven. I think I can say that I do more ardently hunger and thirst after righteousness; and feeling the inadequacy of earthly good to satisfy my soul, without the continual enjoyment of the love and presence of God, I desire to live near to him, and to be more conformed to his blessed image."

She then mentions the calls of many of her friends who were not pious; regrets that their attention could not be drawn to the subjects which interested her more deeply than their worldly conversation, and complains of the interruption, as depriving her of the *profit* of recording her exercises of mind, and interfering materially with the privileges of meditation and prayer, as she was reduced at this time to a state of great bodily weakness. But having been favored in the meantime with a few opportunities of intercourse with the children of God, she proceeds to show the difference, in her view, between them.

"I find much pleasure in the society of christian friends, particularly those whose conversation shows most of a spiritual mind. Indeed, I feel a peculiar attachment to the friends of Christ. But on the contrary, I seldom find satisfaction in the visits of those whose conversation is about the things of this world. O how do I pity those who know not God, nor consider the worth of their souls. I do sincerely pity them; and my constant prayer to God is, that they may repent before it be for ever too late. O that all my friends were the friends of God!"

She closes the entry in her journal this day by a renewed dedication of herself to God, which was not only her frequent, but her *weekly* practice.

In reference to a revival of religion with which we were at this time favored, and which exerted its blessed influence among the different denominations in the vicinity, she thus expresses herself:

"September 21. How does it rejoice my heart to hear of the conversion of sinners! The glad news that God has commenced a glorious work here, has filled me with ecstacies of joy, awakened my drowsy powers, and made me more earnest at the throne of grace in behalf of sinners. I rejoice in the hope that the Lord will bless us abundantly with the refreshing showers of his grace. I have long mourned for the desolations of Zion, and lamented the carelessness and stupidity which have so long prevailed. O Lord, wilt thou arise and have mercy upon Zion, and visit us *greatly* with thy salvation."

In this work of divine grace, (though at this time she was very feeble,) Hannah took hold of God's covenant as with the grasp of death, and continued to plead for sinners, especially for her father and family, with a faith which could not be denied. As often as I visited her during its progress, she seemed to forget herself in the deep interest she felt for others. She would inquire very anxiously after the subjects of the work, and rejoice greatly, as one after another gave evidence of having re-

ceived Christ. The world offered her its promises in vain; nothing could draw her away from heavenly things and the progress of Christ's kingdom. She felt the wickedness of her own heart so sensibly, and so dreaded its palsying influence, that she was constrained most diligently to watch and pray against it. This is no anomaly: a discovery of the sin and deceitfulness of the heart, in connection with unshaken trust in God, is one of the best evidences of growth in grace. It was so with her; for when she complained to me the most of this, she still said, "In the smiles of God my happiness is complete; *his frown alone* is darkness. God is my defence against every foe, whom shall I fear? He is my hope and my salvation."

She again said, "At times I have great freedom and delight in prayer and devotion. I have felt pity for the miserable state of sinners around me, and have entreated the Lord to draw near unto us; especially that a parent, who is yet at a distance from God, and brothers, and sisters, and neighbors, may partake of the blessing of his salvation. The Lord is rich in mercy; O that I could live more upon him by faith, and derive more of my happiness from things above, and less from things below!"

Under date of October 10, she thus writes:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his

benefits to me? What am I, that God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, should condescend to dwell in my heart? I have enjoyed much of his presence for three days past. His presence is life, light, joy, and peace.

"A meeting was appointed here yesterday, in the enjoyment of which I anticipated much happiness. It being very stormy, no one came except our pastor and a christian friend. I was somewhat disappointed; but the afternoon passed away very pleasantly. The revival was the principal subject of conversation. The work is progressing. My prayer to God is, that it may go on without interruption, till all shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Our friends closed their visit with us by prayer. I was most affectionately remembered. I desire to be thankful for the many tokens of affection and regard which I receive from my christian friends. The visit was profitable to me; and I am this day encouraged to persevere in the ways of the Lord. May I so run that I may obtain."

"Oct. 13. This day I am twenty-one years old. This calls for self-examination. In taking a review of the past year, how great the catalogue of mercies! The Lord has seen fit to continue my bodily afflictions; I have mourned the loss of many valuable privileges; but my comforts have been neither few nor small. Through the summer my unfaith-

fulness to God and neglect of duty often caused darkness of mind. I was often constrained to say within myself,

> 'Why is my heart so far from thee,
> 'My God, my chief delight?'

But I hope I do record it with humble gratitude, that for two months past my affections have been more given to God and religion. Prayer, which was formerly a task, has become a privilege in which I delight. I have felt more freedom in giving myself to God, and have had increased desires after holiness. Yes, I long to be holy, as I long to be happy.

"I would this day solemnly *renew my covenant* with God, and through the strength of Jesus resolve, henceforth, to be more diligent in duty—more instant in prayer. Sensible I am that my chief happiness depends upon this, for prayer is the christian's breath. When prayer is omitted, *farewell enjoyment!* I would commit myself, my health, and the disposal of all that pertains to me in future, into the hands of God—to his unerring wisdom. Do thou, O Lord, perfect that which concerneth me. I sometimes think, were it not for the possibility of becoming useful to my fellow-creatures, I should have no desire to live. But I would calmly wait my Father's will. *Thy will, O Lord, be done.* I *can* say this now—O that I may be able to say it to

the last!—Heavenly Father, whether it be thy will to restore me to health, or that I should still linger upon my bed, may I henceforward be more meek in my disposition; more amiable in my temper; more devout in the frame of my mind; more spiritual in my conversation; more zealous for thy glory; more conformed to the image of my Lord and Master; and the life which I live in the flesh, may I live by the faith of thy dear Son, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

"October 28.

'Another six days' work is done;
'Another Sabbath is begun;'

and I feel myself under renewed obligation to the Father of mercies for his increase of favor to me. With very little interruption I have enjoyed the light of God's countenance and a sense of his favor the past week; and this morning I find myself happy in the possession of that peace which passeth understanding. Others are permitted to-day to worship and pay their vows in the sanctuary; I am compelled to spend my Sabbath in the retirement of home; but I would not repine; gratitude becomes me more than complaint.

"The Lord has indeed visited us with his salvation; the Spirit of the Lord is still working in the hearts of this people, and reconciling sinners to himself. I trust *a parent*, who has long lived with-

out God and without hope in the world, has been led to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and has resolved to come out from the world and join himself to the people of God. A goodly number presented themselves yesterday and applied for admission into the church, and among them were *my dear father and my eldest sister.* Under a sense of duty I have also *presented my request.* I have fled to Christ, and humbly hope my name has long since been recorded in the book of life; but I desire now to unite myself to the visible church of God, that I may do all my Master's will, and enjoy the benefit of his precious ordinances. I long for the privilege of joining his people in the Lord's supper, believing it will be blest to my spiritual nourishment and growth in grace."

On the 29th she wrote to an aunt in Bedford; speaks of the privilege of writing as the sweetest solace to separated friends; mentions that her physician proposed trying a new remedy; and then adds:

"I feel it to be my duty to use means for my bodily health; but the great blessing is to enjoy health of soul. I can indeed say, that I never enjoyed so much peace and tranquillity of mind as for two months past. With little interruption, I have enjoyed a sweet sense of God's presence and favor.

I think you will rejoice to hear that the Lord is visiting us with his salvation. Twenty have already joined the church over the mountain, and twenty or more expect to unite with our church next Lord's day. My father, my sister Elizabeth, and myself, are among the number who have applied for admission. As soon as convenient, after the communion is administered at the house of God, I expect the members of the church to meet here for the same purpose; and I wish my dear aunt could be with us, to commemorate a Savior's dying love. I hope to be strengthened with spiritual life, and to receive much benefit from this ordinance.

"Four weeks ago last evening my father attended a meeting at Captain C——'s. Mrs. C—— was very much distressed, and wept and cried aloud for mercy. My father saw, and, for the first time, *felt*, that he too was a sinner. His convictions were deep and pungent. On his way home, a distance of nearly a mile, he was several times on his knees in the woods, begging for mercy. When, late at night, he reached home, he had found comfort. And now, my dear aunt, can you not rejoice with me in the conversion of a parent, brought from darkness to light—from the service of sin and Satan, to the service of God his Redeemer? I have often felt thankful for a pious mother; and now I trust I have a praying father. On this pleasing topic I could long dwell, but I must close. Tell our pious friends to

rejoice with us, that salvation has come to this place, and I trust to this house. Adieu.

" I am your affectionate niece,

" HANNAH HOBBIE."

In her journal, November 15, she thus speaks of the anticipated meeting of the church at her father's house:

" A special meeting is appointed here next Lord's day, when I expect to confess Christ before the world, and enter into covenant with God and his dear people. I think I feed daily, by faith, on the *living bread;* and when partaking of the memorials of the Savior's death, I hope to be enabled to exercise a stronger faith over those simple but expressive emblems. O that my heart may be drawn forth in love and devotion to him who gave himself on the cross for me. May I be enabled to view Christ in his humiliation and exaltation; view him suffering, bleeding, groaning, dying; view him rising, ascending, and reigning; and at God's right hand living to make intercession for his people. Though I have many times before endeavored to give myself to God, may I then be enabled to give myself more unreservedly to him, taking the Lord as my Redeemer and all; and may he be my Friend and my portion for ever."

So clear was Hannah's view of her duty, and so

ardently did she desire to *do* ALL *her Savior's will.* that we unanimously and joyfully consented to meet at her father's house, that she might have the opportunity to obey an affecting, a dying command of Christ. This meeting was appointed for the 18th of November; and after the public worship of the sanctuary, I set out with my companion for the place of her abode, distant about five miles.

I had often passed over the same ground before, but the present occasion called up associations new and interesting. I was going to carry the children's bread to one not able to receive it in the house of God; a worn and weary pilgrim; fainting, even in the morning of life, under the trials of the journey, and longing for the hour when she should finish her course, and get safely home, to rest eternally in heaven.

For the first mile the road led through a narrow valley. On the right were high hills, divided to their summits into separate enclosures, stretching away far to the south, all brown with the effects of autumnal frosts. On the left was a range of lofty cliffs, covered with oak and chesnut wherever a tree could strike its roots, now pressing hard upon the road-side, and now receding a little distance. At the southern extremity of this narrow pass, on a slight elevation, the church where we had just been worshiping the God of our fathers lifted its white spire. The road here wound around the ter-

mination of this range of cliffs towards the north-east, leaving on the right an extensive tract of meadows level as the surface of a lake, and then led onward through another valley, till, by easy acclivities, we ascended the amphitheatre of hills which curved beautifully around on either hand and before us. They reminded me of that covenant which stands more firm than the *everlasting hills;* and I felt that all was safe that my beloved friend had committed to her Heavenly Father's keeping. The giant oaks that stood there, stripped of their foliage, stretched their arms on high, as if exulting in the better preparation of their nakedness to brave unharmed the wintry storm and bid defiance to the fury of the tempest. They seemed an emblem of the christian—established on the Rock of Ages—stripped of self—looking up with confidence for grace to sustain the storms of life, and saying, "None of these things move me." A few scattered leaves, tinged by the frost with varied hues, but still clinging to their branches, hung out their signals of decay around us; and I said, as I thought of the sick bed to which we were hastening, "We all do fade as a leaf." The sun was now and then obscured by passing clouds, and the chill winds of autumn were sweeping by us in short and fitful gusts. So varied, so changing, so uncertain are all earthly hopes; so unstable the foundations of earthly joy.

From such surrounding objects, and with such

reflections, I reached the place of our destination, and before me lay in all its loveliness the fading flower, about to be cut down in the very spring-time of life. She gave me a smile of welcome as I took her hand: there was a calm serenity upon her countenance; the light of hope and the firm resolve of faith were mingled sweetly in her eye; while every feature spoke of solemn joy, and told of peace within.

I stood near her bed-side; the bread and wine were placed on a table before me. After a short discourse, I proposed to her the questions usual on such occasions, and to all she gave her free and full assent. The people of God were seated around me, and I broke the bread for her and for them; we took the cup of salvation, and called upon the name of the Lord. It was to me, and I believe to others, a very precious season. It was as if the times of primitive simplicity had returned, when the apostles, and those whom they had begotten through the Gospel, assembled to commemorate the Savior's dying love.

In her journal, under date of Nov. 19, she thus expresses herself in reference to this affecting occasion:

"I very much enjoyed the services of yesterday. The exercises were solemn, interesting, and delightful to me. Our pastor's text was Deut. 32: 9–12. *God's portion is his people.* Though all by right is

his, yet how much is taken from him, and claimed by other masters, and given to other uses. His people only are *strictly* and peculiary his portion and his care. He finds them in "a waste, howling wilderness," and leads them, as a shepherd leads his lost sheep, to the fold. He keeps them "as the apple of his eye." As the "eagle stirreth up her nest" when she thinks it time for her young to leave it, so the Lord breaks up the places of worldly rest, where his people sometimes slumber wickedly, to show them that they must not fix their affections here. As the eagle "fluttereth over her young," to teach them the use of their wings; and "bears them on her wings" on high, and then lets them fall suddenly, to show them the necessity of effort; but shoots down under them, if she sees they are yet too weak to fly, and takes them upon her own wings again; so the Lord tries the strength of his people's faith, but will not let them fall utterly. When they first engage in his service, they are more led by love than faith. The Lord leaves them often to try them, and to increase their faith; but is sure to help them in due season. This was the train of thought. How sweet and refreshing!

"It was a precious privilege to commune with the people of God at his table. O may I have grace to fulfill the *solemn vows* which are upon me to be wholly his, and to walk worthy of my profession. I did find the refreshing effects of this spiritual pro-

vision, though not so much at the time as since. I have felt his banner over me to be love. I hope it is the beginning of better days. I think I never before felt *such freedom* in giving myself to God. I sincerely desire to devote myself *wholly* to his service; to glorify him in my soul and body, which are his.

"A short time since, as I was reading and meditating on the Lord's supper, I was suddenly convicted of my sin in so long neglecting the Savior's dying command, and making no *public profession* of my choice of God's service; but after a season of grief and sorrow I found forgiveness. I have now most willingly and cheerfully obeyed; and will not he, who received gifts for men, send some *perfect good* upon his willing servant? I pray that I may honor the cause which I profess to love. May I never bring shame or reproach upon it.

"SELF-DEDICATION.

"I here, O God, by a free and deliberate act, devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit to thy requirements. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and choose thee as my supreme felicity, and my everlasting portion. This is my sincere determination; a determination which, by thy grace, I NEVER WILL RETRACT. O Thou, by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, put thy fear in my heart, that I may never depart from

thee. Let not the world, with all its flatteries; death and hell, with all their terrors, entice or influence me to violate this sacred vow. O let me never *live* to abandon thee, nor draw the impious breath that would deny thee! And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul and this poor body to thy service; and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me to thy dishonor, let them testify against me, and let my own words condemn me.

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

CHAPTER IV.

We are now to view this humble, but distinguished disciple, as sustaining new and solemn relations to God her Savior, to the church, and to the world. She had voluntarily *given herself to God*, and, bought with such a "price" as the precious blood of Christ, she knew and felt that she was *not her own*. She was sensible that she was continued in the world for some wise purpose, and evidently that she might be useful to others. In the revival at that time Hannah was an efficient

helper, notwithstanding she was extremely feeble, and confined to her chamber, and, for the most part, entirely to her bed. If a christian brother or sister visited her, she would *urge them to their duty* by every motive which she could command. If a careless sinner was there, an earnest and affectionate *entreaty to flee from the wrath to come* was almost always a part of the interview. Many a letter did she write to those to whom she could have no personal access, especially the absent female companions of her youth. The things that she did, her work of faith and labor of love, will be found interwoven with her whole history.

In her journal, December 10, she thus mourns and prays:

"Once more I have to seek after an absent God.

'"Tis just, I own, if thou depart
'From so insensible a heart;
'Nor would I shun the sad decree,
'To spend my days in grief for thee.
'"Tis not the painful I deplore,
'But sin's benumbing, pois'nous power.
'Illusive charms impede my way,
'And tempt my faithless heart astray.'

"I acknowledge my unfaithfulness to God. Without the Spirit of God I find myself altogether faithless to my solemn engagements. My strength is *in*

the Lord, and from him cometh *all* my help. If I trust my own heart, it is treacherous—deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The world has often disappointed my most confident expectations; but thou, O God, hast *never* deceived me. Thou art faithful and true. Thy word is established, and abideth for ever. Suffer me, who am but dust, to plead with thee. Show me the light of thy countenance; for without thee I cannot live; my spirit dies within me. Bless me with the assurance that thou art mine, and let me once more taste the comforts of thy presence. Renew the expressions of thy goodness to a poor, ungrateful sinner. Deal not with me in severity, for shouldst thou mark iniquity, I could not stand before thee."

Miss Hobbie had entered into covenant with God, sensible that he demanded *her efforts* to build up his kingdom; that, in the infinitely wise economy which he had organized to accomplish his designs of mercy, and spread the influence of truth through the world, he could not dispense with the instrumentality of his people. However little her influence appeared to herself, she considered it due to God's cause; and, little as her strength was, it was wholly his. In order to do her duty as a soldier of the cross, she felt that she needed the joy of God's salvation in her soul, to animate her, inspire

her with courage, and fire her with zeal. I never found her in spiritual darkness but I found her a sincere and bitter mourner. The feelings expressed in the preceding extract are those which seem ever to have existed when God's face did not shine upon her. Her first business then, was to "*seek after* an absent God;" nor did she fail to find him. Hear what she says five days after this:

"December 15. Why should I leave the fountain of living waters, for broken cisterns which can hold no water. The Lord has rebuked my folly, and put a new song of praise into my mouth. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' Surely I choose not to forsake thee now. All my happiness centres in thee; I have no hope but in thee, and no substantial joy but what flows from thee. My *greatest fear* is that of *losing thee*, and my *greatest care* that of *securing thy favor*.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
'Prone to leave the God I love;
'Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
'Seal it from thy courts above.'"

To a cousin, Frances M——, who had recently been awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger as a sinner, she thus wrote on the 18th of this month:

"The deep interest I feel in the welfare of your soul is my best apology for writing. Since I heard of your anxiety I have been very desirous to see you. I have not ceased to pray for you, that the Lord would carry on and perfect the work which, I hope, is begun in your heart. My prayer to God is, that you may have no rest until you find it on the Rock of Ages.

"If you have been led to see yourself a sinner, and now stand condemned by the law, oppressed with a sense of guilt, let me direct you to Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man—the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' My dear Frances, are you willing to humble yourself at the foot of the cross, and accept of pardon and salvation from the Savior who calls you to come to him, and stands with open arms to receive you? He is willing, and he is able. You will need the comforts of religion in health and in sickness; and did you know the happiness of a soul at peace with God, you would not rest until your eternal interest is secure. I would here tell you of the joys which flow from the love of God,

but have not room, and must close, with my best wishes for your present and eternal welfare.

" Very affectionately yours,

" HANNAH HOBBIE."

In a note, she sends her love to her cousins C—— and E——, and is very pressing upon the individual to whom she was writing, to urge them to be in earnest about their souls' salvation. There are also annexed, with a pencil, those beautiful words : " Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house—the place where thine honor dwelleth."

Her journal continues :

" December 24. How much reason I have to thank God for restoring to me the privilege of reading. I have just been reading, with great delight, the memoirs of a pious female, who died at the age of sixteen. Though young, she was the subject of renewing grace, which enabled her to endure, without a murmur or complaint, a painful and trying sickness of three weeks, which terminated her life. During her illness, her great anxiety seemed to be for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. She was enabled to smile upon death. O may my last end be like hers !

" Ever since I have arrived to years of understanding, I have found great delight in reading the memoirs of departed saints ; and have desired o

imitate their bright example. I feel now that God's grace alone can enable me to do it. That the Lord has renewed my hard heart I cannot doubt, after the evidences I have received of his covenant favor. O that he would loose my tongue and enlarge my heart to praise him for what he has done for my soul; then would I shout the praises of my Redeemer while I can speak. But now, how slow are my returns of praise! How backward to acknowledge his goodness! If I cannot speak the praises of my Redeemer on the earth, how can I hope to join the happy choir above, in singing praises to God and the Lamb for ever and ever?"

"January 1, 1828. Another year is gone, and I still linger and wander, a stranger and a pilgrim here, far from my native home.

'Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
'And bring the welcome day,
'When I shall reach that peaceful clime:
'*Must I yet longer stay?*'

"I am tired of these vanities, and the world grows more and more insipid and uninteresting. It has lost its power to charm me. With cold indifference I view these transitory glories, inspired with *nobler prospects* and *vaster expectations!* By faith, I see the promised land; and every day brings me nearer to the possession of my heavenly inheritance. There shall I see my God, not through a

glass darkly, but *face to face.* Then shall I be 'satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.' I look forward with joy to that happy period when my earthly pilgrimage will end; when 'this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality:' when this trying warfare shall be finished, and when the last conflict with my spiritual enemies shall be over. Then shall I cry, through my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, *Victory,* VICTORY!"

"January 6. I have for some time desired to experience some change: that the Lord would either restore me to health, to activity and usefulness in life, or that he would prepare me for himself, and take me to a better world; for, what am I, in my present condition, but a poor worthless creature? But I would, gracious Father, that thou shouldst glorify thyself in me. Should it be thy will that I should still linger upon this bed for weeks, months, or years, may I say at all times, and under all circumstances, *Thy will, O Lord, be done,* and not mine. Comfort me by thy word and promises, and support me by thy grace, in this season of languor and trial. May thy grace be sufficient for me, and thy strength be made perfect in my weakness. Though weak in body, make me strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Should this sickness prove my last, O that my reason may be continued, that I may be enabled to glorify God

in my dying moments. 'When my flesh and my heart fail, be thou the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

"February 3. Shall I cease to record the goodness of Divine Providence to me, the least and most unworthy of all the servants of my Lord. His goodness pursues me with unwearied course. Every day's experience brings me some new evidence of his faithfulness. As the week begins so it ends, with a series of mercies. And what shall I render for all these unmerited favors? How prone is my ungrateful heart to forget his benefits, or make miserable returns! Blessed Lord, again do I dedicate myself to thee. Though the world entice me, yet in thy strength, in the power of thy might, *I will not consent.* Though it offer the choicest gifts, I *will hold on my way.* Nothing henceforward do I desire to know but Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

"February 11. Still under chastisement; but in every pain I desire to recognize the hand of my heavenly Father. This renders the affliction light. I find the grace of God sufficient for me. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also shall become my salvation.

"Yesterday was to me a most delightful day. I was enabled to read the word of God with unusual pleasure. I found much comfort in prayer, and could say with the Psalmist, 'In the multitude of

my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.'

> 'How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
> 'In hope of one that ne'er shall end.'"

On the 25th of February she wrote to a cousin whom she had not seen since she was a child, but of whose conversion she had just heard:

"My dear Cousin,—As I am denied the pleasure of a personal interview with you, I must have recourse to a letter. It is so long since I saw you, that I can form, probably, no correct idea of your personal appearance; but since the glad news of your hopeful conversion, I have felt how *near we now are to each other.*

"I heard of the death of your little brother, and sympathized with you in the bereavement. When I last saw him, it appeared to me that he would not stay long here. He is gone! And now, my dear friend, let the number of his days teach us that life is short, awaken us to diligence, and animate us in the performance of every duty; knowing that we must soon give up an account of the deeds done in the body, and reap our reward.

"The revival of religion has not yet ceased with us. It is now nearly six months since it commenced. Twenty-two have been added to our church, and next Sabbath a number more will

join. Additions have also been made to other churches. Meetings among us are still frequent and interesting. My father appears to be very active and zealous in the cause, and spends much time in attending meetings and visiting the anxious and inquiring.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

The following thoughts from her journal are beautiful and impressive:

"March 5. I have now been without medical assistance more than a year. My physicians find that the natural powers of my constitution cannot of themselves effect any improvement of my health, and think it advisable to enter upon a new course of treatment, in which they feel some confidence. Should I be restored to such a degree of health as would enable me to associate with society, I feel as if, by the strength of grace, *I should exert myself to the extent of my ability* in the cause of my ever-blessed Redeemer; for his love and mercy towards me demand my *whole service* and my *highest praise.*

"My physicians give me flattering hopes of being raised from my sick bed; but I dare not anticipate much from *such a hope,* lest I should be disappointed. O that the Lord would keep me from all vain

and unprofitable desires after earthly joys, and suffer not a diminution of my love to him, who is the centre of all my happiness. While I submit to the direction of an earthly physician, I would commend myself to the care of the great Physician of soul and body; for 'he maketh sore and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole.' He will be with me in six troubles, and in seven he will not forsake me."

In the same delightful strain of heavenly-mindedness and close discrimination as to the genuineness of her exercises, she continues her record:

"March 14. How cheering are the frames of soul which are given me! I have often inquired, why is it thus with *me?* I can only ascribe it to the goodness of God. I know it to be great folly to build on a frame of soul, and that the noblest attainment is to *go wholly out of myself,* and rest *only on Christ.* If I do otherwise, I provoke him to depart from me, because I place the *effect* of his presence in the room of *himself.* These glorious manifestations I ought not to *rest upon,* but seek them only for refreshment. I often feel satisfied *in the gift,* when I should honor him that bestoweth it; then he withdraws his visits, and refuses to come again till I confess my folly. Hence it is that I feel so many changes; sometimes on Mount

Pisgah, then groping in the valley of Achor; sometimes walking in the light, then without the sun; sometimes permitted to come to his throne of grace with boldness, where he fills my mouth with arguments then kept back by a cloud around it, that my prayer cannot pass through, and that I cannot order my speech by reason of darkness; and all this to chasten me for my folly, and make me adore his sovereignty. When he is absent, despair comes; when present, spiritual pride is apt to spring up; but while he in wisdom *goes* and *comes*, it keeps my soul in exercise; it prevents me from sitting down in sinful security or delusion—it keeps every grace more active. His *coming keeps me from despair*, and *his absence from spiritual pride.* Yet, Lord, I do plead that thy presence may cheer me while traveling through this dark wilderness; for if thy presence go not up with me, I shall faint by the way. O may thy Spirit dwell with me, and seal me for salvation!"

In reviewing the journal from which these extracts are taken, I have been forcibly reminded of conversations with her which had passed entirely from my memory. I often find in it traces of these interviews. This accounts for that which once I was surprised at beyond measure, viz. that she preserved the most clear and distinct recollection of what I had said, though months had passed

away. I find she carefully noted it down at the time in her journal; and as she was in the habit of looking over that very frequently, to compare her feelings and exercises, and ascertain her progress in the divine life, the subjects of conversation at these interviews came frequently before her mind; and her constant habit of gaining instruction from every thing which could possibly give it, led her to treasure up, with peculiar care, all that she heard in reference to the concerns of her soul, and the dealings of God with her.

I have often been deeply affected with the eagerness with which she sought light on subjects which were not very clear to her mind; and have as often been delighted to see the independence which characterized her reception of the truth. She would ask questions, and state difficulties, if she really thought they existed, until every doubt and perplexity was removed, and her view of the matter was clear and satisfactory. Sometimes, when the subject of inquiry respected the dealing of God with her own soul, and she was at a loss to account for the course which he was taking with her, I have seen her lie, with her full blue eye fixed upon me with an earnestness which I cannot describe, while I was suggesting what might be the designs of infinite wisdom in the matter; and if I succeeded in clearing away the cloud, she would gently close her eyes (evidently in prayer) for a little season, and then

with a smile of satisfaction would say, "*It must be so.*"

One day I learned from her mother, before entering her chamber, that she suffered much in body, and that her mind was also in darkness; she feared that God was *angry with her.* When I entered the room, and she gave me her hand as usual, it was with a sad countenance; she looked at me with such a pleading earnestness, that I was greatly moved. For a moment I was at a loss what to say, for I saw that she was miserable. Those beautiful lines of Cowper soon came to my mind,

> "Behind a frowning providence,
> "He hides a smiling face."

It was all I said. She fixed her full gaze upon me for a minute; then gently turned away her head and covered her eyes with her hand. I stood by her for a minute longer; the tears were slowly stealing between her white fingers; I knew she would be in prayer for a season, and softly retired into the room with the family. The door being open, I could see, from where I sat, the bed on which she lay. For some time she remained still in the same position; and when she moved, it was to wipe off the tears, now almost dried, from her cheek, and look up to tell me that *all was right.* I went to her, and heard her acknowledge this, with full confidence in the promises—though yet, she said, it was

trusting God in darkness. Yet she believed that God was merciful in laying upon her all these burdens, and that they would work together for her good.

"Perhaps," said I, "you have been rejoicing, not in God, but only in the comforts which he gives you: if you do this, he will surely teach you that he will not give *his glory* to any; and when any thing stands between you and *him*, it *must*, by some process, *be removed.*"

She saw the difficulty before I left her, and in prayer I commended her to our common Father's keeping. It was evidently in reference to this occasion that the foregoing extract was penned; for a flood of light soon after burst upon her soul, and she rejoiced *in God her Savior.*

Four days after this she recorded some views of her afflictions, which should not be omitted.

"March 18. I have now been confined almost *five years.* It is a long time. But in this providence I behold the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. I know, I feel that it is good for me that I have been afflicted. How little did I know of God, of religion, of myself, before I was brought to this state of trial! What mercy and grace have been displayed in my case! I consider not that pain and sickness come by chance, but by *the will of God.* When disease came upon me, then I saw that I was poor, and wretched, and helpless,—then I saw the

vanity of all earthly things—that Christ alone could help me—that religion was the *one thing needful;* and that all else is dross, in comparison with the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus. I believe that this affliction was sent upon me at first to *correct* evil, and is now continued to *prevent* it. It shows me my sin, and I am humbled under it. What an evil and bitter thing must sin be, when it brings, even in this life, so many pains and such deep distress. O Lord, I would humble myself under thy chastising hand; and when I feel this tabernacle shaken, as I daily do, may I remember that it must soon fall."

"April 4. O the importance of making a wise improvement of time! I confidently believe that the whole number of my days will be few; and this consideration leads me repeatedly and earnestly to inquire, *How can I spend my time, strength, and ability in the way that will be most subservient to the glory of my Heavenly Father, and for the good of my own soul?* I have been able for some time to read at least a chapter in the Old Testament and one in the New every day, and a little in other religious books. This course I intend to pursue while I have strength; but I often regret that I read to so little advantage. What *can be* the cause? I attribute it to my too often endeavoring to understand the Scriptures without divine assistance. I regret that I make so little proficiency in

grace and knowledge. In future, I would look to God for his blessing and guidance in all my researches after divine instruction.

"In my exercises of devotion, how the weakness of flesh hinders! how it disturbs my peace! O when shall I be released from this prison, that I may serve God without infirmity and without sin! How short is life! How precious are souls! How awful is eternity! I feel for the souls of others. I feel the obligations I am under to the God of my salvation. How much has he done for me! Now, what shall I do for him? O how shall I set forth his glory, and speak of his goodness towards the children of men?

"Father of spirits! thou from whom all light, life, and strength proceed! may I be an active instrument in the promotion of thy glory. O that my temper and conduct may exert a holy influence, and be the means of doing good, that in my present feeble state I may not be altogether useless."

"April 6. The *welcome day* has again returned, the day which to me is a day of joy, of instruction, and of praise. While many profane it, I desire to spend it in the service of my Lord and Master. How many pleasing reflections occur to my mind! This day commemorates the triumphant resurrection of my blessed Savior. It calls me to hold communion with my Lord, and to devote myself with renewed zeal to his service; to anticipate an eter-

nal Sabbath of rest, where I hope to enjoy the divine presence, and be employed in celebrating divine praises for ever."

On the 13th we met again at Mr. Hobbie's, to give Hannah an opportunity of joining with us in the *Lord's supper*. I preached on that occasion on the subject of the *Christian pilgrimage;* showed how the path lay through a waste, barren wilderness; that the Lord had not only provided a glorious land of rest for his people, but, in this journey, had provided many places of refreshment by the way; such as *the Sabbath, the word, the sanctuary, the mercy-seat, his table,* &c. This is all minutely referred to in her journal for the day, which closes thus:

"I thank God that I have again been favored with an opportunity of waiting upon him in the ordinance of the Lord's supper. It was a pleasant, and, I think, a profitable season to me. O that my seasons of communion here below may prepare me for an eternal communion with God in heaven!"

"April 16. Have had great discoveries of the depravity of my heart this day; and, under a sense of it, am constrained to cry, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' If I am not guilty of those sins which appear great in the sight of men, yet I bewail those of which none on earth can accuse me.

I am often led to cry to God in the language of David, 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' O for grace and strength to *crucify sin!* O that I might walk in all the statutes and ordinances of the Lord blameless."

"May 9. This day have been *carried into the garden.* It is now eight months and eighteen days since I was out of the door. How delightful the return of spring! Should my strength permit, I will go out for the purpose of seeing more of the Creator's power and wisdom. Should it be so, the Lord grant that it may lead me to a more delightful contemplation of his wonderful works."

"May 18. In taking a review of the last three months, I find I have made very little progress in grace or knowledge. Although I have, at times, been favored with sensible exercises of grace and elevated joys, I have experienced interposing seasons of darkness, one of which lasted nearly three weeks. Great weakness of body *seemed* an excuse for being less watchful. My medicine, also, tended to stupify me. I soon found myself at a lamentable distance from the Lord of life. I was convinced of my folly, and felt reproved for having almost willingly departed from God. I had brought myself into a dreadful state of darkness; the Lord had departed; and O, the anguish of my soul! I could compare it to nothing but the pains of those who are shut out from the presence of the Lord, to

dwell in the blackness of darkness for ever. But though *perplexed*, I was not *in despair*. The language of my heart was, 'Turn me again, O Lord God of hosts; cause thy face to shine, and I shall be saved.' I have gradually been brought again to the enjoyment of light and comfort. I feel greatly humbled for my awful backslidings, and feel more my dependance on God. The hiding of God's face is indeed a sore chastisement; but it teaches me to trust him in the dark—to live by faith.

"I resolve to make this an era in my life. I have this morning called to mind my former vows and promises, and have been enabled to look to God by faith, for grace to influence me to the continual performance of them."

CHAPTER V.

The concluding paragraph of the last chapter represented this devoted disciple as calling to remembrance her vows and pledges to the Lord her Redeemer, and as making this an important *era* in her short but remarkable life. Such it really was. To those who saw her, she appeared from about this time to be preparing daily for a purer and

happier community than earth affords—to be ripening for heaven. The attentive reader will discover this in her journal and letters.

About this time a sister in the church, long and deservedly beloved and respected, became, by some inscrutable providence, subject to seasons of melancholy, which terminated in mental derangement. She was long afflicted in this distressing manner, and enlisted universal sympathy, for she was universally esteemed. With respect to this dark dispensation, Hannah thus writes:

"Thus God deals with her. Why is it that she, who for years has given evidence of possessing the love and favor of God, is thus dealt with? All that I can say is, that I doubt not it is for some wise and good purpose. We are short-sighted, and therefore should be humble and submissive. The ways of Providence are often, to us, dark and mysterious. Yesterday was the Sabbath; and, by the request of her friends, the church met, at the intermission of worship, to pray for her. O that she may yet be blest with the exercise of her reason; that her dear friends may have the consolation of seeing her in her right mind; and, when called to leave the world, may she depart in peace and triumph."

"May 23, 1828. Have just received a visit from a female friend, one of the companions of my childhood. I have not seen her before in a long time

When at the age of eleven or twelve, she appeared to be penitent; but, I think, has given no decided evidence. While here, I conversed with her upon the important subject of her soul. She admitted that she knew nothing of the comforts of religion, but seemed to realize its necessity, and the vanity of all earthly enjoyments. I endeavored to show her the importance of seeking *the Lord while he may be found.* She was much affected. I told her if it was her desire to give herself to the Lord, I would gladly pray for her. She said it was. O that she may be born of God. I rejoiced in this opportunity of conversing with her; I trust it will do good.

"How many *opportunities of usefulness have I lost heretofore!* I might have been the means, perhaps, of a blessing to many souls. I often feel condemned for my silence; but, such is my natural timidity, as well as bodily infirmity, that I am often deficient in duty. Surprising as it is, I often feel a sinful reserve when conversing upon the all-important subject of religion; when, at the same time, I can speak freely upon other subjects. O that my mind were more impressed with divine things; that I might be better prepared to set forth the glory of God, and speak to all of his goodness. When I consider how little I have done for God, for the honor of Christ, and the good of others, I am constrained to cry, O Lord, renew my strength, increase my faith, and love, and zeal."

"May 26. Yesterday was the funeral of Miss O—— L——, (referred to in a preceding paragraph.) Our dear sister was indeed afflicted with great and sore troubles towards the close of her life, not having been favored with the exercise of her reason, except at very short intervals. I cannot but trust that she has made a happy exchange. While the Lord is preparing and receiving one and another into a blessed communion with himself in his church below, he is making others ready for, and calling them to a more glorious communion with himself, with saints and angels, in the church triumphant above. This is the second member of our church that has been called away since I became connected with it; and perhaps the next coming of our Lord will be for me. This providence shall help me to be in readiness. I think I would fain leave all that I hold near and dear on earth, to go and possess an everlasting inheritance in heaven. Nothing is here to detain me—nothing that can win my affections from God. While I continue here, I shall probably be subject to temptations and sin; but O may I never be left to discourage myself in unbelief, as did my sister L——. God forbid that I should ever be so ungrateful as to doubt my interest in the great atonement, after having been blest with so much light and evidence, and such a long continued assurance of his love and favor. I often feel reproved for this sin of unbelief.

I know I have an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the object I love. The Lord pardon me; and when the evening of life sets in, may I enjoy the light of thy countenance. As my outward man perishes day by day, may my inward man be day by day renewed; and O, may I retain the free use of all my mental faculties, in their undiminished energy, in my last moments, and bear an honorable testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, when on the eve of departing to receive the crown of righteousness, which the conquerors shall wear."

(To her cousin Frances M——.)

"*Northeast, June* 10, 1828.

"My dear Cousin ——, As you sent your love to me in your letter to sister Elizabeth, I assure you I received it with much pleasure. I do indeed thank you for your kind remembrance, and, agreeably to your request, I now engage in the delightful employment of writing to you. I hope you enjoy a comfortable assurance of the love of God, and daily make proficiency in grace and knowledge. By your letter, I am made acquainted with the feelings of your heart, and am pleased to find them so much in conformity with the religion of Jesus Christ. From the views which you have of your own heart, I conclude you have indeed been blest with the influences of the Spirit of God. If you in-

deed know the Lord, you surely must feel your obligations to acknowledge him before the world, and publicly devote yourself, with a pure heart and a willing mind, to his service; for, be assured, my dear friend, by so doing you will find liberty, joy, and abundance of peace to your soul. I know not but you have made a public profession of your attachment to Christ before this; but if you have not, I hope you will soon be constrained, by the love you bear to the Savior, to take up your cross and follow him, regardless of what the world may say of you; unreservedly give yourself to God in an everlasting covenant; and, trusting in him, perform your vows. Seek to know the Lord's will, and ask of him grace to do it.

"O how can we duly estimate the unspeakable love of God manifested in our redemption! How great the price that ransomed us! It calls upon me to surrender my all to him, as I have many times, in the strength of the Lord, endeavored to do—to be his willing and obedient servant. As often as I feel myself constrained to dedicate myself anew to him, I never fail of receiving so often the blessing of peace and comfort to my soul. When I consider the abundant goodness of God to me, the least and most unworthy of all his servants, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. It is by the grace of God alone that I am made to differ.

"Some who, perhaps, know but little of the life

and power of religion, have concluded that I must be miserable, because deprived of health, and made to suffer so much and so long. But ah! how mistaken! I know, by experience, that to be deprived of the light of God's countenance *alone* can make me truly miserable.

"Since the first of March, we have tried new medicines, but without effect. I never expect to enjoy health again; but think I shall go gradually down to the grave. I am confident I fail. In general, I sit up about an hour in the day. I know not that I have any choice whether to live or die. I feel myself an unprofitable servant. But if I choose to live, it is that I may do something for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the good of others.

"This mortal frame of mine has more and more the appearance of death. Indeed, I have something like the image of death continually before me, which reminds me of its near approach, and which makes me feel the importance of being continually prepared to meet it. If I know my own heart, I have no fear of death, and often think I could welcome it, as the sweet messenger of peace.

'Our life, how short! a groan—a sigh;
'We live—and then begin to die:—
'But O how great a mercy this,
'That death's the portal into bliss!'

"And now, my dear Frances, let us put on the

whole armor of God. That grace which will enable us to stand against the foes which daily assail us, will also bring us off conquerors over death.

" I have not room to say much with respect to the state of religion amongst us now; but we trust the Spirit of the Lord has not departed. Some are yet inquiring the way to Zion.

" I am your affectionate cousin,

" Hannah Hobbie."

Her journal thus proceeds:

" June 26. When I look abroad from my window, from the place of my long confinement, and behold the face of the earth revisited with the beauties of summer, I think, O that I could now and then retreat into some solitary shade, far from the noise and bustle of the busy scenes of life. Often would I betake myself to such a spot, consecrated to meditation and devotion.

" How delightful to trace my Maker's hand in his works! O Lord, thou art near in every thing around me; but nearer in thy Son. In the heavens I see thy wisdom and power; but in thine Anointed I see thy grace and share thy love. Thou art near in the works of thy hands, to convince Atheists; but nearer in thy word of grace, to convert sinners and comfort saints; therefore in my confinement I will think upon thy word, peruse the divine pages, and dwell upon the plan of redeeming love,

where all the attributes and perfections of God beam forth with a radiance and beauty that cannot pass through the grosser creation; too bright for the eye of seraphim to fix upon. Here then will I study and learn for eternity!"

On the 7th of July, having heard from a minister, providentially in the place, a sermon from Gal. 5: 22, 23, on the *fruits of the Spirit*, she thus expresses herself:

"I have endeavored to examine myself by this, and some other texts, to know whether I am indeed a child of God; whether I have the Spirit of Christ. If I have not, I am none of his. But herein I may know, if I possess the fruits of the Spirit mentioned in this text, which alone constitute the christian character. Happy the soul which is endowed with 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance! against such there is no law.' I do think the attainment of these divine qualifications so essential to my present and future happiness, that, were I intentionally deficient in the least of them, I should consider that I had no right to expect an inheritance among the sanctified. I feel my weakness and imperfections; but am confident of this one thing, that he that hath begun a good work in me will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. The hope of a blessed im-

mortality is predominant in my breast; and I feel happy in the conclusion, that in some measure I possess the Spirit, and bear its fruits; and I hope, through grace, to go on from one degree of strength unto another, till I arrive at a perfect state of holiness, through Christ, my Lord, in heaven."

We pass on to July 31, when she seems to have had a very oppressive sense of her insensibility and ingratitude, and of the depravity of her heart. I never knew a person who appeared to see more of their own vileness than she did; and seldom have I found one so pained in heart on account of it. She says,

"I have been favored with an unusual degree of comfort and strength of body for a little time past; and how reasonable that all the powers of my soul should be engaged in the delightful service of my Divine Master! But to these mercies I have been almost insensible. Surely it is of the mercy of God that I am not consumed. I am surrounded with mercies, yet feel myself a vile and ungrateful wretch. The more I receive, the more insensible I seem. Alas! what has been my life, but a life of rebellion against God, and ingratitude to him. Such is the depravity of my heart, that, at times, it appears almost swallowed up in the pollutions of the world. Behold, I am vile! O Lord, let not

iniquity prevail against a careless and a sinful creature! *Save, or I perish.* I beseech thee, purify my sin-defiled soul. I have no righteousness of my own; I come pleading for mercy alone through the merits of Christ; I would lie low in the dust, and confess my sins, and acknowledge my unworthiness. Send thy reviving grace, I pray thee, and strengthen my soul. That which I know not, teach thou me. If I have done iniquity, O for grace that I may do so no more! Suffer me not, O Lord, to live in a state of carelessness and indifference. Let this renewed experience of my weakness and wretchedness influence me to seek more earnestly that grace by which alone I can be kept from falling into the greatest sins here, and into the depths of misery hereafter."

It is worthy of observation, and yet no more than might be expected, that there is no instance, as I believe, in all her christian life, when she poured out her soul in such deep repentance and self-abasement for her sins, and in such fervent desires for new life and quickening grace, in which she was disappointed of a speedy answer to her prayer. She felt that it was a matter of the utmost moment to be assured that her heart was right with God, and that God was her Friend and her portion. She could not be satisfied without the joy of God's salvation and the upholding of his free Spirit. On

the 5th of August we see this clearly exhibited.

"I earnestly besought the Lord that he would make me more sensible of his goodness; discover to me the evil of my heart, and show me wherein I do wickedly, that I might repent and reform; and now I praise his name that he has graciously condescended to hear my prayer, and in a measure to grant it. I acknowledge his faithfulness, and would here record his goodness to his poor, ungrateful servant. I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast appeared for my help.

'I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
'And drove thee from my breast.'

"I look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn. Lord, bless me with a broken heart, and lead me weeping and mourning for my sins, all the way to Canaan, *if need be*. O for wisdom to direct my unwary feet! Lord, I would learn at the feet of Jesus alone—learn thy will—learn to do it, and learn to bear it. 'Make me to walk in the way of thy commandments, for therein do I delight.'"

"Aug. 10. How shall I recount the many blessings I have enjoyed of late. The Lord has, in wisdom, taken from me some outward mercies, yet, I trust, with the blessed design of showing me greater. I have suffered, at times, an increase of bodily pain, and find my strength more impaired; but O how great the mercy that enables me, in the bit-

terness of pain, to be peaceful, happy, resigned, and even cheerful. Nothing intrudes so much upon the calmness of my mind as a sense of my own vileness and unprofitableness. The words of an eminently pious lady, who often tasted the cup of affliction, frequently occur to me, and I feel a pleasure in adopting them as my own: 'Let me never complain of the burden of suffering, while I remember my manifold transgressions; but rather wonder at the Lord's gracious long-suffering, and admire his goodness, who is, with the chastisement of his love, driving me to heaven, when he might, by the strokes of his wrath, have long since driven me to hell.'

"This is the Lord's day: I am debarred the privileges of the sanctuary. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God!' O when shall I appear before thee! 'They are called blessed who dwell in thy house. 'They go from strength to strength.' Though deprived of the blessing of God's house, yet I rejoice. The Savior has said, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Surely in the word of the Lord is abundant consolation; therefore I will delight myself in it; and in his law my meditation shall be sweet.

"At the beginning of another week, and on this holy Sabbath, (as I have long been wont to do,) I desire to *renew my covenant* to be the Lord's; and may the blessing of the Lord be upon me through the week."

The blessing of the Lord was upon her; and she delighted to do good as God gave her opportunity. The same week, besides many other things which she did, to show her love for God and evince her strong desire for the good of her friends, she wrote to a cousin, recently married, the following letter:

"*Northeast, August* 15, 1828.

"My dear Cousin,—As we are now separated far from each other, and deprived of the happiness of personal intercourse, I avail myself of an opportunity of addressing you by letter. The scenes of our childhood often occur to my mind, and the time has been when I took pleasure in thinking upon them; but now I look back with shame and regret, that the time we spent in those amusements (however innocent they then appeared) had not been occupied in preparing for future usefulness in this life, and for a never-ending eternity. But as it is of no use to dwell upon our past errors, except to repent and reform, let our time past suffice to have done wickedly, and may we, in time to come, do only that which is good.

"We were led by the hand of Providence in the earlier stage of life apparently alike, in the same smooth and even course; but how vastly different have been the dealings of God with us since! While *you*, to human appearance, have been led quietly along, blessed with uninterrupted health, enjoying the pleasures of youthful folly, and the comforts of this world; I have been led through *a wilderness of sorrows;* afflicted and rendered incapable of joining my gay companions in the follies and amusements of life. I have now no relish for them. But here let us learn wisdom; for the hand of an all-wise Providence hath done it all. Sinful and foolish, we naturally prefer the poor and short-lived pleasures of this world to the happiness which religion offers us; but happy is it that some are not left to their own choice, which would lead them on to irrecoverable ruin. My dear friend, I can most truly say, that it is all in love that I have been chastised. By this I have been led to see the error of my ways; to embrace the Savior in such great love provided, and walk in the way which leads to happiness and heaven.

"O how happy should I be, were I assured that you too had been convinced of the evil of sin, and that you forsake and abhor it as rebellion against the God of heaven. It is a pernicious cup; drink it, and it brings eternal death. We have seen but a few years of human life, yet I doubt not, as

you look back, even now, you can say with me, 'childhood and youth are vanity.'

"As you are now settled in life, you probably expect to live long in the enjoyment of domestic happiness; but be entreated, my dear cousin, not to permit the concerns of this life to engross your time and your affections. O consider that you are mortal—that all beneath the sun is fading and transitory; and let this excite in you an immediate concern for the welfare of your never-dying soul. I pray you, delay not the important work of repentance; but 'remember now your Creator in the days of your youth,' before the evil days come, when you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'

"My health, upon the whole, is no better than when you last saw me. You recollect my promise, that if I ever found strength enough I would visit you at S———; but as I did not anticipate much the pleasure of doing so, I am not at all disappointed. I fancy I see you, many times, seated in your new habitation, alone and pensive, your mind fixed upon your native place, and perhaps sighing for the company of those to whom you have so long been attached. But I hope you have found in S——— a society kind and obliging, which will in a measure make up the loss you have sustained by a removal.

"I should be highly gratified to receive a few lines from you, and to know how you have en-

joyed yourself since you left your father's house. Sister E. sends love.

"Perhaps my letter is of too serious a character to meet your approbation; but I think the importance of the subject a sufficient apology for even more than I have said. I consider it most worthy of my own time and attention, and surely there is none upon which I so much delight to dwell, either in my meditations or my interviews with others. My sincere desire is, that you may profit by it also.

"Your most affectionate friend and cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

There is in this letter an admirable simplicity, an honest fidelity and frankness, mingled with an easy and touching allusion to former scenes and friendships, which are well adapted to the great object she had in view, in respect to an individual not only careless of her soul's concerns, but averse to the whole subject.

(To an aunt in New-York.)

"*Northeast, August* 23, 1828.

MY DEAR AUNT,—I acknowledge the receipt of the recent tokens of your affection, and return you my sincere thanks. It would be rude in me not to express my gratification on hearing that you

have also named your little daughter *Hannah Hobbie*. I was surprised that such a mark of affection should be conferred upon the most unworthy of all your friends and connections. Be assured, that while I retain the use of my faculties, it will be my happiness to commend her in my prayers to the special care of a merciful Providence. O that she may be a child of grace—an everlasting monument of divine love and mercy!

"We are very much pleased with our young cousins. I am happy to discover in them, at so early an age, such an inclination to obtain useful instruction. I learn that they are favored with the privilege of attending Sabbath-school when at home, and I trust the instruction they there receive will be a lasting benefit to their souls. I rejoice to hear of the flourishing state of the churches in New-York; that though iniquity abounds, grace does much more abound. I rejoice to hear, also, of the prosperity of Zion in other places. I learn that the Lord is reviving his work in G——. O that it may extend to the dear society of our friends in B——. The revival which has existed in our society for a few months, has, in a measure, subsided; but the pious among us are still awake to duty more than before. A Sunday-school has been commenced this summer at the church, and has, we think, increased our congregation not a little. The school wears a pleasing aspect at present; and I

think, if continued, it will greatly alter the character of the place, and be an inestimable blessing to us. I esteem this the best plan ever adopted for instilling into the minds of children and youth the all-important things of religion. How necessary to have good teachers! Such as have the love of God in their own hearts are demanded, and ought to be obtained. How favored are we in this enlightened and peaceful land! We may truly sing of mercy as well as of judgment. O that we may ever see and acknowledge the hand of God in this, and in every affair of life, and learn to adore him in all his dealings with us, whether in prosperity or adversity!

"I sympathise with you in your afflictions, and pray that the best of heaven's blessings may rest upon my dear uncle and aunt and their family, especially upon my little namesake.

"Please to give my love to uncle and aunt C. and tell them I know not how to be sufficiently thankful for the Tracts they were so kind as to send me. Your affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

I now come back to her journal with delight; indeed, when I designed to make selections for the public eye, and took it up for that purpose alone, I have often been insensibly betrayed into a continued and absorbing perusal of it for many pages; while my heart has become affected, and my sensi-

bilities strongly awakened. It has thus often engaged my attention, and drawn forth the tear, when I only sat down to select for others. Under date of August 29, she thus writes :

"O for language to extol the religion of Jesus! O for an angel's tongue to proclaim the wonders of his grace ; to sing the praises of him who has given me to share in the comforts of his pardoning love! Surely, never did my heart possess more sincere love to God ; never did I more ardently desire the promotion of his glory and the enlargement of his kingdom than of late. By the love of God I have been constrained to exercise faith in the promises of his word, and have been led to *discern so clearly* the hand of God in answer to prayer, that I think I may *never again distrust him.* The mercies of a kind Providence are, to me, a sufficient incentive to more diligence in duty, more activity in his service. Though languishing on a bed of sickness, I am surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, ready to administer outward comfort, and, many of them, inward consolations. Some, more distantly related to me, have of late evinced their attachment and sympathy in a peculiar manner.

" While this is so, and those who are bound to me by the ties of nature are ever desirous of performing kind offices for my temporal good, can it be justly said that I am a child of adversity? In the

midst of bodily suffering the Lord is pleased to lift upon me the light of his countenance, which puts into my soul the most sublime joy and gladness. I have trusted in his mercy, and I am enabled to rejoice in his salvation from day to day."

Soon after this date her physicians despaired entirely of her recovery. The ravages of a relentless disease, working its issue with a process so painful and distressing that probably few have ever been placed under circumstances equally trying, were now developing themselves with more distinctness and inveteracy. None can judge of her sufferings from her journal or letters. We, who saw her, could form a better opinion; but as she seldom complained, even when her countenance strongly indicated the raging of the terrible commotion which frequently racked her frame with agony, even her most intimate companions and attendants, I am certain, knew little of what she really suffered. To this interesting point her history is now brought; but as that occurrence stands intimately connected with a subsequent season of uncommon brightness in her christian life, I reserve it for the succeeding chapter, which will embrace a season of about three months, wonderfully marked with the light of her Heavenly Father's countenance.

CHAPTER VI.

JOY AND TRIUMPH IN GOD.

It is a solemn thing to think of dying; to bring the awful reality *home* to ourselves, and fix the eye steadily upon it. Visions of death, dim and distant, have often flitted before those whose eyes may fall upon these pages; but did they ever come *very near*, and clothe themselves in something like the distinctness of reality? To feel the fangs of a fatal disease, fastened with a firm and relentless hold upon our vitals; to contemplate the grave as our speedy abode, and lie upon its verge, without hope of rescue from its dark and dreary dominion; to say to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister; these will try the heart as it never has been tried before. It is a trying thing to leave all below, and that *for ever;* to part with the kindred who have grown up by our side; who have met with us at the same table, and warmed at the same fire; who have endeared themselves to our hearts by a thousand proofs of true and tried affection.

My dear reader, did you ever think of dying? Remember that death *will come* upon you and upon me. Not all the fortifications that we can throw

around the citadel of life will arrest the entrance of the destroyer for a moment.

The cold hand that has stopped the vital current so often, and peopled the grave with so many generations, will one day be found thrusting in its icy fingers upon the fountains of life within our bosoms, and feeling after our heart-strings. Perhaps you think *that* will be an hour of consternation and dismay. But grace, almighty grace, what can it not accomplish? It can smooth the rough pathway of life, and has done it for many a mourner. It can make the soul calm, and even joyful, in the immediate prospect of death. Such grace was given to Hannah Hobbie.

The following passage in her journal will show her feelings when the physicians in attendance announced to her that they had no hope of her recovery:

"September 12. A long and faithful application of the means prescribed for the restoration of my health has proved ineffectual. It appears to be the Lord's will that I should labor under a complication of disorders, which will *inevitably* bring me down to *the grave. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.* Notwithstanding all this, I have reason to adopt David's language, and say, 'How many are thy thoughts of mercy towards me; how great is the sum of them.

Thou hast made me glad, according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me;' and, praised be thy name, that, though abandoned by earthly physicians, I yet may have recourse to the great Physician of souls, who is 'God over all, blessed for evermore.' Unto him I apply; to his will I most cheerfully submit; and in it I freely and fully acquiesce.

"To thee, O Lord, I consecrate my all. In thy service I desire to spend all the remnant of my time upon earth. I beg that thou wouldst instruct and influence me so, that, whether my abode here be longer or shorter, every day and hour may be used in such a manner as shall most effectually promote thine honor, and subserve thy wise and gracious schemes of providence. Use me, O Lord, I beseech thee, as an instrument for thy glory, and let me, either by doing or suffering what thou shalt appoint, bring some reverence of praise to thee, and of benefit to the world in which I dwell."

The following was written on the 26th of September, to an aunt, also a child of affliction:

"It appears to be the Lord's will that we should yet continue in the school of affliction, and I hope we are both making proficiency daily in the wise and important lessons which it so effectually teaches. I consider it the best of all schools, because the Teacher is heavenly and divine.

"I think I can say, with humble gratitude, that my spiritual joy and strength, for a short time past, have surpassed any thing which I ever before experienced. O that I may not forfeit the continuance of the Lord's mercies, by forgetting this season of his loving-kindness. 'Tis true, I have been occasionally disturbed by temptations, but in the strength of grace I have been enabled to resist; and my faith, hope, and joy have been, for the most part, abiding.

"I desire to bear testimony to the truths and comforts of religion, that others may be encouraged to 'fight the good fight of faith,' trusting in the Lord, who *alone* is our righteousness and strength. I hope my dear aunt enjoys much of heavenly comfort while passing through this world of trouble. Let this, especially, afford abundant consolation, that the hour of release will shortly come. Let the consideration of the shortness of life contribute to reconcile us to its trials.

'When a few more years are wasted,
'When a few more months are o'er,
'When a few more griefs we've tasted,
We shall rest on Canaan's shore.'

"O how precious to the believer are the promises of the Gospel! how sweet the consolation the book of God affords! may it be our guide until death! Farewell.

"HANNAH HOBBIE"

"October 3. I here record as among the multitude of the Lord's tender mercies to me, an unworthy worm of the dust, that last evening a minister, almost a stranger in the place, was providentially led to our house, by missing his way. O the happiness I enjoyed in joining with him in conversation and prayer. In conversing upon heavenly and divine things, especially about the dealings of God with myself, I felt a freedom which I seldom have felt before. Truly, it was a delightful season to me; one which, I trust, will long be remembered. How sweet the society of the friends of the blessed Jesus! O how do I love them that bear my Savior's image, especially the ministers of the Gospel."

I had at this period frequent interviews with this beloved child of God, and found that, though her "outward man" was perishing day by day, there was the most gratifying evidence that she was growing eminently holy. All that she said evinced the energy of her spiritual life—the daily *renewal* of the inner man, and displayed the power of divine grace ripening her spirit for heaven, while the flesh and the heart were failing under the pains which she suffered. At intervals, however, God kindly gave her a partial relief from excessive distress of body, and such seasons were always precious, because they afforded opportunities to be more useful to others, and to enjoy the society of her christian

friends. She was always calm at this season, under the full and delightful impression that her interests, for time and eternity, were in the wisest keeping. During the period on which we have now entered, I never heard her mourn over any thing respecting her outward condition but this, that she was kept away from the house of God; and she bowed always to this deprivation with a sweet and quiet spirit, because it was her heavenly Father's will.

The attentive reader has discovered, doubtless, that God was gradually manifesting himself to this *waiting* disciple more and more, and apparently preparing her for some precious tokens of his loving-kindness. These expectations were evidently excited in herself, and, step by step, she was brought nearer and nearer to God, until a full and refreshing blaze of light burst upon her in unclouded glory; and for a considerable time not a single doubt obscured her spiritual vision. But I hasten to adopt her own language, in giving a view of God's dealings with her at this interesting period of her history.

"October 6. Shall I cease to speak of the divine favor? Shall this long season, in which I have enjoyed peculiar benefits, be forgotten? O Lord forbid it! While I have strength to use my pen I will record thy goodness; and when I am no longer able to do this, I will *think* with delight upon all

that I now enjoy, and turn back to these records of thy doings with me, that I may praise thee for the past, and be encouraged to trust thee for the future.

"It is one of the Lord's mercies, that my body, so feeble, is supported under the elevated comforts and ecstacies of joy which I, at times, experience in meditating upon the glorious attributes of God. It is now some time since darkness or doubt has disturbed my peace; and I find my joys almost daily increasing. O for a heart and tongue to magnify the Lord, who is manifesting the riches of his grace to such a poor, worthless sinner as I am! What unmerited mercy! Yet these blessings are offered in the Gospel, to all such as *seek diligently* for them. Shall I then be satisfied with a *crumb*, when I may *be filled* with the *bread of life?* How can I be content to dwell here, when there are so many mansions on high, where is happiness unmingled for evermore!"

"October 10. Mr. H———, the minister who missed his way and came here last week, attended a meeting with us last evening, and preached from 1 John, 3 : 1; 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' Application and address by my dear pastor. Through the blessing of God, I was enabled to hear the word, I think, with faith and profit.

"I am still enjoying sensible communion with

him whom my soul loveth, and abundantly filled with heavenly consolations. Yet I have a *thorn in the flesh;* something to keep me from being lifted up with these large measures of comfort. I feel my own helplessness. O Lord, be thou my help, and let me not forget that my safety is in thee. May I not grieve thy Spirit, nor fall into folly that shall provoke thee to depart."

"October 12. My mind has become almost wholly absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly and divine things. The time has been recently, that it was with *difficulty I could disengage my thoughts from these things to obtain sleep for my feeble body.* Last night was almost a sleepless one; and to-day, though I feel weak in body, yet thanks be to God, who strengtheneth me with might, by his Spirit, in the inward man. All these blessings I believe to be obtained by the prayer of faith; and I am confident that the Lord is about answering prayer for me, in many things which of late I have so much desired, in a most wonderful manner. I have found these words true in my own experience, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.'"

"October 13. Last night I enjoyed refreshing rest; and as I am permitted to see the return of this, *my natal day*, in such comfortable circum-

stances, I resolve to devote the strength of it, in a great measure, to God, in thanksgiving and prayer. This last year of my life has been the happiest, and I think the best. Although I have come far short of doing my duty to God, yet I trust I have been graciously accepted of him. One evidence of this is, the great blessings he is now conferring upon me, in answer to long-continued and earnest prayer that he would renew my spiritual strength, increase my faith and love, and give me more zeal in his service, and for his glory.

"When I look upon the many blessings herein recorded during the year, I am filled with wonder and praise. I MUST *sing of mercy as well as of judgment.* And now, O Lord, on this day I give myself entirely to thee, to do with me as seemeth good in thy sight; only enable me to say at all times, and under all circumstances, *Thy will be done.* O that Christ Jesus may be manifested in me, whether it be by *life* or *death;* and let me have this evidence that my path is that of the just, that it 'shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.'"

"October 15. This day I have not such elevated comforts as I enjoyed three days since; for then, in consideration of what the Lord was doing for me, I could only wonder and adore. But thanks be to God that I still joy in the Lord, my trust and my salvation. I know that it is only by humbly waiting upon thee that I shall obtain blessings;

therefore my waiting eyes are unto thee; for giving doth not impoverish, withholding doth not enrich thee, and thou art ever ready to communicate unto such as are of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. My heart aspires after more holiness, greater conformity to thine image. If I am indeed *a branch* of the *true vine*, wilt thou purge my heart, that I may 'bring forth more fruit;' and 'as the branch cannot bring forth fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine,' O that I may abide in thee, and thou in me, that I may 'bring forth much fruit.' O that I may keep thy commandments and abide in thy love, that my joy may be full."

"October 18. God and his salvation have become a theme of the most delightful contemplation. The hope that I have been washed in the blood of atonement—that my feet have been plucked from 'the horrible pit and the miry clay,' and set upon the Rock Christ Jesus, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; and the fact that I am now permitted to drink so freely of the cup of salvation, are causes of perpetual joy and thanksgiving.

'Perpetual blessings from above,
'Demand perpetual songs of praise.'

"For ever blessed be thy name, O most gracious God, that thy Spirit has excited in my heart such fervor of love to thee; for surely, if ever I knew what *hunger* is, *I do hunger after righteousness*—af-

ter greater conformity to thy blessed will. If ever I knew what it is to *thirst, I do thirst* for God, for the living God, and pant for the more abundant communications of his favor; if I ever desired *rest* and *refreshment* for this body, my soul, with sweet acquiescence in thy will, *rests*, dear Savior, upon thy bosom, and returns to its repose in the embraces of God, who hath dealt so bountifully with me."

"Oct. 19.—In contrasting my present happiness with all that the world ever offered, I cannot find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable all earthly gratifications appear to me, when compared with this joy and peace which now fill my soul.

'God is my all-sufficient good,
'My portion and my choice;
'In him my vast desires are fill'd,
'And all my powers rejoice.

'In vain the world accosts mine ear,
'And tempts my heart anew;
'I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
'Nor part with heaven for you.'

"When I look back upon all the way in which the Lord has led me, it is with gratitude that I acknowledge *the blessing of this long bodily affliction*, as the means he has appointed to bring me to a knowledge of himself. Although the way has been peculiarly trying to my sinful nature, yet the more

I reflect upon it, the more I adore him who has done it.

"I consider it a special mercy, that external objects are in a great measure shut out from me, so that I may enjoy more entirely spiritual things. How different my situation from that of those who have not God for their Friend! O! how do I pity those who have no comfort but such as this world affords! How should I love God for giving me grace to cheer and support me under his chastening hand! Surely nothing but the grace of God could enable me to endure so long without complaint. For several months I have not felt the smallest disposition to complain—the least rising of any thing like impatience. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within me bless his holy name.'"

"Oct. 20. Feeling myself inclined this day to wander from the object of my love—from the source of my inexpressible joy, I have found occasion to be more earnest in prayer, and frequently raise my heart to God for the continuance of his favor. O that I may continue to delight myself in the Lord, then will he give me the desires of my heart. May I commit my way more entirely to him, and trust also in him, that he may bring to pass what I pant after; that he may 'bring forth my righteousness as the light, and my judgment as the noon-day.'

"Lord, thou hast said that thou wilt 'withhold no good from him that walketh uprightly.' O 'put away iniquity far from me,' that thou mayest continue thy loving-kindness towards me; and glorify thyself in me yet more abundantly, through the riches of thy grace."

"Oct. 22. I still enjoy the light of God's countenance and the consolations of his Spirit, which are neither few nor small. Unto thy name, O Lord, be all the glory, for thou art my *strength* and *song*, and thou art become my salvation. Unveil, I beseech thee, the beauties of thy character to me yet more and more, that I may see thy glory as it is manifested in thy works of creation, of providence, and redemption."

"Oct. 29.—*The Bible has become my chief study.* It is a delightful employment. I read it with increased interest. The more I read it, the more I love it. Alas! how little knowledge I obtained of the Scriptures before I sought the illumination of the Holy Spirit in reading them! I am persuaded, that, as the Scriptures were inspired at first by the Spirit, they owe all their influence and effect to the Spirit's co-operation. Not long since I was made particularly sensible of my ignorance of the Scriptures, and felt reproved for my former inattention to them. I therefore besought the Lord more earnestly to instruct me and enlighten my dark mind, desiring him to teach me by his Spirit, in all things, the

meaning of his word, that I might grow in knowledge and grace together more and more; and surely I have not looked in vain for the blessing. I have had such experience of the truth of God's word, that I can fully adopt the language of David, 'I will praise thee with my whole heart; I will praise thee for thy loving-kindness and thy truth, for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.'

"The *Psalms of David* I find peculiarly adapted to the devotional frame of my mind. Bless the Lord, O my soul, who has given me to delight in his holy word! 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.'

"O Lord, give me faith in thy word; what I know not teach thou me. I will hide thy word in my heart, that I may not sin against thee. O let thy word be 'a light unto my feet, and a lamp unto my path,' according to thy gracious promises, which in Jesus Christ are 'yea and amen.'"

"Oct. 31. I have to sing this day of a great deliverance which the Lord, in his goodness, has wrought for me. The passing scenes around me had, in a great measure, diverted my mind from spiritual and divine things. A circumstance (alluding to the contemplated marriage of a sister) which is seldom attended with much seriousness, is

about to take place in the family. It absorbed my thoughts too much, notwithstanding my constant endeavors to prevent it. Satan laid a snare for my soul, but the Lord 'upheld me by the right hand of his righteousness,' and has restored to me the joy of his salvation. O thou all-sufficient Friend, unto thee do I look for grace to help me in this time of need! Give me the shield of faith, by which I shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and the whole armor of God, that I may be able to stand in the evil day."

"Nov. 7. Yesterday I in some measure forgot my Almighty Helper, and satan sought to take advantage of my soul, through the weakness of my body; but at evening I received strength to call upon God, and thereby obtained grace as my day demanded it.

"This afternoon I expect a visit from my dear pastor; and in the evening, the Lord willing, I shall again hear the sweet sound of the Gospel from his lips. The Lord seal instruction to my heart, and bless the means of grace which I enjoy, to my soul. Let me not be a *forgetful hearer*, but a *doer of the word*. O Lord, make thy word effectual this night to the conversion of souls."

I visited her that day, as she expected. She welcomed me with unusual joy, but she was evidently in more than ordinary pain. There was a mingling

of serenity and agitation in every feature of her countenance, which denoted the struggle within, and proclaimed the present crazy tabernacle to be unsuitable for the permanent abode of a spirit aspiring after eternal life and peace. Her cheek was flushed, and her eye, occasionally, was restless; but peace was reigning triumphantly, notwithstanding the fruitless efforts of an already defeated enemy. Her state of mind was heavenly, and pain of body could not permanently disturb it.

Having ascertained this, I felt anxious, as far as her strength would allow, to know whether she could look upon the evidences of her hope steadfastly, and derive satisfaction from inspecting its foundations. She had enjoyed a long season of spiritual prosperity; her sky was all cloudless and serene, while a fair and steady breeze was wafting her towards the haven of rest. I feared that she had been LOOKING ALOFT so long, and contemplating with such absorbing delight the swelling canvass under which she was pressing onward, that she had almost forgotten the dangers that lay in her course, and remembered not that she was yet upon a treacherous and stormy ocean. I seated myself at her bedside, and spent a short time in testing her heart by the touchstone of eternal truth. The interview of that day comes up, even now, before me with the freshness of the scenes of yesterday. She stood the trial well.

The character and law of God, his government, his will, his salvation, his Sabbath and ordinances she loved; Jesus Christ was precious to her soul; the Word of God was her delight, and her guide in all things; the people of God her dearly beloved and chosen companions, and sin the object of her unmingled hatred. She relished the truth, and rejoiced that God's precious promises secured its future and universal triumph, while she pitied with her whole heart the miserable and perishing condition of a benighted world. Without prayer she could not live; and, weak and languid as she was, she was devising (as will presently be seen) plans to render herself more extensively useful while she remained in the field of labor.

I felt as if a word of caution was nevertheless called for, and this settled the subject for the evening's discourse. Of this she speaks largely; the following are extracts:

"Nov. 8. The text last evening was Mark, 13: 27. *What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch.* I fear I have been too unmindful of this duty; the Lord grant that I may henceforth be more diligent in this respect; and may the solemn admonition, the all-important lessons I received, make an abiding impression on my mind: may I lay up the word in my heart, and practice it in my life. The Lord bless him who watches here for souls, and make

him faithful over his charge; O strengthen his hands and encourage his heart, and return into his own bosom sevenfold his labors of love among us."

"Nov. 10. I cannot easily, nor would I, forget the solemn impressions I received from our pastor the other evening, while in his sermon he exhorted christians to awake to their duty, and try to do good to sinners around them, and proposed to our serious consideration the inquiries which may be made of us, in respect to the discharge of this duty, in the day of judgment. I have since resolved, in the strength of the Lord, to make it a part of my great business *so to discharge my duty to my neighbors*, whose souls I ought to love as my own, that at the last great day of trial, when I shall be judged *according to my works*, the blood of souls will not be required at my hand. Shall I, who have named the name of Christ, and upon whom rest the most solemn vows, shall I slumber while the broad road that leads to death is so crowded? 'Deliver my soul from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation.'"

"Nov. 16. The work of *redemption* is a great mystery. The angels desire to look into it; and it is often to me a subject of delightful contemplation. But who can comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, or know the love of God? Praised be the Lord's name, that he has established his covenant of grace with men, and that thousands

in every age have rejoiced in its inestimable blessings. To him be glory for ever, for the happy assurance that he has made with me 'an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' for this is all my salvation, and all my desire."

"Nov. 25. Notwithstanding my forgetfulness of God, my ingratitude and remissness in duty, his loving-kindness is still manifested towards me. He is merciful to my unrighteousness, and I would acknowledge his goodness with humble gratitude. When my foolish heart has felt disposed to leave him and fix on inferior objects, he has proved to me his unwillingness to forsake me. For several days I have maintained almost a continual warfare with my soul's enemies; earth has sometimes gained a share of my affections, when at other times it has had no power to charm me. How, O my soul, canst thou be delighted with these transitory glories when in pursuit of nobler objects, since God is the object of thy supreme love, and all thy desires centre in him?

'What sinners value I resign;
'Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine.'

"O Heavenly Father, forbid that I should leave thee, for thou art the fountain of life whence flow streams of inexpressible delight. Let not the passing scenes around me divert my mind from spiritual things; let nothing impede, but every

thing further my progress heaven-ward; that I may *grow in grace until I am perfect in glory.*"

You have seen, christian reader, the love of God as it was manifested to this humble but distinguished individual: now pause and inquire, Do I walk in the light of God's countenance day by day? Do I enjoy these sweet, and animating, and refreshing views of his love? Does the Savior manifest himself to me as he doth not unto the world? You will perhaps say, *she* was highly favored; all may not look for such seasons of unmingled comfort and assurance. But why was the loving-kindness of God thus manifested to her? We know he is sovereign in bestowing his mercy; but she sought it earnestly by faith. She found from the Bible that God did hold such sweet communion with his children; and she took hold of his covenant with a firm grasp—with a heart panting after God—and with the words of the patriarch upon her lips, *I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.* She wrestled with God, and prevailed. All that she enjoyed is set before you. All these tokens of the Divine favor, these antepasts of heaven, it is, in the strength of divine grace, the privilege of every christian to possess. By faith and prayer you too, as she did, may walk in the light greatly comforted. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." As you travel onward to heaven,

you too may *look for* and HASTE UNTO *the coming of the Son of man.* You may drink deeply at the same fountain of life; you may *rejoice* in the same salvation; you may live under the same sunny skies, and breathe the same refreshing and delightful atmosphere of love. O that we may be followers of those who, through faith and patience, have become inheritors of the promises!

CHAPTER VII.

As the design of Miss Hobbie in keeping a journal was chiefly to preserve the passing exercises of her mind, that she might avail herself of the benefit of frequently reviewing them, she was not in the habit of recording much of what she DID in the service of God. There was in her a modesty and diffidence in reference to this point, exceedingly delicate, and perhaps too sensitive. I discovered this early, and found it a uniform trait of her character; not knowing then that she kept a journal at all. By her silence in respect to her efforts to be useful, I am thrown almost entirely upon my own recollection, to gather up the fragments of her active

exertions in her Master's cause; and probably but a small part of her endeavors for the good of others ever came to my knowledge. But I have treasured up enough to shame us all, who have more strength to labor, and better opportunities of extensive usefulness by mingling with society, from which she was in a great measure excluded. For the greater part of her time she was confined closely to her sick bed, weak, emaciated, and often agonizing under severe pain. But feeble as she was, she did much for her Master's glory; her faith was exemplified by her works. If the clusters of fruit can speak for her, she was a true branch of the living vine; for they were rich, and they were many. In a condition where few would have thought of doing any thing—where the distressing anguish that wore away her strength would have been deemed a justifiable exemption from active exertion in the Lord's vineyard, her burning zeal would not allow her to be idle; she studied how she could still be useful to the world while she remained in it.

She exerted her influence with many, both christians and others, in *personal conversation*, as they visited her chamber, with reference to their souls' salvation; and some, I trust, will meet her at the judgment, who will be as jewels in her crown of everlasting glory and rejoicing. More than fifty letters were *written from her sick bed* to different individuals, all of them breathing the same refresh-

ing spirit of evangelical piety and deep concern for souls.

As has been seen, she pitied the perishing world, and felt called upon to do *what she could* for its rescue from the dominion of sin and the prison-house of eternal despair. She exerted herself successfully with her *female christian friends*, to form a benevolent society for the purpose of *assisting missions;* a society which, as her records show, consisted of eighty members, and with a little assistance from the congregation, soon made their pastor a life-director of the Missionary Society by the payment of one hundred dollars. That precious band of sisters, as I have learned, are yet steadfastly pursuing their object and abounding in labors of love.

There is now lying before me *an address*, written by her, which was read at their first meeting, and heard with delight and profit. One thought she expresses should speak to all who profess attachment to the ordinances of God's house: "We enjoy the light of God's word, and most of us the constant preaching of the Gospel. We have, richly, all the means of grace necessary for our salvation and the present comfort of our souls; and may not *our estimate of them* be measured by the *pains we take, and the sacrifices we make to communicate them to others?*" The same spirit of active benevolence will appear, from time to time, in all her remaining history.

It will also be seen, that the Lord, in infinite wisdom, saw fit now to withdraw, in some measure, the rich consolation which for a long time she had almost uninterruptedly enjoyed. She was not yet to be taken from the world, and under this discipline gained a knowledge of her own heart and of duty, which perhaps she would not have obtained had the light of God's countenance still been lifted upon her in such unclouded splendor.

Under date of December 2d, she thus complains of her insensibility:

"I dare not say that the God of mercies has, in a great degree, withholden his blessing, but rather acknowledge my dreadful insensibility, at which I have often been deeply astonished. O when shall I awake from this death-like stupidity?"

"December 6. O to know my own heart! O that I were more sensible of my exceeding depravity! O the pride of my heart! Put away, Lord, I beseech thee, *the pride of my heart;* that thou mayest receive all the glory for the great things which thou hast done for me. Take off from me the filthy rags of my own righteousness, that, being entirely naked, I may be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. May I walk softly in the valley of humility all the days of my life. O for more fervent love to God, deep humility, and strong faith."

At this time the Lord in mercy granted a gentle

season of refreshing from his presence to a single and distant section of the congregation; and it greatly rejoiced her heart. From the commencement of our meetings in that neighborhood she had been unusually anxious that God should grant his blessing, as it was a place of peculiar desolation; and I always attributed much of the success which attended our efforts to the fact, that she and others were *helping together in their prayers for us.* She thus speaks of it:

"December 7. Joyful news! The Lord is pouring out his Spirit and reviving his work in a part of our society. Some are already rejoicing in hope, while others are crying for mercy.

"When I think of my former danger, how can I slumber while thousands are yet exposed as I was? The Lord has heard my humble prayer for myself, and, glory be to his name, I have seen, I think, in some measure, my desires upon others. O for the fulfillment of them yet more and more! O that the Lord would revive his work in the hearts of his children, especially those of this church, and pour out upon us a spirit of prayer for the conversion of sinners and the enlargement of Zion! O Lord, visit us again with thy Spirit; have mercy on precious souls; carry on thy good work of grace in the neighborhood where thou hast begun it; and may that place, which has long been a seat of the most

profane wickedness, soon become a habitation of holiness, and a dwelling for our God."

Such was the character of her letters, that the pastors of the churches to which her friends belonged, in some instances solicited a copy for publication. Several letters thus found their way into the religious periodicals of the day, which greatly surprised and affected her. Of this she thus speaks:

"December 12. I have been informed that some of my late letters to my friends have been published. Can it be that there is any thing in them that is worthy of public notice? It may be; for as the diamond, though unpolished, possesses intrinsic worth, so the truths of the Gospel, ever excellent, will be relished by true christians, even from the pen of the most unlettered individual. Blessed be the Lord who has made me to know and understand that he is God, and besides him there is no Savior; and has influenced me to declare his mercy, goodness, and truth. Shouldst thou, O Lord, make me, in anywise, serviceable to others, unto thy name be all the glory. Blessed be thy glorious name for ever and ever, that thou hast manifested the riches of thy grace to such a poor, unworthy sinner! O what distinguished mercy!"

"December 14. Have just been reading of an eminent christian, though he was a plain uneduca-

ted man, and moved in the humble walks of life. Most works of a biographical character place before us the lives of persons eminent for their *station* and *talents*, as well as *piety;* which is calculated to produce an impression upon many minds, that such excellence is not to be aimed at, except by those who, in the providence of God, possess similar advantages. But if we do not *aim high*, we *cannot reach* spiritual eminence. God requires perfection, nor can he, consistently, require less. So then I will aim to be perfect, as my Father in heaven is perfect. I will ' press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Here is the secret of her distinguished piety. She fixed for herself *a high standard*, and *steadily pursued* the great object at which she aimed. She was weak and languid in body—the reader perhaps enjoys health and vigor. Use them then for God; employ them steadfastly for the same ends; and through divine grace you will be successful.

" December 19. Time flies swiftly, and the question arises in my mind, *What am I doing for God?* My guilty conscience is forced to make the painful reply, *Nothing!* For several days I have been sorely grieved with a view of the sins of others, besides being greatly burdened with a sense of my own. I am astonished at the iniquity that

abounds. Alas! my wicked heart also, what a fountain of corruption! A retrospect of the past fills me with surprise and grief. I have to mourn over a carnal mind, a rebellious will, and an unprofitable life. O that the Lord would grant me true repentance! O that a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin might lead me to forsake it! O that I could abhor it; and that myself and others might repent of provoking sins, and walk humbly before God all the days of our lives."

"December 20. O that I were more sensible of the purity of the divine law and the preciousness of Christ; that I could feel more sensibly the insufficiency of my own righteousness, and humbly and implicitly rely on the merits of Christ for justification before God!"

"December 24. Last evening my sister T—— was united in marriage to Mr. E—— W——. Let their union be long and happy. O that both may embrace thankfully the great salvation; remember their Creator in the days of their youth; and be instrumental of building up the kingdom of Christ greatly! May they assist each other in preparing for glory, and at last be received into heaven, where they 'neither marry nor are given in marriage.'"

"December 25. This is said to be the day on which the glad tidings were brought by the angel of the Lord to a perishing world, eighteen hundred

and twenty-eight years ago: 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.' Well might the angels sing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' Well may the church break out into loud songs of praise. O what stupendous love! O that this exhibition of love might warm my cold and languid affections!"

"December 27. Saturday evening.

'Safely through another week
'God has brought me on my way;
'May I now a blessing seek
'On th' approaching Sabbath day;
'Day of all the week the best,
'Emblem of eternal rest.'"

"December 28. Bless the Lord, O my soul, through whose goodness thou art permitted to behold the return of another *Sabbath*, under circumstances of so much mercy. I feel myself under unspeakable obligation to devote myself, my all, my life to his service; but I feel myself an unprofitable servant; I fear I am a cumberer of the ground. O for the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit to put new life into every duty; and more especially at this time, when I am sensible of so much coldness and formality. To-day my father is to be set apart as an officer in the church. The

Lord grant that he may be duly qualified, and fulfill the duties of his station in the fear of God. O that the Lord would be pleased to bless this church, and enlarge the borders of Zion! O that he would lengthen her cords, and strengthen her stakes. Bless, O Lord, all thy churches; 'let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' I long to have the millennial glory come, when all the earth shall be filled with thy praise!"

"January 1, 1829. Another year of my life's short pilgrimage is gone. What vast numbers during the year have closed their mortal existence, and gone to try the realities of eternity, while I am spared to see the beginning of another year. For what do I live? a poor, vile, unprofitable creature! I am sick of sin; I am tired of this lassitude!

"Deeply impressed with a sense of my innumerable sins, my utter nothingness and unworthiness, I am constrained to make renewed application to the blood of Christ which 'cleanseth from all sin,' that I may be prepared to stand before the throne of God. I would let the time past suffice for sinning; I would now resolve, in the Lord's strength, to *break off sin* by righteousness. O that I may no longer be engrossed with my *little self*, but seek alone my Master's glory! may I live for God, and act for eternity.

"I desire to live as 'a stranger and a pilgrim'

below, that 'when my earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, I may have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"January 4. *Sabbath.* O that I could go up to the house of God with the multitude who keep holy day! O that I could meet with them to-day around the table of the Lord, to commemorate a Savior's dying love! but a good and gracious God has determined it otherwise with me, and IT IS WELL. I rejoice that the Lord is making accessions from time to time to his people here. O may those who this day in his courts, before God and men, enter into a solemn covenant to consecrate their lives to his service, consider what the solemn vow binds them to do, and keep that vow for ever! O may they never bring reproach upon the religion of the cross, but manifest its power before all, and be blessings to the church and to the world!"

I soon again visited her. It was near the close of the day, in the dead of winter. All around me as I passed along, was locked in his cold embrace. As I emerged from the narrow defile where the church stood, and turned to the eastward between it and the grave-yard, the latter attracted my attention, and spoke to my heart. All within its enclosure looked more cold and desolate than ever. There stood the monuments of the departed, some

of them weather-beaten by the storms of many years, while others, more recently erected, contrasted feebly with the snow, almost as white and pure as itself.

I had stood by many of those graves and seen them closed over the blasted hopes of the mourner. There I had seen the tears of affectionate sisters falling fast and freely upon a brother's coffin. There I had witnessed the sighs of those who were left childless, and the agony which wrung their bosoms as they thought of the desolation that would meet them in the home of their former joys, when they should return to see the little empty chair, and sit down to weep together in their loneliness, and there I had sympathized with the bitter sorrows of widowhood and orphanage. All was still in this empire of corruption. The silence of the death-sleep was there. Plans, and purposes, and toils, and cares, all were ended; and those whose flesh rested in hope of a blessed resurrection, were waiting the summons of the last trumpet, to call them, in a glorified body, to their home in heaven.

Thoughts of eternal scenes occupied my mind as I proceeded; the subduing admonitory influence of death and the judgment was upon me, and for a moment the veil seemed lifted, that I might look in upon another world, and call up before me the solemn realities which will one day displace the expectations of deluded man.

The noisy crows were hurrying to and fro, clamorous for their evening repast, before retiring to their nightly resting-place. The full clear whistle of the quail was heard from the neighboring stack yard. The little snow-birds, braving the storms of winter without anxiety or distrust, were picking up their scanty pittance from the pathway before me. The patient sheep, closely huddled into a living mass, were quietly waiting in the fold their expected supplies, and the ox was lowing for his fodder. By all I was instructed. I was reminded of the restlessness of man in pursuit of the things that perish! of the care of God for the sparrow, much more for the children of his love—of the spirit of the little flock to whom the kingdom is promised, and to whom it will be given, though they may wait long, and lift the eye of faith in meek submission, under severe and trying seasons of denial. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." O that Israel would know! O that men would consider! Why should we give Jehovah occasion to testify against us, and to call upon the heavens and the earth to witness, with horrible astonishment, "I have nourished and brought up children, but they have rebelled against me!"

Indulging such reflections, I found myself at length at the residence of this meek sufferer. She was unusually tried with the deceitfulness of her heart. Sin was dreadful in her view; and she fear-

ed, notwithstanding her hope continued as an anchor to the soul, that this terrible enemy might yet ruin her. She was greatly agitated in the conflict which she was vigorously maintaining. It seemed to me, as I listened to her bitter complaints of herself, and her ascriptions of righteousness to God, that her anchor was indeed cast within the veil, but the billows of a furious tempest threatened to overwhelm her: I was anxious to see the storm abate, and suggested many sources of comfort; but all seemed unavailing. Presently I said to her,

"Do you remember that Jesus Christ is a Mediator between God and you?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "and his name is precious."

"Do you know," said I, "what offices he sustains as a Mediator?"

"He is a Prophet, a Priest, and a King," said she, looking at me, apparently in wonder at the question.

"Well, let us look at him a little as a Priest. This office consists of two parts, his *sacrifice* and *intercession*. The sacrifice has been finished *once for all;* but he has not yet finished his intercession, has he?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know that 'if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, who ever liveth to make intercession for us?'"

"That is true; the Bible says so;" (after a short pause,) "I know it is so."

"You know that you cannot plead your own cause with God; but here is an Advocate whom the Father *always hears;* and when Jesus pleads with his Father for you, *he will be heard;* remember, too, that as an Intercessor, Jesus sympathizes with his people under their trials; for 'we have not a high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin. It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren' in all things, that he might 'know how to succor them that are tempted.' Do you remember the dreadful trials through which the Savior passed?"

"I do," said she, and her voice faltered.

"He remembers them too," said I, "and will he not feel for a poor suffering sinner, struggling in the deep waters which overwhelmed his own soul?"

Her eye kindled as I was speaking; a rich vein of consolation was struck, and I doubted not the waters would flow freely. Before I left her she seemed more calm, though there still remained an abiding dread of sin. The next passage in her diary is as follows:

"Jan. 22. Jesus, how precious thy name! Heavy-laden with sin and burdened with guilt, I find relief in the thought that there is 'an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and is able to save

unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' To me belongeth shame and confusion of face, because of all my sins and follies; but how consoling the thought, that there is a High Priest who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities.' *Jesus* pleads for us poor sinners, and by his merits renders us acceptable. I love him; I accuse myself; I hate this carnal mind. In view of my sins, I abhor myself, and repent as in dust and ashes. O that I could put this worthless world behind me, and live as becometh an heir of immortality!"

"Jan. 29. A remark in the Rev. Legh Richmond's diary respecting himself, I would at present adopt as appropriate to my own experience. 'Much ado about nothing; and little done about the one thing needful.' Every day brings me nearer to eternity, and I want to feel—*sensibly feel*—that I am advancing towards the kingdom of heaven. I long to be more spiritual—more heavenly-minded—less conformed to the world, and more transformed by the renewing of my mind, that I may prove what is that acceptable, that good, that perfect will of God."

To Miss L—— H——, a neighbor, a member of the same church, and also a very intimate friend and fellow-sufferer, she wrote the following letter:

"*February* 6, 1829.

"My dear Friend,—Affliction is a mark by

which a gracious God oftentimes distinguishes his beloved disciples. I feel it to be a blessed truth, that the Lord chasteneth those whom he loveth. I am aware that where grace is, trials will not be wanting. I delight to trace the doings of divine mercy, and as I find them in no case more conspicuous than in my own, I gladly tell you what God has done for me since I last wrote you. I desire to do it with no other motive than to extol his abundant grace, and magnify his great and holy name."

Having spoken minutely of the state of her health, she proceeds:

"Thus you see I still linger under a protracted illness, but when I compare my pains with my mercies, they are but as a drop to the waters of the ocean. The precious promises of the Gospel and the smiles of my heavenly Father abundantly sweeten the bitter cup.

"The spring was to me rather a dark and gloomy season, but it was succeeded by a gradual increase of light, which poured in, ray after ray, upon my dark and benighted mind, and kept continually increasing, till about the beginning of October, when all darkness was dispelled, and for two or three weeks especially, my beloved friend, it is *beyond the power of words to describe the happiness and*

blessings I enjoyed. So transporting were the exercises of my mind, that at times sleep departed from my eyes. The glorious perfections of God, the infinite loveliness of the Savior, the great plan of salvation, were the delightful and absorbing themes which occupied my mind. The thought that the God of heaven should condescend to visit in such a glorious manner a vile and worthless worm like me, filled me with wonder and admiration, and occasioned continual joy and thanksgiving for many days. Like Peter on the mount of transfiguration, I fain would have tarried; but infinite wisdom and goodness taught me that I must come down and wander again in this wilderness, and 'dwell in the tents of Kedar.'

"I have since had sore conflicts with many foes, and have been conversant with grief, painful anxiety, and fearful despondency, concerning myself and others. But the more I reflect upon the way in which the Lord is leading me, the more cause I find to love and adore him. Often I think of these beautiful lines, and exultingly acknowledge his sovereignty over me:

'Good is the way by which my steps he leads;
'Sweet is the pasture where my spirit feeds;
'Bright are my prospects in the world to come,
'And a few steps will bear me safely home.'

"Perhaps what I have said of the joy and peace

I have found in believing, may tend to dishearten you, if you have not felt the same; but let me tell you, my dear friend, growth in grace is not to be measured by joys or raptures. These are the comforts of a christian faith and hope, but humility and love are the substantial graces. It is, nevertheless, desirable to rise above all earthly gratifications, all transitory glories, and from Pisgah's summit view with an eye of faith, though afar off, the promised land—transcendently glorious—abounding with satisfying riches, large as our desires, and lasting as our souls.

"But such a state does not long suit an earthly inhabitant. Pride, that *dreadful pride*, would soon ruin us in so high a place; we should lose sight of our helplessness, and forget our dependance on God. May we ever live in obedience to the commands of God, make his law our delight, and strive to be wholly conformed to his will; may we ever have a deep sense of our vileness and unworthiness, while we exalt Christ our Savior and our all.

"How necessary to *know our own hearts!* I think my dear friend is by no means a stranger to hers; I very much regret that I am so little acquainted with mine; but the little knowledge I have of it, convinces me that it is *deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.* So deceitful, that it is folly in the extreme to trust it, and so wicked, that sin stains most deeply the purest actions of my life. But

of what avail is a knowledge of our hearts, unless we apply to the great Physician of souls, who alone can cure the disease of sin, and wash us from all its pollutions? I think I do feel the need of a continual application to him for the blood of sprinkling. What abundant consolation do these words afford, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* He is *exalted to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.*

"How much do christians lose from an *undue attachment to the world.* I know it is alluring, and Satan is busy baiting us with it, to draw us away from the one thing needful. But are there not still greater attractions in the cross of Christ? Over all the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—over every enemy, the Captain of our salvation, if we follow him, will cause us to triumph. Even Satan shall be bruised beneath our feet shortly. Let his people follow him, and lean on him, and they will neither be barren nor unfruitful in the work of the Lord.

"O how should a sense of the shortness of time, the unutterable worth of the soul, and the solemnity of eternity awaken us, and make us not only anxious for the salvation of our own souls, but also for the souls of the precious ones around us. Alas! how many are going on heedless to the eternal world, without an interest in the Savior; and shall we not lift the warning voice, and above all, plead

with our great Advocate in their behalf, that he may be glorified in their salvation?

"Standing as I do upon the borders of the eternal world, I wonder, I am greatly astonished, that I am not more affected with eternal realities. With a heart glowing with supreme love to God and compassion for souls, I should not fail to recommend the religion of Jesus to those around me—that blessed religion which has been my consolation and support through years of tribulation, and which even now enables me to bid defiance to all the powers of earth and hell, and look down into the grave with triumph. I am too remiss in duty, and vainly endeavor often to justify my negligence by many a sinful plea. Will not my dear friend, when at the throne of grace pleading for poor sinners, sometimes remember her unworthy Hannah, and pray that she may awake, as one alive from the dead—that her remaining days may be filled up with usefulness; and may the best of heaven's blessings rest upon my dear Lucretia.

"Farewell.

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

"February 11. Have just been favored with a visit from uncle and aunt C——, of Bedford, and two dear cousins. How dear to me are those kindred friends who are also the friends of Christ. O that all my friends may possess that *good part*. My

dear aunt expressed a wish that I might be able to visit Bedford. I immediately replied, that I did not know as I desired it. I thought I had rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Still, if I could be of any use to my friends or the world, I should desire to be restored to health. But I am so neglectful of duty now, that if I should be restored I should probably prove unfaithful. O when shall I be enabled to shake off this spiritual sloth? When shall I do my duty?"

"February 23. I hope God has pardoned my sins, and given me peace—his own peace. He gives me talents and time, and now he is giving me unusual relief from pain. Under all these, is not the command addressed to me, *Occupy till I come?* If I have but one talent, and neglect to improve it, shall I not incur guilt and the just reprehension of my God and Judge? O Lord, thou knowest how painful to me is the idea of lying here useless; let thy Spirit arouse me to duty, wake up my drowsy powers, and enlarge my heart greatly in the knowledge of thy will, and with a desire to do it; then shall I run with joy in the way of thy commandments. If I can do nothing to promote thy glory and advance thy kingdom here, then prepare me for thyself, and take me hence, that I may not be a reproach among thy people."

"February 24. The sound of death is again in my ears. Mr. S—— W—— is no more. He has

left family and friend, and gone to the eternal world. Death is a faithful monitor. He has taken one in the meridian of life, and surely we who yet live are admonished to be ready, for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh. O that all might be excited to work while the day lasts. Be thou the God of the widow, O Lord, and the Father of the fatherless."

"March 4. There is one talent entrusted to christians, which is so badly employed, or rather so seldom employed at all, that it ought to be a serious question with many, how they can escape the doom of the unfaithful servant who went and buried his talent in the earth. It is the talent of *speaking for God*. How many in this respect prove miserable stewards, myself among the number. How seldom do I speak to professing christians of the state of religion in their own hearts—of the Savior's love—of their duty to sinners. And how little do I speak to sinners! Why is it so with me? I account for it in this way:

"1. I do not feel sufficient *concern for souls*.

"2. *I fear man.*

"3. *I fear I shall do them no good.*

"Did my Savior weep over sinners—did he feel so much concern for them as to leave the realms of bliss and come down to die for their salvation, and *shall I feel no concern* for them?

"Do I *fear man?* I will remember what God

says: '*Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of man that shall die?*' God forbid that I should be taken in this *snare!*

"Will it be *of no avail* to warn the wicked? How shall I dare indulge such a thought? God says, *A word fitly spoken, how good is it.* The word of God, even by my mouth, may be *as a fire and a hammer* to break in pieces the flinty heart. Shall I shut my eyes against all experience and observation? How often has a word, spoken in season, been blest to the conversion of a soul? Can I then look upon the sinner as condemned, and know that pardon is offered to him through Christ Jesus, and not urge him to accept it?

"Much have I suffered from the lashes of conscience because I have neglected this duty; and yet how afraid to begin to perform it. I have long endeavored to surmount these difficulties that appear to lie in the way of faithfulness to sinners; and THROUGH DIVINE GRACE I AM RESOLVED TO FIGHT UNTIL I OVERCOME. O may the Lord grant me that perfect love which casteth out fear!"

What a noble resolution! what a holy purpose! Here is a poor, sick, suffering female, struggling so manfully against hindrances to this important duty while many in health, and with every advantage and opportunity, are regardless of their obligation

to be faithful to sinners. It must not be inferred from this record that she had heretofore done nothing in this part of her work, for she had done much; but she had not done enough to satisfy her conscience; she felt that she had not done *all her duty*. Brother, sister in Christ, read over again this last record from her pen, and *go and do likewise*.

CHAPTER VIII.

About the beginning of March, 1829, Miss Hobbie was visited with a more severe attack, which brought her, in the course of two or three weeks, very low. It seemed to me for some time that she could hardly survive it. But the Lord designed by this visitation to prepare her for doing his will a little longer, and still more faithfully upon the earth, before he should call her away from it for ever. He does not grieve willingly the children of men; he afflicts his people to purify their souls and fit them better for his service on earth, and for the eternal enjoyments of the better world on high.

There is something very touching and beautiful in the illustration given by the prophet Malachi (3: 3,) of the process by which Jehovah purifies his people. And he 'shall sit as a refiner and purifyer

of silver.' The Lord, when there is need of it, puts his people into the furnace of affliction, and kindles around them, as the refiner of silver around his impure metal, an intense heat. As the refiner keeps up the fire until the dross is consumed and the metal becomes pure, so does God with respect to his people. The refiner *sits*, looking intently into the glowing furnace and watching the contents of his crucible, until he sees in the molten silver the reflection of his own face, and by this, he knows it to be pure; so, when the Lord afflicts his children, he sits intently and anxiously watching them; and as soon as he sees HIS OWN IMAGE in them, the end is secured, and he puts out the fires lest they should utterly consume them.

When God sends afflictions upon his people to purify their hearts, and bring them to seek their portion in him, and do more faithfully his will, he may have also other things in view. We cannot fathom the depths of God's providence, or explain its mysteries while we 'see through a glass darkly.' We cannot perhaps *fully* understand why he often afflicts his beloved people, precious to him as the apple of his eye, while he allows the man who has lifted the standard of revolt and proclaims war with his Maker, to live in health, possessing every earthly blessing, and perhaps to go down to the grave with *no bands in his death.* But, we are taught in his word *something* in relation to this

deeply interesting matter. We are told (whatever else God, in infinite wisdom, may think proper to conceal from us) that chastening comes with adoption into his family; 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

There are benefits flowing from this heavenly discipline which are obvious; we can *see*, we can *feel*, we can *appreciate them*. They vindicate the ways of God with his people. Many a child of the kingdom has found affliction good; and has sent up from a warmer and holier heart the song of thanksgiving and praise for the visitations of the rod. It was so with Hannah Hobbie. Listen to her own account.

"April 4, 1829. Being relieved in a great measure from a state of unusual suffering, I take my pen from my drawer for the purpose of adding to the records of divine mercy and favor. The Lord has manifested his love to me in the hours of deep distress, when this poor tabernacle was shaken as with a mighty wind. When my spirits were low and weak the Lord graciously vouchsafed to me spiritual strength, and laid underneath me his everlasting arms. I have been brought through suffering, and revived; and O that I could say, purified and refined entirely from sin and pollution. I thank thee, O Heavenly Father, that thou dost enable me

to acquiesce in thy will, when indeed it is painful to me. Thou knowest the discipline I need; thou seest the 'folly bound up in the heart' of thy poor froward child; and thou knowest what strokes of the rod are necessary to drive it out. Knowing that thou dost not chastise me but for my profit, may I ever be 'in subjection to the Father of spirits and live.'

"I praise thy name, O Lord, that thou wilt have so much regard for me as to apply such remedies as these to my spiritual diseases. Thou art *kindly careful* to train me up for glory. I beseech thee, O Lord, sanctify all my afflictions so that they may promote my communion with God, and my ripeness and meetness for heaven."

"April 11. Earthly good is inadequate to fill my soul; but in the enjoyment of my God I am happy. The allurements of the world do not ensnare the soul which, with intense interest, pants after God. With longing desires my soul thirsts after God and heaven. 'As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' O give me to drink of living waters; feed me with the bread of heaven, and clothe me with the righteousness of thy dear Son."

"April 17. 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing:' continual sorrow because of the exceeding depravity of my heart, its native aversion to God, and inclination to do evil; but well mayest thou re-

joice, O my soul, for God hath laid help upon one who is mighty to save. 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ, my Lord,' I HAVE BEEN *made free from the law of sin*, and SHALL BE made free from *the body of this death*."

"April 19. Long time I have vainly imagined that I should one day, even in this world, see myself less sinful; but alas! the more I become acquainted with my heart, the more fully I am convinced of its dreadful sinfulness. *I am* a sinner! great is the number and magnitude of my sins. But I will comfort myself with the blessed assurance that though I am a *great sinner*, I have a *great Savior*."

Let us look back now upon the last three paragraphs in her journal, and see how deep were the discoveries of truth which God gave her. In the first, she loathes the tasteless morsel which earth offers, and longs to be fed with the bread of heaven; in the second, she sorrows over her deep depravity, but rejoices in the mighty deliverance; in the third, she weeps to think that *her heart* is *in itself* no better, but clings with all her might to the precious cross of Christ. She thus proceeds:

"May 7. This morning my sister, recently married, set out with her husband for the place of their abode at the west, nearly three hundred miles dis-

tant. The Lord go with them, tarry with them where they tarry, and be their joy and comfort throughout the days of their pilgrimage.

"Little did I know before what it was to part with a beloved sister. I took my leave of her, or rather, gave the parting hand, for I was for the moment speechless. O may the Lord sanctify this trial to us all. May we learn to prize the blessings of kindred and friendship, and strive to do each other *all the good we can, while we may;* and when called to leave this world of sin and sorrow, may we meet where all tears will be wiped away from our eyes; where adieus and farewells are not known."

After her last severe attack, it was, more than ever, her practice to embrace every opportunity to do good, for she saw that the day in which she could do good below was drawing to a close. Having heard that four of her female cousins, residing at North-Castle, had recently made a public profession of religion, she thus wrote to them on the 18th of May:

"I have for a long time desired to speak to you upon the subject of religion, which, I trust, is deeply interesting to you all; but through the spring I have been most of the time unable to write. I am at present more comfortable, and therefore I would

inquire, my dear fellow travelers to eternity, how do you find your way through this troublesome world? how stand your hearts affected with eternal things? If your hearts are indeed changed through grace, you of course find almost every thing here unfriendly to the pursuit of heavenly things. Satan, the world with its thousand allurements, your own evil hearts of unbelief, all oppose your progress. To fight against all these, even through grace, requires the exertion of every faculty—all your resolution. But through grace, when the soul is intensely set upon serving God, you can do it all. Happy they, who are enabled with steady resolution, to maintain the conflict; the victory will be theirs. Here you are in an enemy's land, but the Lord, your *help*, can carry you safely through.

"My dear friends, are you *rejoicing* in the hope of a blessed immortality? Is that hope founded on the rock Christ Jesus? Can you look upon death with composure, and contemplate the glorious change which it brings with joy? Is your conscience void of offence? Are you prepared to stand before the Judge of all? O let us examine ourselves, and see that we stand complete in the Savior's righteousness, which shall protect us in that day from the storms that will fall upon the wicked.

"Have we, my friends, seen *the evil of our hearts?* Have we felt the plague of our hearts? Have we

in view of this, cast ourselves wholly upon Christ? Is Christ precious to our souls? Do we count all things but loss, in comparison to the excellency of the knowledge of him? If this be so, we may indeed rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation."

The practical character of her piety will be seen in the following selection from her journal:

"May 28. I view this to be a critical time with me as it regards duty. It has occurred to my mind that I have hitherto, perhaps, made my bodily weakness, as well as mental deficiencies, too much an excuse for inaction in the service of God. I am so far convinced of the truth of this as to be determined, in the Lord's strength, to use my utmost endeavors to form *a female concert for prayer* in this part of our society, and if the Lord permit, to assist in the duties of the meeting. Yes, in the strength of the Lord, I will join my dear sisters in Christ in imploring the blessing of heaven upon our guilty world; and surely according to our *sincerity* and *faith* the Lord will hear our prayers and answer us in peace. The Lord give me wisdom and grace to help in this time of need!"

Pious females, blest with health and favored with the privilege of mingling with society, look at

this, and ask yourselves whether you are doing all that you can to call down the blessing of God upon a dying world.

(To an Aunt in B——.)

"*Northeast, May* 29, 1829.

"My dear Aunt,—You will not probably be surprised when I tell you that I still remain a prisoner. I say *prisoner*, for I consider myself such; I am confined to this narrow house, when my soul would fain burst its bars, and soar away to the bright world of liberty and peace. I am still chained in this earthly tabernacle; but the building has become so shattered by disease, that I am compelled to abide in one corner of it, so that I cannot do the things that I would.

"I have sometimes thought it was a great mercy, as in my own case, to be shut out from the world, and not exposed to its many snares and temptations; but again I have been at a loss to determine which was the greatest hindrance in the divine life, an exposure to worldly temptations, or severe bodily pain and infirmity. I perceive that this state of seclusion from the world has its advantages and its disadvantages. There is much time for the study of one's heart, and for the contemplation of an unseen world; while at the same time I am often inclined to make my bodily weak-

ness an excuse for slothfulness and inactivity in the service of God.

"Most deeply do I lament the little improvement I make of my *mercies of chastisement.* Indeed, much of my time passes away under exquisite pain, and in a state of apathy or great mental depression; and I ascribe it to the mercy and goodness of my heavenly Father that my pains have been less for two weeks past than before for some time, and I have enjoyed more of the sweets of meditation; but, my dear Aunt, I would not have you infer from this that I think the hours in which I enjoy most *ease* are the *best* of my life. The grace of God has taught me to esteem my greatest sufferings my choicest blessings; they wean my heart from earthly things, and give a keener relish for things heavenly and divine. I feel it to be a source of comfort, as well as a cause of gratitude, that I can already look with a degree of indifference upon earthly enjoyments; I can sacrifice them without a murmur for the sake of enjoyments which are heavenly. A pious writer says, 'It is a sore trial to the soul to be deprived of all earthly comforts, and reduced to the necessity of living upon God.' But since to live upon God is to partake of a luxury of more than mortal excellence, I would never be guilty of such folly as to choose a meaner repast.

"Your very affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Under date of May 31, she thus expresses herself in her journal :

" Although I am ungrateful to God continually, yet he is very merciful to me. The Lord *hears the cry of the righteous*, I know, but he is merciful to my unrighteousness ! He has passed by my sins and inclined his ear many a time to my broken requests. I am now so favored that I read considerably. I am inclined to think the rule I have adopted of reading a chapter in the Bible at once is not as good as to read, in my weak state especially, a smaller portion. Rules may be useful in binding such as have no relish for the Bible, but I *desire* to read it for instruction and profit ; I delight in it. In reading a whole chapter I find myself often fatigued, and of course less profited. Besides, my treacherous heart retains so little of what I read, that I purpose now to read such a portion as I can retain, and strive to dwell upon it till it has done its office.

" What abundant reason have I to be thankful, that in my confinement I may still have recourse to the word of God ; and also what reason to be thankful, that though I may not go up with the worshiping assembly to his house, the Lord will condescend to make *here* a sanctuary for me."

In a letter to an aunt, dated June 1, 1829, she says :

"Acquiescence in the will of God makes us happy at any time and under any circumstances. It is in kindness that God afflicts me, and in kindness too, that he gives a season of respite. We are apt to be agitated with distress, and then it is not so easy to feel that God afflicts us because he loves us; but when severer suffering is removed, then a holy calm fills the soul; and the pains that remain, instead of ruffling, soothe us, and melt us into submission to the Divine will. The benefit of my affliction is most felt in the seasons of respite which are given me. I have felt a sweet and sacred submission and repose, which are a rich compensation for all that I have suffered. How delightful the thought, that such seasons are only the earnests of that rest which we shall enjoy in heaven! It is acquiescence in the Divine will which causes 'this holy calm within the breast.' When we shall be made perfect in heaven, there will be perfect acquiescence in all the Lord's doings and will: *This must be perfect peace.* I would welcome, then, all that bows my will, and tends to reconcile me more to the sovereign and excellent government of God."

To an aunt in New-York, already referred to, she writes on the 8th of this month—

"How is my little namesake? Is she well? I heard that she could articulate some words very dis-

tinctly at twelve months old. O that the Lord, who ordains strength out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, would grant that she may, from a child, speak the praises of her Redeemer! You have been called to yield up another of your offspring into the hands of him who gave it; not, indeed, without a mother's yearnings. But it is a comfortable reflection, that the little sufferer has gained at length a happy release. As the Lord does not take from his people outward mercies but to give a richer portion, I hope my dear aunt has received double at the hand of the Lord for all her sorrows; that her seeming loss has been made up by abundant communications of grace; and that the Lord will be to her a portion better than sons and daughters.

"The loving-kindness of our God is never more conspicuous than when he chastises us: still it is a mark of his displeasure, and shows his hatred of sin. If left to our own courses, we should certainly find iniquity to be our ruin. What an unspeakable mercy is it, then, to be corrected by a Father, who intends it all for our good. It is well that our trangressions are visited 'with the rod and our iniquities with stripes.' 'May the God of all grace, who hath called us unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, after that we have suffered awhile, make us perfect; stablish, strengthen, settle us.' And to him be all the glory for ever."

"June 19. My present cup is full, and runs

over with every good. I enjoy almost all the rich means of grace except *public ordinances*, and an unusual degree of relief from pain; but how little is my heart affected; how difficult to *give thanks always for all things through Jesus Christ*. Indeed I can seldom feel that I do actually enjoy so much from God. Was there ever a wretch guilty of such base ingratitude to my kind Benefactor? Thousands of mercies I have been blest with, and tens of thousands, all marked by my ingratitude. But this is not my greatest sin; for often when the blessed rod, (which brings me to God and keeps me near him,) has been partially removed, my heart has grown careless and my love has waxed cold. Creatures have become idols, and my affections have fastened to the world. But he who loves me far better than I love myself, never forsakes me altogether. I hear continually, either the voice of the rod, or the sweet calls of mercy, instructing me to repent, and bidding me return; and I come back with lamentation and grief, with shame and confusion of face: then I receive pardon, always through Jesus, the precious Savior. Thus I go on through life, sinning and repenting—*sinning* and *repenting*. It is my way to destroy myself; but thine, O Lord, to redeem and save; and God is ever known to me as 'merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant in goodness.' O turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; lead me to Christ; and let his

'blood, through the eternal Spirit, purge my conscience from dead works, to serve thee, the living and true God!

"This heart has been bought with the blood of Jesus; it ought to be his. O Lord, fix it upon him for ever, for thou knowest it is my desire to give it."

"June 28. I have very much enjoyed the society of my friends the week past; but, (probably lest I should forget that his friendship is still better,) the Lord has increased the burden of suffering. Several have called to see me; and I bless thy name, O Lord, that thou hast enlarged my heart and *opened my mouth* to speak to them of the things of thy kingdom. I thank thee that so many of my friends are thy friends. Wilt thou not pour out thy Spirit upon thy children, that it may be our happy portion to enjoy the blessing of those who fear the Lord, and '*speak often one to another*,' and think upon his name. 'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.'"

"July 3. How many are my foes in this state of probation! many and strong are those against whom I have to fight! but 'the Lord is on my side; whom shall I fear? I have not carnal weapons, but those which are mighty to the pulling down of strong holds;' and I thank God that he has taught me to use them. By this I know, O Lord, that thou

favorest me, because mine enemies triumph not over me. The Lord in infinite mercy save me both from corruption within and temptations without.

"I am blest with strength to use my needle a little; and is it so, that I cannot even look upon the things of this world, or touch them, but my foolish heart seems to cling to them? I know that all these things are vanity. O that I might be entirely weaned from these vain things, and be made to relish, and be familiar with, the things that lie beyond the grave!"

"July 5. Sin, like a mighty deluge, sweeps over the earth, and death rejoices in his prey. How many are daily swallowed up, thou, O God, only knowest; but I am kindly spared. Thou hast prepared an ark for the saving of thy people; and I, through rich grace, may dare to hope that I shall make one of that happy number. The Lord has kindly taken me into the ark of safety. If I sometimes leave it, I find, like the dove, no rest for the sole of my foot until I return. Here, then, in this place of refuge, will I abide, saved from the floods of wrath, and sheltered from the storm, until these troubled billows upon which I am now tossed shall be assuaged, and then shall I rest, not upon a mountain of the earth, but upon the HOLY HILL OF ZION."

Her journal contains several instances of prayer

for rulers and ministers of the Gospel. They are all rich in pious feeling and pertinent thought; and they usually have a very close connection with, and concentration in, the glory of the latter day. For this she earnestly and often prayed; and she seemed deeply sensible that much depended upon the rulers of the earth and the heralds of the cross in reference to its speedy coming. The following is an example:

"O most merciful Father, wilt thou bless the *rulers of our land.* May they be renewed by grace, that they may rule in the fear of the Lord and be a terror to evil doers; let peace be multiplied throughout the earth; may thy word have free course and be glorified.

"Bless thy *ministering servants*—all who truly love thy work; O give them success; give testimony to the word of thy grace wherever it is proclaimed; let not thy servants labor in vain, nor spend their strength for nought. Send forth more laborers into the harvest. The land mourneth, the people perish. I beseech thee, O Lord, give them pastors after thine own heart; faithful men, who shall exalt and glory in the cross of the Redeemer and gather many souls to Christ.

"Bless all the means that are used for the building up of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world in lands of darkness and superstition. O may

'the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings;' let the whole earth be filled with the glorious light of salvation, and resound with thy praise. The Lord hasten it. Amen."

The following are her meditations on another Lord's day:

"July 9. 'This is the day the Lord hath made; *I will be glad* and rejoice in it.' O thou who gavest commandment concerning it, saying, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' I thank thee for setting apart one day in seven for a day of *holy rest*. God has connected a blessing with the observance of his day. It is a matter of great thankfulness with me, that my heart has long been inclined to regard this day unto the Lord. Truly the remembrance of it is sweet. To give this day wholly to God's service is my greatest delight. I cannot say with others, let us go unto the house of God; but 'Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones!' Blessed Jesus, my desire is unto thee, that thou wouldst *revive my heart* this day, and henceforth. O that I may be humble! O for a heart of devotion, prayer, and praise!

"I have made this a day of particular confession,

and renewed my covenant with God, taking a new and firmer hold on Christ, in whom I enjoy, and hope to enjoy, all things. I desire at this time, in the deepest humility, to confess my sins before God, entreating him to teach me, and show me that which I know not, that if I have done iniquity I may do it no more. I thank thee, O God, that I have been brought into the embrace of the everlasting covenant, where alone are found safety, joy, and peace; that Christ is become the Lord, my righteousness; and that I feel so often thy Spirit witnessing with mine that I am a child of God. Surely I can say, *My Beloved is mine, and I am his.* Although I sin against God, and thus mar my comfort, (and probably shall continue to do so until delivered from this world of corruption and the *body of this death,*) yet Christ has become 'the end of the law for righteousness;' by him I am delivered from its dreadful curse, and in him am I an heir of salvation. I have no hope in myself, I receive no good from God of any kind, but through the one Mediator Jesus Christ. I have seen that *in him* all wisdom is found; that *in him alone* is acceptance with God; that *from his Spirit* comes obedience; that in him I find all my real happiness. If I know my own heart he is all in all to me. O that I may ever feel so, and go on trusting and rejoicing in, and resting upon the Lord, my righteousness and strength. O may thy power subdue the corruptions of my heart!

defend me from foes within, and foes without; and when called to fight, wilt thou, O God, my King and Captain, arm me for the conflict, and lead me on to victory."

"July 14. Wonder, O my soul, and be astonished at the long-suffering and forbearance of thy God! I tread his mercies under foot; I break my vows; I perform not my engagements. O that a sense of God's goodness might lead me to repentance unfeigned! I solemnly dedicated all the powers and faculties of soul and body to my God; but the advantages given me I have often employed to my disadvantage and to his dishonor. O this treacherous heart! how often, through its deceitfulness, am I turned aside! May the Lord FIX IT ON MY HEART, that in him only have I wisdom and strength, that it is not in him that walketh to direct his steps; then shall I learn to trust in him for all things!

"O Lord, my desire is unto thee, and from thee is all my fruit. May I enjoy thy bounty with thankfulness—occupy my talents in thy service—devote my time to usefulness and communion with God, and find my steps directed of thee. Hold up my goings, and help me to find out my easily besetting sin, that I may *set a mark upon it,* and a double watch; and, 'laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset me,' may I 'run with patience the race that is set before me,' and at last obtain the prize."

Having recovered from a fearful disease which brought me to the very verge of the grave, in reference to which I find ardent prayers inserted in the journal of our young friend; and being permitted to resume the labors of the pulpit, amid the congratulations of an affectionate people, she thus notices the loving-kindness of him who bringeth down to the grave and raiseth up, according to his sovereign pleasure:

"July 27. The Lord hath dealt graciously with his servant. Although sorely chastened for a season, he was not given over unto death. The Lord hath brought him back from the grave, and restored again to us our pastor, our friend, our spiritual teacher; blessed be the name of the Lord, who alone doeth wonders in Israel! O Lord, thou hast spared thy servant, and he lives to declare the works of the Lord. Yea more, thou hast with thine own right hand opened to him the gate of the Lord into which the righteous enter, and brought him there to pay his vows unto the Lord in the presence of his people—in the courts of the Lord's house—in the midst of Jerusalem. Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord, save by the word of truth which thy servant speaketh."

The present was a marked period in her sickness, as she was able for a few days to sit up con-

siderably, and once rode out to the distance of nearly a mile; but it was only a short season of respite

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CHAPTER IX.

It is a great blessing to be raised up, even partially, from a sickness which has preyed upon us for years, though we may know that it yet has a firm hold upon the springs of life. The relief it gives to the weary spirit is unspeakable. None but those who have experienced it can tell what it is to lean upon the arm of friendship, and totter out from the prison where we have been held in close and long-continued confinement; to leave behind us the walls of a sick-chamber, however comfortable they may have been made by the assiduities of friends, the kindness of sisters, and the affection that dwells only in a mother's bosom; to leave the pillow that has witnessed so many of our tears, and afforded its companionship through many a weary season; to go out and look upon the face of nature, and breathe the fresh air, pure as heaven gives it.

Hannah was permitted for *once*, after long and painful imprisonment, to look out upon the green

fields and trees, arrayed in all the freshness of their summer beauties; to hear the song of the birds, and *see them* in the ecstacy of their delight, as they sent up their notes of praise to him who careth even for the sparrow; to gaze upon the fleecy clouds as they hung out to the view in surpassing loveliness in the soft stillness of a summer's morning. Such scenes make usually a strong impression upon the mind of one who is always *looking out* for God; and Hannah never failed to *see him* in them.

One night just before she died, she said to a lady who was sitting by her, that she had been reading of *Orion*, and wished to know if it was visible, that she might see it. It was hanging out its splendors directly in front of the window, but before her friend could speak to her, a violent paroxysm of pain, which continued for some time, rendered her incapable of looking at it. Is she not now beholding brighter glories?

She had been intimate with a young female in the neighborhood, who, after several years of great suffering, had departed in the hope of a blessed immortality. At such times, when we feel a little returning strength, we love to look upon dear friends, especially if they have been afflicted like ourselves; or if they have been removed by death, we take a melancholy pleasure in looking in upon the fire-side which they have forsaken for ever, and

upon the chamber where they suffered. It is not strange, then, that Hannah embraced the earliest opportunity to *visit the dwelling* where the companion of her childhood died. Her journal particularly notices this visit.

"August 7. I have just returned from neighbor Gilbert's. I have been permitted to visit the place formerly occupied by my dear afflicted Julia. Long did she wait for her change; but I trust her blessed spirit is now at rest in the Savior's bosom. The number of my years of confinement is now almost equal to that of hers; and I still remain a prisoner, waiting for the accomplishment of my Heavenly Father's purposes concerning me. That I may not live in vain, may I learn to put all my trust in Christ; and O may the rich means of grace I now enjoy be blest to my improvement in the knowledge of God; to my growth in grace; to my usefulness in life, and preparation in the end, for the enjoyment of God for ever!"

"August 15. Have been favored for several days with a visit from a beloved aunt from New-York. Her daughter named after me is with her; a promising child. She acquired the faculty of speech very young. O may she early learn to know the Lord; and may her tongue be soon employed in speaking the Redeemer's praise. As we are united by the ties of kindred, so may we be united

in the bonds of the everlasting covenant to Christ; and as we are one by name, so may we be one in Him. May the blessing of the Hope of Israel be hers, and may she far excel in all that is good, her whose name she bears."

"September 7. 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thine help.' Oftentimes do my iniquities prevail against me, yet as often does the Lord deliver me. Blessed be the Lord, that sin has not dominion over me; and blessed be his Holy name that I am not under the law, but under grace. The Lord has discovered to me my most easily besetting sin and humbled my proud heart. Thanks be unto God that he has brought me to sit again at the foot of the cross. Teach me, O Lord, thy way, that I may know thee, and henceforth keep mine eyes directly upon thee, for thou art my light, my guide, my salvation, *my all.*"

"September 16. The Lord is cutting down one and another on the right hand and on the left. As for me, I am not only a subject of his *preserving* mercy, but of his *redeeming* grace. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? It is my misery that I do so little to promote his glory; that I manifest so little concern for the souls of my fellow-sinners. Quicken me, O Lord, to duty, and inspire my heart with new life for Christ's sake."

"September 23. The remains of our friend H——, one of the officers of our church, are this

day consigned to the grave, the house appointed for all living. The church, in this death, sustains a loss which God alone can make up. The Lord appoint a successor who shall faithfully perform the duties from which he has been called away, that the church may still prosper! May her graces be more and more exhibited in her *onward march!* Another of our number is gone; may we who remain, try ourselves, and closely examine our hopes for eternity. O may all our lamps be kept trimmed and burning!

"Let this be a day of thy power in the family of thy departed servant, among those of them who are yet without God. Turn them from darkness to light, and from sin unto thee, the living and true God. In their affliction may they seek thee early, and wilt thou be the widow's God, and the stay of the orphan."

"October 13. Have this day entered my twenty-third year. I do humbly trust I have made some advancement towards my desired haven. I mourn and lament my unfruitfulness, but I bless God that I have been taught more of the depravity of my heart. In proportion to the knowledge I have gained of my own emptiness, has the preciousness of the Savior, and the excellency of his character, and the beauty of holiness increased. I thank thee, O Lord, for the present hope of glory in my soul. O grant, that as death approaches, my prospects may

grow brighter and my faith stronger; and may I maintain a firm and unshaken confidence in thy mercy and thy covenant faithfulness to the last."

"October 20. Mournful catastrophe! A child of one of our neighbors fell yesterday from a loaded cart; the wheel turned upon his neck and killed him in an instant. What a sudden transition from this world to eternity! In the midst of life we are in death. Comfort thine handmaid, the mother, for I trust she is thine. Let the father be brought by this distressing providence, to fly to Christ for refuge; and let such as are supposing death to be *distant* be admonished that judgment and eternity may be very near!"

"October 22. 'Lo, this have I found, that God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions.' O my God, save me from an ensnaring world, and save me *from myself!* I am trying to have my heart fixed, trusting in God; that I may remain steadfast amid the changing circumstances of life for it is too easily affected with outward things. Although the Lord has been gracious to me in showing me the pride of my heart, and, of late, has strengthened me against it, yet I know that I am still too easily elated with praise, and my heart wants more humbling in spiritual joy and prosperity. When God requires me to wait a little longer upon him for needed grace than I hoped, I grow impatient; I am too easily provoked when

offended, either from without or *from within.* The latent evils of my heart, O how many! Searcher of hearts, thou knowest my sins and follies; pardon them, I pray thee, even all my past offences, and give me strength that I may walk humbly with God all the days of my life."

She received in this month a letter from a cousin residing in New-York, giving her an account of his hopeful conversion, of his employment as teacher in a Sabbath-school, and suggesting the idea of devoting himself to the ministry. In answer to this she writes the following letter:

"*Northeast, Oct.* 26, 1829.

"My dear Cousin,—I have received your interesting letter, and hasten to congratulate you on your new course of life, and your present employment, which you say you have found pleasant, and which, I venture to affirm, will be found so by all who choose the service of God. To such the whole way is pleasant; it

'————————————Is peace,
'And leads to peace, and joys no more alloyed.'

"Who can calculate the worth of a *pious education?* We, my young friend, have been peculiarly favored in this respect, and how should our hearts be enlarged with gratitude to God, that the bless-

ing has not been in vain. Though we have cause to regret our long delay to serve him, and our so long persisting in a course of sin and folly, yet let us bless God that we have not been left to remain in forgetfulness of him, and in the way to eternal death. I feel that my early advantages were great, but have not yours been still greater, as from your infancy you have been trained up in those schools which have become such nurseries of piety? How many this day can bless God for the benefit of *Sabbath-school instruction!* Eternity alone can disclose the full amount of good which this benevolent enterprize has already accomplished under the divine blessing. What numbers have thereby been res cued from eternal misery! In the last great day it will be said, when God writeth up the people, *this and that* child *was born there.*

"I rejoice to hear that the Holy Spirit has recently visited the school to which you belong, and that several have been hopefully converted to God. This season, I trust, you will long remember; for I am happy to find that you have already tuned your harp to the song of praise for what you have experienced within the sacred confines of a Sabbath-school. Words cannot express the joy I felt on first hearing this glad news. I think I felt somewhat as angels do when they rejoice over 'one sinner that repenteth.' You say that when your anxiety commenced, it was because you saw

yourself to be in the road to eternal perdition. The sinner must see the danger he is in before he will be induced to flee to Christ for safety. I was rejoiced at these words in your letter, which, though included in a parenthesis, did not escape me, viz. 'Praise, everlasting praise, be to Almighty God for that agonizing moment!' That agony which we feel at such a time for sin is a bitter cup; but when peace succeeds, we begin a *new song* of praise to our Deliverer, which, though feebly sung on earth, is raised to louder strains upon the shores of immortality!

"But, my dear cousin, although your friends rejoice over you now, let me assure you it is with fear and trembling. O let me exhort you to dig deep, and see that you lay the foundation of your hope securely upon the Rock of Ages. There is folly and danger in building on any thing else. But O to escape the sins and follies of youth! O to escape the jaws of the devouring adversary! O to be saved from an ensnaring world, and even from yourself! Study much your own heart; watch and pray; make the Lord your strength always, and seek to be filled with the fullness of God.

"I understand that you purpose, before long, to unite yourself to the church of God. Do this in the strength of the Lord, and prize its ordinances, and you will see the good of his chosen, and glory in his inheritance. Remember to pray for that dear

brother of yours, and those dear sisters; that they too may be brought to the fold and fitted for God's service.

"I feel that the present is an important crisis with you; and, aware that your future usefulness chiefly depends on the present decision, I am inclined earnestly to pray, as you request me to do, that your decision may be the result of wisdom communicated from on high, and that it may be for the glory of God and the good of his kingdom.

"Devote some of your leisure moments to writing me, and you will gratify your affectionate cousin. HANNAH HOBBIE."

"November 8. Sabbath evening. The Lord's supper is to be administered this evening at Captain C——'s, for the accommodation of his aged mother, who has been blind for several months. Methinks it will be a precious season to the disciples who may be permitted to meet on the occasion; and I had almost said, why am I not favored with a seat among them? But why should I reply against the wise and gracious dispensations of Providence? It is indeed painful to be deprived of the privilege of meeting with my christian friends, not only in the house of God, but at other times and places; especially do I mourn the loss of this evening's privilege with them. Shall I no more enjoy the sweets of an ordinance designed to show what the Son of

God has done to save such sinners as I am? O may the Lord give me perfect resignation to his will in all things; may I wait patiently for the time when he shall be pleased to grant me admittance into his courts above, to join with saints and angels in that delightful worship which will be continued for ever."

She was soon severely affected by a cold, or by one of the many unaccountable changes which occur in such complicated cases of decline, and passed through a season of unusual distress of body with her accustomed patience and fortitude. The record which follows, is the expression of her heart in reviewing this season of trial:

"November 28. My disordered body has for several days been greatly agitated; and as there exists an intimate connection between the body and the mind, I am induced to believe my mind has participated in the general derangement of the system. I have not been able to discern spiritual things so clearly as at other times; but, thanks be to God, I am enabled, for the most part, to preserve clear evidence of his love. I thank God for a Savior whose kindness and care never fail; and whom I may trust when subject to changes of every kind, especially such as my bodily weakness often sub-

jects me to. Committing myself to his care, I rejoice in the assurance of ever remaining safe.

" A season now and then occurs when a sort of apathy pervades both mind and body; but I feel myself under peculiar obligations to God for his dealing so kindly with me; for, though such a season is a hindrance, and occasions peculiar distress, I am enabled, nevertheless, to turn my eyes to my Great Deliverer, who early removes my burden, and enables me lightly and joyfully to advance, as I humbly trust, in the way everlasting."

" December 6. ' Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord, and thou hast heard and been attentive to the voice of my supplications. In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he hath delivered me from all my fears ?' After a sore conflict, fighting with many foes, and wrestling with God, I am constrained to erect here my *Ebenezer*, and say, ' Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' "

" December 7. How great is the blessing of a sound constitution ! A change is sometimes produced in my feelings which, with all my resolution, I am unable to resist; my apprehensions are awakened; but I have learned not to ascribe every animal variation to the agency of Satan. External things affect the body, and through it the mind; hence, may I learn to distinguish between the influences which are purely bodily, and the state, disposition, and principles of the heart."

The return of *a communion season* was to her a matter of very deep interest. She considered such seasons as having the tendency, more than all her privileges besides, to humble her own heart in view of what Christ had suffered, and to present him *before her* as the object of her supreme love. She hesitated about asking the favor often, lest a frequent compliance with her wishes should be a burden to others; and when I proposed it, as I sometimes did, discovering the delicate sensibility which prevented her requesting what I knew she would consider a great favor, she would manifest the most lively gratitude, and embrace the proffered privilege with a heart deeply affected. All who were intimate with her saw that on these occasions she was greatly benefitted; the fires of her devotion were kindled afresh, and the glow of her love was more fervent and intense. She was in the habit of preparing for such seasons, and also of improving them with great diligence. Self-examination and prayer were the employments of days both before and after the delightful occasion. The following passages exhibit the state of her mind.

"December 12. To-morrow evening, if the Lord will, I shall again have access to the ordinance of the Lord's supper. It becomes me to examine my title to the bread of the kingdom. I would recall my obligations to God, and acknowledge his signal

benefits from an early period of my life. I was by nature a child of wrath, even as others; but God has cared for me even from my infant hours; and I stand a monument of his sparing goodness as well as mercy among his visible people. He makes me, through Jesus Christ, a tender of all saving blessings, and has, in all things, certified his readiness to become *my God*. It was of the Lord's goodness that I was early made sensible of my obligation; and I bless him for the rich grace that brought me to dedicate myself to a covenant God, by coming out from the world, and obeying the command to confess Christ before men. I have taken again and again the symbols of a Savior's broken body and shed blood; and thus, by an appointed seal, ratified my covenant with the most High. Amazing condescention of the King of Glory to a worm of the dust! Wonderful grace of a holy and just God to an unworthy, ungrateful rebel! What fervent love, what lively gratitude to him, should reign in my heart! O, what shall I render to my God for his marvellous kindness! Will he deign to accept the poor defective returns of love and obedience, which, by his grace, I may be enabled to make? He will. Then let me renounce every false way, and endeavor to walk in all his commandments and ordinances blameless."

December 14. Among the multitude of my mercies, I recognize the special favor I enjoyed las-

evening of joining with my christian friends in the worship of Jehovah, and while reclining on my bed, (as always before) being permitted to enjoy that ordinance which is so eminently calculated to display the infinite love of God to fallen man. Most deeply did I participate in the comforts and blessings which the Great Head of the church is pleased to communicate to all those who receive him, and rest upon him by faith and humble reliance for the fulfillment of his many and precious promises. Our pastor addressed us from Luke, 24 : 26. 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory ?'

" Once more I have publicly evinced my attachment to Christ and my union to his church. O that I may walk more worthy of God ; more like a true disciple !

" How should the gracious manifestations which I receive from God through these blessed means of grace, inspire my heart with warm devotion and love to him, and excite me to increased zeal for his glory ! I have again renewed the dedication of myself to God. May I ever feel that I am not my own, but that I am bought with a price, even with the precious blood of the Son of God. O that I may ever live under the impression that whatever I do, should be done with a single eye to the glory of God ! O Lord, lead me in the way of truth, and quicken me to holiness, for thy great name's sake."

"December 20. Whence arises this confusion in my mind? Can aught but sin produce disorder or distraction in the soul which has once found a refuge and rest in the embraces of God, reconciled in Jesus Christ? With grief I have discovered of late the workings of *pride*, *self-love*, and *self-will* in my heart; and I confess it with shame and remorse. Surely I cannot look upon *myself* with complacency and satisfaction, when I remember how much yet remains unsanctified within me!

"Could I but see more of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and how much I have of it yet—could I see my extreme unworthiness of the Divine favor, I should only wonder and adore, when I think of the mercy which is shown to such a vile and guilty one as I am.

"Show me, O Lord, the error of my ways, and 'cleanse thou me from secret faults.' May my soul be made pure by 'the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' and be fashioned after the image of God. Remove pride, self-love, and self-will, O Lord, and let me possess humility unfeigned, the love of Christ supreme, and a sweet and child-like subjection to the will of God."

To her cousin, Frances M——, in Bedford, she wrote on the 20th of January a long and interesting letter, in which she thus speaks of the gradual approach of death:

"Though nothing in my state of health at present indicates *speedy* dissolution, yet I am daily reminded by my languor of the *end* of all flesh, and the *way*, also, in which it comes. It is however with me a matter of little concern whether my remaining days be *few* or *many;* my greatest anxiety is to live, while I live, to the glory of God."

After speaking of her conflicts with sin, and her state of seclusion from the world as in some respects profitable, she says:

"But a state of seclusion from the world does not place us beyond the reach of Satan's wiles nor the evils of our own hearts. In whatever condition we may be placed, we find ourselves surrounded by enemies, and must not be a moment off our guard. O what a happy period will that be, when Satan's kingdom shall be destroyed, and universal peace reign, and the will of the Lord be done, and none be found to hurt or destroy! The appointed time draws near. The blessed Lord, with a strong arm, able to do all his will, reigns on earth as well as in heaven. The children of Zion may lift up their heads, for the day of their redemption draweth nigh. Earth and hell may oppose, but this redemption will come, for the Lord shall send the rod of his strength out of Zion, and rule in the midst of his enemies. The language of God to the

church is, *Awake*, AWAKE *to duty!* Is my dear friend engaged in acts of christian benevolence? How do your Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies prosper?"

Again she says of the communion season she had just enjoyed:

"On the evening of the second Sabbath of last month our pastor preached here, and administered the Lord's supper, for my accommodation. I as sure you it was a precious and delightful season to me; I had long thought I should not ask such a favor again; and the reflection that this was the last season of communion in the church below that I should ever enjoy, increased my desire for that communion with the saints above, which is without interruption and without end."

Almost immediately after she became able to ride out in August, and was permitted to visit the residence of her beloved and departed friend and fellow-sufferer, Julia Gilbert, she was again laid upon her bed, with a renewed attack of unwonted violence. All that we have presented from her pen since that time, was written in a state of severe suffering. God in great mercy, about the first of February, so far gave her relief once more from her pains and debility, that with great care she was

taken to a near and highly esteemed neighbor's *once;* and if I mistake not, it was the last time she left her dwelling till she died, though she lived a year longer. Of this occurrence she speaks as follows:

"February 8. Last Wednesday I rode to Capt. C——'s; met with a cordial reception, and was treated with the greatest kindness. May the Lord reward them. May those dear friends receive for their kindness to one so unworthy the fulfillment of the promise, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

"I feel myself under peculiar obligations to my Heavenly Father for having permitted me to leave my place of confinement again, although it was not without increased suffering, occasioned by fatigue. Thanks be to God, I have again returned to my home in safety and peace. I feel that my obligations increase with my strength. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? I will pay the sacrifice of thanksgiving. 'Teach me to do thy will, O Lord, for thou art my God; thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness. Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake, for I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works!'"

CHAPTER X.

A young Painter in the city of New-York, of fine talents, said to me, not long since, "Sir, I must stand at the head of my profession—I am determined to excel—I am aiming high." I saw that his purpose was fixed, for his eye kindled as he said it. And surely, as eternal realities outweigh the things of time, the christian should seek them with more unwearied diligence, and unshaken purpose. It is an attribute of true piety *never to rest satisfied with present attainments or exertions.* None who "follow on to know the Lord" suppose they "have already attained; but this one thing they do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, they *press toward the mark,* for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Such is the nature of the soul, as immortal, that it will always *press forward* in pursuit of its supreme object, whatever that may be. Even in a state of alienation from God, while striving to satisfy the soul from this world's fountains, how often have we been wearied with its ceaseless importunity for more substantial food. And under the influence of holy principles, the fountains of our spiritual supply satisfy us, only because they are exhaustless; for

every time we taste them, we find our appetite keener and our relish greater. The soul is called out in the exercise of its noblest powers, and led onward, and onward, continually crying, "*Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness!*" When the desire of the soul is fixed on God, it can never rest satisfied so long as there is any thing to learn of his perfections, or any thing undone that will promote his glory.

In reviewing the history of this devoted female, the reader may have often exclaimed, O that I could feel as she did, and reach her attainments! But he will find her *still pressing forward.* She desired to look deeper into 'the mystery of godliness;' to drink deeper of its spirit, and to claim a closer *fellowship* with all holy beings in doing good. Her journal thus continues:

"*Lord's day*, February 14. Awake, O my soul; lift up thyself in thankfulness to God that he hath given thee another golden season: stir thyself up to improve it; consider it may be thy last! May the Spirit of the Lord, who hath sanctified this day, sanctify it to my benefit, and make it a blessing to my soul, that I may be furthered on my heavenly way."

"March 6. A little improvement in my health calls expressly for more diligence in the service of my blessed Master—for increasing exertion to pro-

mote the best good of my own soul and the souls of others. I do indeed bless God for the measure of an awakening spirit which he has recently given me; but I am still amazingly indolent, and sometimes fear that I shall incur the doom of the unprofitable servant. I desire to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth; and to this end I give myself unto prayer, not only three but *four* and *five* times in a day. I love by prayer and thanksgiving to make known my requests unto God. I read and meditate upon his holy word; and am led to inquire in what way my devotion may be rendered more fervent, more permanent, and consequently more profitable. O that the Lord would incline me to the practice of that holy diligence which the interests of eternity demand. I feel the power of indwelling sin; the Lord grant that as sin has abounded, grace may much more abound; and henceforth reign in my heart through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. May the Lord assist me in the proper government of my thoughts; may the Holy Spirit direct me and reign in my inmost spirit.

" At present my anxieties relate to the *salvation of my near relations.* I 'long after them in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' I long for the conversion of those of them that are yet enemies of God; and pray for the sanctification of such as profess to love him. O most gracious God, if I am to be instru-

mental in their salvation otherwise than by my prayers, I entreat of thee, for thy name's sake, delay not to give me strength, and influence my heart to do what is necessary for the blessed work. O may my parents consider their awful responsibility, and bring up all their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; teach them the fear of the Lord, set before them a holy example, watch over them, pray for them, and give themselves no rest, until Christ be formed in them, the hope of glory. Will the Lord be with my dear brothers and sisters, dispose their young minds to receive the truth, and by an early conversion may they be saved from youthful follies, and all sin, and be made pillars in the temple of our God, and in covenant love become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

Christian reader, mark what she says upon the subject of *a profession of religion:*

"March 29. When we separate ourselves from the world, and declare ourselves to be on the Lord's side, the world expects to see us distinguished by our good works. But alas! how often is it justly said of those professing godliness, 'What do ye more than others?' Shall I be reckoned among them? God forbid. I will even dare to be singular, that I may thus glorify my heavenly Father.

Through grace I will rise above the world, and exercise myself, and employ my strength and talents in seeking the salvation of sinners. O may I rise in holy emulation, and labor to glorify the name, and magnify the grace, of my adorable Savior, and show myself eminent for love and good works!"

"April 5. My heart rejoices in the Lord. Because I have put my trust in the Lord, therefore he is to me a faithful Friend and a compassionate Redeemer. In sickness and distress the Lord is my strength, and my joy and consolation, from day to day, are equal to my tribulation. Surely the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him—upon them that hope in his mercy, to deliver their soul from death. The Lord redeemeth the souls of his servants, and none that trust in him shall be desolate.

"The tender mercies of God have been over me in *another season of severe suffering*. Though greatly debilitated, I still retain the privilege of reading a little daily, and, thanks be to God, I still enjoy communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit. In the multitude of my thoughts within me, the comforts of God delight my soul."

"April 16. I am exceeding weak; therefore I resolve to wait upon the Lord, that my strength may be renewed."

"April 26. *Seven years this day* since the Lord laid me upon a bed of sickness. But as a father chasteneth his son so has a merciful and gracious

God chastised me. I remember all the way in which he has led me these seven years, to humble me, and prove me, and show what was in my heart. And O how great is the good which he has done unto me in my latter days! The Lord redeemeth my life from destruction; he crowneth me with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and satisfieth me with good things, so that my youth is renewed like the eagle's.

"Insensible as I am, I wonder and am amazed at the goodness and mercy of God, which follow me day by day. I am most ungrateful. For several weeks I have been quite subject to coldness of heart. Perhaps weakness of body may in some measure occasion it. I thank God that such seasons are short; yet this has, of late, produced fearful apprehensions lest I shall not enjoy the free exercise of my mental faculties through the future season of decaying nature, especially in my last moments. I wish to live a holy and godly life, and to glorify God in a triumphant death. Shall I never more enjoy the comforts and privileges of a healthy constitution? Such a consumption is trying to my sinful nature; but through grace it is rendered tolerable, and even desirable, if *the consumption decreed* do but *overflow with righteousness.* Deliver me, O Lord, at last, lest the enemy say, *the Lord was not able to bring her to the promised land.* O leave me not in the midst of this wilderness to pe-

rish! O let the light of thy countenance be ever upon me! A dead, cold heart is my burden. Then let me ever be enabled to look up to Christ, my High Priest, who is merciful to bear with my infirmities, and who is mighty to help them."

The following letter to an uncle in the city of New-York exhibits the *deep movings of her soul* for the salvation of her kindred:

"*Northeast, June* 13, 1830.

"MUCH RESPECTED SIR,—Whatever duty I owe to my distant friends, my only resource is that of writing; I can discharge my obligations in no other way. Yet in this way I feel that I can but imperfectly perform my duty to my uncle. I never can remunerate him for his great kindness to me. The Lord will surely give, (though I cannot,) a recompense of reward to such as show kindness to the least of his servants. I desire to look to *Him*, who, in infinite compassion, bears with the infirmities of his people, that at this time he would be pleased to bear with mine, and help them, so that I may speak acceptably and effectually to my respected uncle and friend.

"Having of late become deeply interested especially for the eternal welfare of my dear relatives, I have regretted that I could no oftener hear from them. I have especially desired to hear whether

my more than daily prayers have been answered in the conversion of my uncle. Were I to be assured that he was yet a stranger to God, O how would it grieve my heart! how would it quicken my desire that the Lord would bring him nigh by the blood of Christ. He is advancing in life; his days and years, which will return to him no more, are swiftly passing away; and is my dear uncle yet in a state of carnal security? Is there not cause for increasing alarm? Does he apprehend no danger? Does he not know that God has called aloud upon him often, both by mercies and judgments; by his providence and grace; and is yet calling? Does he not hear daily reiterated the sweet invitation of mercy, enforced by the strivings of the Spirit, *Come to Christ!* COME TO CHRIST? There is no other refuge; and thanks be to God, thou needest no other, to shelter thee from the storm that is coming, or to hide thee from the vengeance of the judgment! Soon the great day of God's wrath will come, and *who* shall be able to stand? O to flee the wrath to come! To COME! How will the sinner, after suffering thousands and millions of years, cry out, O to be delivered from the wrath that is YET TO COME!

"Painful indeed is the sinner's prospect; and how can I endure the thought that one of my kindred should perish! O that they may all be renewed by grace, glorify God on earth, be faithful unto death, and at last be received up to glory!

"Give my love to aunt H——, and tell her I wish to thank her for all she has done for me.

"With much esteem I subscribe myself,

"Your dutiful niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

The next day she entered in her journal the following record:

"June 14. Yesterday my heart was again cheer- with the preached Gospel. I feel reproved for my former unbelief. I had ceased to believe that the Gospel preached in this place would have any saving effect; but at this time the Lord was pleased to pour out a spirit of prayer and supplication upon his children, at least some of them; and a spirit of utterance was given to our dear minister, who opened his mouth boldly, making known unto us the mysteries of the Gospel. It was an enlivening and animating discourse from Eph. 5 : 4. 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light.' He described first, *the state* of the wicked; then spoke of the *propriety of the call;* and lastly, *adverted to the promise.* O how was the professed christian who dared to slumber over eternal things urged to awake, and arise and shake himself from the dust, and not put his light under a bushel, but *do good in the world!* Nor less urgent was the call to those

' dead in trespasses and sins.' The word was rendered powerful, and we have reason to believe reached the hearts of many. Especially did the Spirit carry it home to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. P——. O may the word prove a savor of life unto life, and not of death unto death. Sister J——, also, again appears much impressed with a sense of guilt. God forbid that she should resist the strivings of the Spirit! May she now give her youthful heart to God! O may she now accept of mercy, lest it should be for ever too late! O let the harp of God's children be taken down from the willows, and tuned to the praise of Him who hath remembered us in our low estate! and O that what our eyes have seen, and our hearts felt, of the love and power of God since yesterday's meeting, may be but as a few drops before a plenteous shower upon this parched land. O that from henceforth righteousness may run down our streets like a river, and sinners be seen flocking to Jesus as a cloud! Remember, O Lord, Jacob thy redeemed, and Israel thy chosen, and bring thy people from the east, and gather them from the west: Say unto the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back; bring thy sons from far, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth. May all be made one in Christ, and in him be blessed for ever! Amen."

"June 23. Truly thy mercy is upon us, O Lord, according as we trust in thee. Alas! what am I,

or what is my father's house, that we should thus be visited. Rejoice, O my soul, and be glad in the Lord! I will call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless God for his goodness, in *calling another beloved sister from darkness to light*, and from the power of Satan to God. Most gracious God, wilt thou continue to bless us as a family, and satisfy us all early with thy mercy, that we may be glad and rejoice in Thee all our days on earth, and then go to praise Thee and the Lamb in a world of blessedness for ever?"

We come now to the formation of her *Sabbath school.* The neighborhood where her father resided was some miles distant from the centre of either of the surrounding congregations, and many of the children were not connected with any Sabbath school. A view of this destitution deeply affected her heart, and long and faithfully did she strive to incite others to undertake the enterprise, but in vain. Believing it to be a duty for some one, and finding others faithless respecting its success, she cast herself, in her weakness and feebleness, upon God, and put her own hand to the work. Hear her own language:

"June 24. A serious consideration of the poor and perishing condition of most of the children in this neighborhood has led me to say much by way

of argument and persuasion to induce some of my christian friends to establish a *Sabbath school* for their moral and religious improvement; but no one seems to feel the necessity of such a measure enough to submit to the self-denial requisite for the undertaking. Therefore, receiving encouragement from God, and being continually strengthened in my design, I have concluded, with my sister's assistance, to invite the children into my room, where I may myself communicate that knowledge and instruction which alone can make them good and useful members of society, and prepare them for a better world above.

"O that I might enter upon the work with a heart warm with the vitality of godliness! May the Spirit of all grace fill my mind with heavenly wisdom, and inspire my heart with love, zeal, confidence, and hope! O Thou who art my continual strength and my gracious Redeemer, I give myself to thee in the work! If thou art pleased to make me instrumental in delivering the soul of my neighbor's child from a state of darkness, ignorance, and misery, unto thy name be all the glory. And from this time, whenever thou dost call me to duty, I beseech thee to give me a willing mind, and supply me with every thing necessary to promote thy glory."

Here we see a humble female, worn down by

disease and suffering, girding herself to a work which those who were in health had not courage to undertake, gathering up the miserable remnants of her shattered constitution, that they might all be concentrated in one more effort to do good before she should be taken from the field of labor, throwing her whole soul into her Master's service, and rejoicing that she was still permitted to be in some degree useful.

This school was superintended by herself, (except when her health entirely prevented,) every Sabbath in her chamber. She would call up the children one after another to her bed-side, and give them, in the most earnest and feeling manner, instruction in the things of Christ; and her labors, it is believed, were not in vain.

How deeply interesting! how affecting to see her thus forgetting herself and her sorrows in the delightful employment of instructing these young and tender minds into the truth, and making efforts to win their souls to Christ! She would pray with them after these instructions, before dismissing them, while the hectic flush was glowing upon her cheek, and throwing out its rosy bloom to tell us of an early grave. That "*plague-spot!*"—I have seen it too often, and in too many interesting cases, soon to forget the feelings it always gives me.

This labor was to her no burden; her heart was in it; she loved her work, and delighted to give to

it her remaining strength. She continued as long as she was able this labor of love as well as others, and gave them up, one after another, with the greatest reluctance, when she could do no more.

I was greatly affected one day, not long before she died, to hear her request to her sister,—"Eliza, will you be kind enough to collect all my Sabbath-school books together, and put them in my little trunk; I may possibly need them yet." She never needed them again.

I love Sabbath-schools, and I bless God that I live in their day. They work their healing influences into the very germ of human misery, and correct at the fountain head the bitter streams of evil which have overrun the world. They pluck away the *incubus* from the bosom of society; and send continually their tribute of sanctified recruits, in the very morning of life, to swell the armies of the Lord. On these accounts I love Sabbath schools; but none with which I have ever been acquainted has, under all circumstances, interested me as much as Hannah Hobbie's: it exhibited so much of the power of christian principle; and exemplified so happily, in all its native loveliness, the spirit of active and diffusive benevolence, which is the christian's brightest ornament.

Such instances of consecration to the Master's work, and *unreserved* devotion to his service, will condemn many a professed disciple at the Judg-

ment, who, in the possession of health, excuse themselves from effort by the plea that they can do nothing. Let them TRY, as she did.

CHAPTER XI.

Having made an appointment to preach at the house of Mr. Hobbie, I went to fulfil it. It was near the close of June, and the day was unusually pleasant, even for that delightful season of the year. Every thing around me, as I rode along, indicated the smiles of a beneficent Providence.

It is cheering to look out upon the landscape at any season; God speaks to us through his works. But at this time the call to remember him was more distinct and forcible. He was scattering abroad his bountiful supplies for man and beast, and spreading over all the richest beauties.

It was near mid-day when, after having passed the church, I entered the valley of which I have before spoken. A little brook, issuing from the hills before me, gently rippled by, winding its way through a narrow grove of great beauty, which overhung, for a short distance, the right side of the road. Into this shady and cool seclusion the little

birds, after their morning songs of praise, had retired to escape the heat of the summer sun; and sat, lazily drooping their wings, upon the lower branches of the trees, and upon the willows and hazels which tufted the banks of the stream. All was solitude and silence, save the whispers of the breeze and the hammering of the wood-pecker, as he clung to the side of the decaying limb, and pierced it for his prey, and now and then the short, clear note of the red-bird, as he sat calling to his fellow.

The varying prospect, as I rode onward, awakened grateful emotions to the great Giver of all our mercies. The meadow-grounds, on every hand, were buried deep beneath their luxuriant burdens; some of them gaily tinted with the rich red of the clover-blossom. The young corn, recently cleared from intruding weeds, drew out its long and verdant lines of beauty and promise, to cheer the heart of the husbandman and tell him of the coming plenty. Large patches of wheat, not yet whitened for the reaper's sickle, stretched across the valley and up the hill-sides, over which the mimic waves, in rapid and restless pursuit, were chasing each other from the field, like successive generations.

I wondered how any could gather up this rich profusion of bounties, and forget, and sin against the Being who was bestowing them; especially as he was mingling so much beauty with the portion;

throwing in the rose, and the lilly, and the violet, with the countless flowers of the field, and the song of the bird, to sweeten for man the cup of life—to relieve the monotony of his toil, and cheer him in the hours of his weariness.

After winding my way up the range of hills to the right, I left the highway which led around the northern extremity of the highest point of elevation, and took, as I often did when on horseback, a by-path, which passed directly over the summit. Many acres of the shrub-oak, scarcely rising to the stirrup, surmounted the height, interlacing their branches so closely as to form an impenetrable barrier on either hand,—the habitation of the sparrow, and the burrow of the rabbit.

From the eastern side of the hill a most magnificent view presented itself. None possessing a taste for the beauties or grandeur of natural scenery ever visit that spot and come away unrequited. The vast landscape was clothed in the richness of its summer luxuriance. A long line of rolling surface extended to the north, bounded at the distance of thirty miles by the towering hills of Massachusetts. In the northeast, a branch of the Taghkannuc mountains threw up its bold and majestic outline upon the clear blue sky. It seemed, as I gazed upon it, as if the foot of man had never climbed its rocky ramparts, nor ventured upon the wildness of its solitudes to wake the sleeping echo in its forests, or

disturb the sullen serpent and call forth the warning of his rattle.

Beneath me, on a gentle swell of land which broke the regular declivity of the hill, a little to the left, at the distance of half a mile, lay the dwelling of Hannah. It was one of those antique structures reared by another generation, who considered durability the principal excellence of architecture, and taste as having little connection with substantial comfort. The long, low front, looking towards the south, presented a door in the centre, with two windows on the right and one on the left. In the western end were two windows below and two smaller ones in the attic; the northern slope of the roof somewhat the longest, while the heavy square chimney crowded up through the centre, a sufficient protection to the frame-work against any wind that might blow. The room in the southwest corner was appropriated to the sick inmate; the window on the south close by the head of her bed, and that on the west at its foot. Here she communed with God—here she wrote her journal and letters—here she taught her Sabbath-school—here for years she suffered, and here at last she died.

A little to the south of the house, and beyond the sloping lawn in front of it, two woody eminences arose gracefully from the valley on either hand. The opening between them presented an extensive view of a richly cultivated country to the eastward,

scooped out for a great distance between the beautiful hills of Sharon and Salisbury. Over this pleasing expanse the eye wandered, till, through a wide gap in the intervening mountains, it rested upon a far distant range in the interior of Connecticut.

Southeast lay the Sharon mountain, checkered with fences to its very summit, sweeping around to the right in a long and curving line of beauty and richness, seldom equalled in any landscape, until it lost itself, nearly twenty miles to the southward, behind the range upon which I was standing. Midway up its side, as if slumbering upon its lap, lay the village of Sharon, at the distance of six miles, canopied by the soft cloud of smoke sent up from its hundred chimnies; while the tall spire that rose in the midst of its clustering group of dwellings, seemed to offer the protection of heaven to all, and to promise the throng that gathered under it showers of blessings upon them, and upon their children after them. Over this wide field of richness and beauty, in every direction, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were feeding in the green pastures or reclining in the shade, till they became mere specks in the distance. Trees of every form and size, singly and in clumps, and sometimes in small tracts of woodland, gave variety and grace to the scene throughout its whole extent.

As my eye passed with delight from one part to another of these works of God, and rested at length

upon the dwelling of the suffering but rejoicing subject of divine grace I was about to visit, it required but little effort of the imagination to realize the bold and striking imagery of Isaiah, and anticipate the blessedness of that day, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth" before the believer "into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

I had that day the opportunity of much conversation with Hannah. I found that she was aiming more obviously than ever at *active employment in the Lord's work*. She felt that her time was short, and was *in haste* to occupy the talent entrusted to her. She seemed unusually anxious to get near to God; but I found that it was for the purpose of inquiring at his feet what more she could do to serve him, and asking strength to perform it. Especially was she anxious for the salvation of her kindred, and greatly rejoiced in the recent conversion of her sister Jane. Weak as she was, I discovered that she was making her life a busy one. Of our meeting this evening she thus speaks:

"June 26. Again has the Gospel been proclaimed in this house. Once more have the people of this neighborhood been exhorted to awake from their slumber in sin, and give themselves no rest until they have found a dwelling in their hearts for the Spirit of God. But alas! the Lord was not with

us in power as he was at the last meeting. Will he indeed withhold his saving mercy from us? Will he not continue his divine work still, and add yet more to the recent trophies of his grace? Out of many, shall we see no more turning to God? Poor deluded mortals, will ye not take warning and live! The Lord pity and save!"

During the present season she wrote an unusual number of letters to her friends. Indeed, all that she had it in her heart to do was now pursued with vigor and perseverance. Her efforts for the salvation of souls, for the promotion of the benevolent associations with which she was connected, and especially to prepare herself to superintend well her Sabbath school, and to give the children suitable instruction, were greatly increased.

To her cousin, J—— H—— H——, in New-York, who had recently determined to enter upon a course of study with a view to the Gospel ministry, she writes, July 6, 1830:

"May the Lord in his good pleasure favor your design, and make you the honored instrument of bringing thousands, who might otherwise perish, to know the Lord. Your late visit to us will long be remembered with pleasure; but you must have been pained to see how cold were this people. Happily you found better things when you return-

ed to your Sabbath-school in New-York, for I learn that the Lord of glory had just begun to pour out his Spirit upon it to convert young sinners. I can now tell you that even here, also, the Lord's ear is not heavy, neither is his arm shortened. His salvation has come nigh unto *us*, even *us*, also. Yes, my dear cousin, sister Jane and others have been hopefully converted to God. I have heard, also, of two or three conversions in another part of our Society. The church seems awaking. We humbly trust our sky, so long dark, will ere long become brighter. O that the day may speedily break upon us! O my friend, will you not pray God to bless this part of his Zion, heal the backslidings of his people, pass by our iniquities, and enlarge our borders?

"At present my health is not as good as when you left us. I have, however, after encountering many difficulties, commenced a Sabbath-school, which, with the aid of my sisters J—— and M—— I hope to continue. I thank God, at least, for giving me feelings of compassion towards the children around me, most of whom, I have reason to believe, have little religious knowledge, and for enabling me to use my endeavors to rescue them from their present ignorance and sin, and consequent misery. I am grieved to find christians so indifferent on this subject. O that the Lord would arise and plead his own cause in behalf of these perishing children!

"I have been informed that another Sunday-school is to be organized next Sabbath in the school district west of us; then we shall number three schools in our society, besides that at the church. I wish you to procure me some Sunday-school books, such as you think we need."

(To the same.)

"*Northeast, August* 10, 1830.

"My dear Cousin,—I delight to hear of the advancement of Christ's kingdom in any place; but when friends and kindred whom I so much love are the subjects of grace, it awakens emotions of livelier joy. What gratitude and praise should fill our hearts and swell our songs, that God, the Almighty Savior, has graciously manifested himself to you and me, and to so many of ours! Why is it that we are so eminently distinguished? Is it because we are so happily numbered among the generations of those to whom, and to whose seed, the Lord has showed mercy, because they have loved him and kept his commandments?

"*Pride* often takes possession of the heart and keeps us for a season in a state of *starvation*, even when we know that the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, because we are unwilling to be *beggars* for spiritual food. May the Lord make us humble, and give us more and more of the spirit of meek-

ness, because he has said he will beautify the meek with salvation, and give to the poor in spirit the kingdom of heaven. O may we live as daily pensioners on his bounty, and put our trust under the shadow of his wings, that we may be sheltered from the storms of life—dwell securely in his presence—be abundantly satisfied with the provisions of his house below, and finally drink of the rivers of pleasure that flow from his throne above!

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

"P. S. In our Sabbath-school we have twenty-three scholars, and are in expectation of more. About seventeen usually attend at once. This number may seem small to you. Will you take the trouble to procure me some more books for my school? The Lord alone can sufficiently reward you for your kindness."

In her journal she thus notices the death of a female member of the church:

"August 11. In the providence of God another instance of mortality reminds me of my own latter end. Our dear Mrs. G—— is no longer a resident among us. We trust her ransomed spirit, which this morning was released from its tenement of clay, has been graciously and gloriously transmitted from this wearisome world, where all is com-

motion and distress, to heaven, the peaceful abode of everlasting bliss! May all of us who survive possess the peace which she so evidently possessed through a long season of distress, and meet her and all the ransomed of the Lord in the regions of immortal glory and light!

"Since I still remain in this state of trial, while others, one after another, are called away, how reasonable, how highly important, that I inquire whether 'I am prepared to meet my God!' How am I affected with regard to this and another world? I am practically convinced that all earthly pleasures are vain, and if I look after things seen and temporal, they only vex and harass my feeble soul. O when will that happy period arrive, when my expectations *from* them, and my attachments *to* them, shall be taken wholly away! O for that faith which overcometh the world!"

The following letter shows her usual mode of acknowledging a favor. It was written to her cousin J—— H—— H——, on receiving a donation of books for her Sabbath-school:

"*Northeast, August* 16, 1830.

"Dear Cousin,—I hasten to inform you that on Thursday morning I received, with the utmost pleasure, the Tracts, Books, Magazines, &c. &c. which you were so kind as to send me for our

Sabbath-school. For this act of Christian benevolence in yourself and others, whose desire it is to do good to the rising generation, I most sincerely thank you, and pray that He whose rights you are endeavoring to maintain, and whose cause you are laboring to promote, may greatly comfort your hearts with the peace of the Gospel, and establish you in every good word and work.

"Affectionately yours,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Under date of August 20th her journal contains the following:

"'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' says the Almighty to his chosen people; and, blessed be his name! this word is a tried word. Although Satan has desired to have me, and the world and my treacherous heart have unitedly engaged to procure my downfall, yet the Lord is a Friend to me 'that sticketh closer than a brother.'"

On the 24th of August she wrote to her friend, J—— H—— H—— again to purchase more books for her Sabbath-school, and states that the school was flourishing, and that it demanded her "continued and unwearied attention."

(To her Cousin, Miss E—— B——, of Bedford

"*Northcast, August* 28, 1830.

"DEAR COUSIN,—When I look at the date of your last, and remember your request, I conclude you have by this time almost pronounced me an unfaithful friend. Indeed, I know that I should have acknowledged before your kind favor, but I hope you will pardon my seeming neglect, as I have not willingly deferred it. I heard some time since that your health was more impaired; if so, and you are still suffering under the chastisements of the Almighty, I do hope and pray that while you are in the *furnace* the *fiery trial* may be to the purifying of your soul, consuming the dross and separating it all from the gold.

"I still languish upon my bed, and feel that my outward man is perishing; and were it not for my *pride*, and *slothfulness*, and *faithlessness*, I could say that my inward man is renewed, even day by day. I find myself surrounded by innumerable foes; and although my Lord has promised that as my day is so shall my strength be, yet I too often forget to hide his word in my heart, that I may not sin against him; and presuming that I can, some of the time at least, direct my own steps, I am justly left to fall into temptation and sin. Thus my progress in the divine life is often retarded by my own inconsistency, and my advancement towards heaven

is slow and difficult—so at least it appears to me. Through the deceitfulness of sin I become blind to my real condition, and even lost to a true sense of what I am doing. The Lord forbid that I should be so ungrateful for the grace given me as to reckon myself yet a *slave* to sin! The Lord forbid that I should lightly esteem the glorious liberty of the Gospel, by not rejoicing in it as one that has been graciously delivered from the bondage of corruption! But my depraved nature is not yet wholly sanctified. The workings of sin within me tend to mar my dearest enjoyments. I think I can truly say that I 'delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man;' but while there is 'another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin,' my cry will ever be, 'O wretched being that I am!' Yet, when I say, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' the answer is always ready; 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord,' it can be done. Yes, still my heart shall bless, my tongue shall utter thanks to God, 'through *Jesus Christ our Lord.*'

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
'In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
'And drives away his fear.'

"To live *in hope* of all the blessings which Je-

sus died to procure for sinners is joy unspeakable. What then must be the happiness of those who are admitted to their full *fruition!* O, my dear friend, let us leave those things which are behind, and reach forth to that which is before! O let us

> 'Run up with joy the shining way
> 'T' embrace our dearest Lord,'

that we may meet him in the full assurance of his favor, *as our God*, and in his presence abide for ever more!

"I am your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Her journal notices the rich autumnal supplies in the following manner:

"September 8. The harvest is past; another summer has yielded a rich supply for the wants of man; but alas! it is to be feared that these earthly provisions of the Lord's bounty have been poured out upon an ungrateful people. But how much more distressing the thought, that so many despise even the gift of eternal life, so freely offered unto all; and refuse to acknowledge God as the giver of every good and perfect gift. O that the Lord would prepare our hearts to receive with thankfulness the bounties of his providence, and grant a

rich supply of spiritual blessings; for all around appears barren and unfruitful!"

On the last day of September, 1830, a meeting was attended at Capt. C——'s, in Mr. Hobbie's neighborhood, as an anniversary of the solemn meeting noticed under the same date in 1827. This meeting, I trust, was also blessed to many; to some in the refreshings of the Divine presence, and to others, in showing them their sins and leading them to the Savior. Of this meeting Hannah thus speaks:

"October 2. Evening before last a meeting was held at Capt. C——'s in remembrance of the interesting one held on the same evening three years ago. Mr. A—— preached on the occasion; and addresses were made by others, some of which, I am told, were very reviving. Capt. C——'s two sisters, with their husbands, Mr. B——, of P——, and Mr. T——, of W——, were there. Their hearts all appeared to be animated by the love of God, and their souls fired with heavenly zeal. A happy impression was made on the minds of both Christians and sinners. Many felt it good to be there. O may the impression be lasting!

"The visiters from P—— and W—— were detained yesterday by the hopeful conversion of one of the household of Capt. C——. Thanks be to

God for the happy intelligence that another is born again! O that the Lord would continue to pour out his Spirit here, and glorify himself more abundantly by bringing sinners to repentance!"

The return of Miss Hobbie's birth-day was always to herself a season of deep interest. The solemn and affecting reflections which such a period is so well calculated to produce, were usually on such occasions brought before her mind in a very forcible manner. But the return of the 13th of October, 1830, was to her peculiarly solemn. She was sensible that it must be, in all probability, her *last birth-day*. It was therefore improved as such, and the thoughts it awakened made a deep and lasting impression. She contemplated the grave, however, with composure, and looked in upon the vast and awful eternity which lies beyond with a firm and steady gaze.

"The return of the 13*th of October* assures me that another year is gone—*gone for ever!* The swift passing time, my wasting flesh, and my powers of body, all gradually decaying, convince me that my stay on earth will be short; that I must soon pass the Jordan of death, and enter the eternal world. Yes, indeed, death, judgment, and eternity are just before me! Do I live under the impression of this solemn fact? Alas! I still have

cause to mourn over a carnal mind; I am grieved at so much conformity to the world; I too often find in myself a disposition to be angry and fretful, which I think exceedingly deplorable; and I must add to the catalogue of my sins many short-comings in duty to God, to my neighbor, and to myself. O how does it become me, in view of all these my iniquities, to humble myself under a sense of sin and guilt! And since these are but a small part of my transgressions, I humbly beseech thee, O God, to teach me that which I see not, that in all things wherein I have hitherto offended I may offend no more! O let me be holy as thou art holy!

'Save, O save me from temptation,
'Thou in whom my soul doth trust;
'I have long'd for thy salvation,
'Yet am cleaving to the dust.

'Oft returning and repenting,
'I have sought thee as before;
'And, to all thy law consenting,
'Thought the contest almost o'er.

'But this treach'rous heart deceives me;
'Who its desperate depths can trace?
'Unless sovereign power relieves me,
'Mine's indeed a hopeless case!

'Be thy precepts deep engraven,
'As with diamond, on my breast,
''Till I reach the peaceful haven,
'Where my soul from sin may rest.'

"On entering another year of my life, though I suffer much from bodily indisposition, I desire to make some new endeavors after holiness; for my soul is pained to think of my barrenness and deadness—that I live so little to the glory of God.

"Will the God of all grace help me to form a few resolutions! I would now record them for my frequent perusal, that I may thereby be assisted to live more righteously, be more holy, and be kept continually in the fear of God."

RESOLUTIONS.

"1. I resolve to be more earnest in prayer to God for FAITH, which *works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.*

"2. I resolve to guard against a petulant, hasty disposition, and the sudden rising of passion on small occurrences; and will endeavor to gain possession of a meek, gentle, and quiet spirit; and fail not to manifest it before all, but in a special manner before my little brothers and sisters, whom I am endeavoring to teach by precept, that they may be won also by my example.

"3. I will see that the care of my body does not exceed that of my soul.

"4. I resolve to pay particular attention to my diet, and endeavor to suppress the cravings of a false appetite, which oftentimes induces me to take more food than nature requires, that I may not be rendered thereby unfit for duty.

"5. I am resolved to be more diligent in observing the providences of God towards me, and treasuring up the instances of his goodness, and the different exercises of my mind.

"6. In humble consideration of my dependent condition, I will strive to cultivate grateful and generous feelings both towards my Heavenly Father and my *earthly* friends.

"O God, thou seest what I have here written! May I ever, under a sense of my own weakness, look to thee for grace to keep these resolutions; that as often as I read them I may do it with joy, my conscience bearing witness that I am not unfaithful in respect to them!"

The 4th resolution is probably entitled to more consideration than will in general be given it.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Hobbie's health began now more manifestly to exhibit the symptoms of rapid and permanent decline. It seemed as if the disease was exhibiting the collected results of its former powerful, but insidious and hidden workings. She had long been sensible that death, sooner or later, must be

the inevitable issue; but now that expected issue seemed to be near, and she contemplated her coming change with perfect composure. Her greatest anxiety was to be ready for the summons; and this led her to an inquiry into the real state of her heart, which was characterized by the severest scrutiny. If we notice attentively her language at this period, we shall observe how much the pollution of her heart affected her. Her habits of self-examination were such, that no day passed without diligent attention to the state of her heart; and this review was systematic and thorough.

I have often remarked that habits of life in other things generally mark very strongly the character of a person's piety. If he has been careless and slothful in regard to his ordinary concerns, and has grown up under the influence of such habits, his religion not unfrequently partakes more or less of his characteristic negligence; while the person who has been trained to habits of neatness, and industry, and carefulness in other matters, will usually exhibit more of system and beauty in the christian life. Miss Hobbie's religion partook largely of the *benefits* of such early habits. Neatness, order, and enterprise reigned in the family abode. Her father's farm was always well tilled, and his cattle well fed, and himself doing something to good purpose, while his wife, the faithful companion of his pilgrimage through many a toilsome year, 'looked

well to the ways of her household ;' and none there might be permitted to eat the bread of idleness.

This exerted a happy influence on the religion of the family. Their system and enterprise were carried into it. The evening lectures and the prayer-meetings were seldom forsaken by them; and on very stormy Sabbath mornings, it was a frequent remark, " There will be meeting to-day, for the Hobbies will be there."

Hannah did all that she was called to do with diligence and system. In her self-examination it is evident that all the exercises of her mind were distinctly arranged, that they might be the more closely reviewed. She kept her heart with diligence, knowing that out of it were the issues of life.

It was this that now caused her so many sorrows. She was dying inch by inch, yet she never remitted this duty. The great discoveries she obtained of the depths of iniquity within her filled her heart with grief; but her hope, as will be seen, continued strong and clear.

An affecting sketch of the exercises of her mind will be found in the following letter to her friend and cousin, J—— H—— H——.

" *Northeast, Oct.* 14, 1830.

" My dear Cousin,—As I have been spared to enter upon another year of my poor unprofitable life, I would begin it by devoting a few of my pre-

cious moments to my beloved Hervey. I trust I do feel, in some measure, the value of time, and therefore am anxious, *with earnest desire,* in time to come, to make a wise improvement of it. The Lord grant me grace to do so!

"In taking a review of my past life, especially the past year, I am utterly confounded and covered with shame to find how little of my time has been devoted, according to my many vows, to the service of God, when my motives and obligations have been greatly increased. What abundant reason have I for thankfulness, that through so long a season of sickness I have been favored with so much comfort of body, so much strength, and the greater blessing of the free exercise of my mental faculties! what cause for gratitude, that I still possess so many privileges! I bless the Lord that he ever has shown me the truth of *his word* in my past experience; for when I have committed my way unto him, he has given me the desire of my heart.

"It was not long since that a sense of my vileness and unprofitableness lay as an indescribable burden on my mind. The Lord at that time listened to my cries and groans. I wished either to be absent from the body or made useful in it; and rather than take me to himself, he was graciously pleased to open to me, and lead me into, a field of active duty; and though poor and weak have been my services in it, I humbly trust that they have not

been altogether in vain. I have often felt that the Holy Spirit has been my helper in this work of love; and thanks be to God, my bodily strength has not failed in any one instance since I commenced my Sabbath-school. The Sabbath-school cause is continually increasing in my estimation. The more I reflect upon the subject the greater does the importance appear of leading the mind *early* in the way of wisdom. Surely there is interest enough in this mighty work to engage the attention of every friend of Jesus and every lover of mankind. O may the time soon arrive when the young and rising generation shall universally come under the blessed influence of Sabbath-school instruction, and be brought thereby to a saving knowledge of the truth!

"All that you have sent for the use of the Sabbath-school has been received with much pleasure. The scholars have been apparently much interested with the books, &c.

"I remain, as ever,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

We return to her journal:

"October 22. How shall I account for the coldness which pervades my soul this day? O thou, who art the life and health of my soul, wilt thou

apply the balm of Gilead, that I may be healed from the dreadful malady of sin, and, for thy name's sake, quicken me with thy grace!"

"Saturday, Oct. 23. I would remember how in mercy and goodness I have been led through the past week. I have been more comfortable in body, and accordingly have been better able to attend to the concerns of my soul. But I fear I make too little advancement in holiness. O may a sense of duty and obligation excite me to constant faithfulness and a warmer zeal in the cause of my adorable Savior!"

"Oct. 24. Lord's day. Welcome, O my soul, the return of this blessed day, which brings to mind so many sweet reflections concerning God, and his love to sinful man; and thrice welcome the day when I meet the Sabbath-school children under my care! Though feeble are my endeavors, yet blessed be God for having put it in my power to do something towards bringing them to the knowledge of the truth! The Lord grant that they may become wise unto salvation! Gracious Redeemer, let me not be disappointed in the hope of seeing some of them, at least, convinced of sin, feeling their need of a Savior, and fleeing to the refuge of thy cross! O that they may forsake the sins and follies of youth, and give up their hearts to the service of God their Savior! O may thy grace be magnified, and thy name glorified, in their early

conversion unto thee! Wilt thou make one in the midst of those who assemble this day, and let it be profitable unto all? Most merciful God, wilt thou show us some token for good, that our unbelief may be confounded, and that the tongue of reproach may be put to silence before thee?"

"Oct. 25. Have a good degree of bodily comfort, and my mind is also less subject to distracting thoughts than it has of late often been. I thank God, that whenever my heart has been inclined to wander from him and go out after vanity, it fills me with great misery to find it so. I seek after unreserved resignation, O Lord, to thy wise and holy will, and after greater love to my fellow-men. O that I may grow in patience and fortitude of soul; in humility, and zeal, and spirituality, and a heavenly disposition; and be mainly concerned, that, whether I live or die, God may be glorified in me!"

(To her aunt H——, New-York City.)

"*Northeast, Oct.* 26, 1830.

"My dear Aunt,—My friends inform me that you are still under affliction in your own sickness and that of some of the family. Do you feel like acknowledging the wisdom and goodness of God in all this? It is better, surely, 'to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,' and since our stubbornness and

self-will must be brought into subjection to the will of God; since all our sinful lusts and passions must be mortified and subdued; in fine, since our whole hearts must undergo a complete renovation, we need not think it strange that our Heavenly Father employs such *thorough means* to accomplish this work in the hearts of those whom he loves. Let us count ourselves happy when we are chastened by him, for we are far more blest than the wicked, in all their prosperity.

"When I survey the dealings of an all-wise and gracious Providence towards my beloved aunt and her family, it is with mingled emotions of sympathy and admiration. Fond nature sympathizes with your sufferings, while adoring praise and love recognize in a covenant-keeping Father's chastenings, at least some evidences of your adoption into his family, through the mercy that abounds in Jesus Christ. God will find means to purify his people. You ought to rejoice.

"You, my dear aunt, have been the joyful mother of two who are now, as we humbly trust, glorified spirits in heaven. The hopeful state of those whom you are now endeavoring to train up for God is, I am sure, sufficient to give comfort in your darkest moments. Your anxiety for those around you, together with your own infirmities, may threaten to overwhelm you, but you will be supported. Happy, indeed, must be the reflection,

that you have been made the honored instrument of bringing a son, at so early a period of life, to a saving knowledge of the truth; who now, showing himself grateful unto *all*, but especially to God, for the blessings conferred upon him, designs to give himself to the service of God, in the Gospel of his Son, seeking the salvation of all to whom he may be sent in his Master's name and strength.

"May God prepare you for all that he intends to do respecting you, whether mercy or affliction be given you, and enable you to profit by either that he may please to send! May he be a God to you, and all yours, for ever!

"Your affectionate niece,

"HANNAH HOBBIE."

Her journal continues:

"Oct. 27. On making inquiry this day concerning the health of my soul, I find the malady of sin still rages within. However, I only have to look to Christ; He is my great Physician: he can make me whole; blessed be his name!"

"Oct. 30. I would make mention of the gracious privilege afforded me last evening of again hearing the Gospel preached by my dear pastor. He spoke from these words, 'Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by *him*, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for

them.' Heb. 7 : 25. Truly, the word was to me as meat is to him that is hungry. It proved refreshing, consoling, and encouraging in my needy condition, distressed and disheartened as I was. O why is my faith so weak! I do humbly thank God that since I first believed I have not been left (notwithstanding the enormity of my sins) to doubt, but have had continual hope in his mercy; but since Jesus is able *to save to the uttermost*, and is offering *rich* mercy *to all* that will accept of it, I long for a stronger faith to lay hold on the promises for myself, and for my dearest friends and relatives who are out of Christ. O precious Savior, *able to save* me and others, hear my prayer for myself and my friends! As thou knowest my desires, teach me to ask aright, that I may receive, and thyself be glorified!"

"Oct. 31. Blessed Sabbath day! how it helps us on toward heaven!"

"Nov. 2. O why live at a distance from God, when I may be brought and kept nigh by the blood and Spirit of Christ? Why love my Savior so little, when his love to me is so great? Why is my faith so weak, when the promises are so many, and great, and precious? Why such leanness, when there is all the fatness of his house to feast upon? Why mourn my sin and pollution, when all can be covered with the Savior's righteousness and forgiven by his grace? 'The Lord will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.'"

"November 8. In the providence of God I have been highly favored for several days. I am often greatly distressed in body, yet being blest with a considerable respite, I do, I trust with gratitude as well as joy, *take for a few minutes my needle*, and besides other things, have helped to enlarge the funds of our Benevolent Society.

"When engaged in the concerns of this world, how difficult to keep my mind unspotted from it. I have continually to be on my guard lest the blessing which I have more especially been favored with of late should prove a snare to my soul. Will the Lord save me from temptation and sin, and give me grace now and glory hereafter!"

"November 14. From some cause, and I fear by some acts of rebellion, my mind has been for a little time past almost continually harassed and perplexed, so that I could not plainly discover the hand of God in my way. But I thank him that I can this day see his love and goodness in giving me greater discoveries of the wickedness of my heart, of the emptiness of the world, and of the great power of sin and Satan to deceive."

"November 15. I see still to-day how poor and vain a thing the world is. It brings sorrow, and proves its vanity to all, even its votaries. Its allurements only rob us of better things, and leave us bitterness and sorrow. The Lord save me from all its snares!"

"November 18. The degree of comfort and strength I but lately enjoyed I have in a great measure lost. I fear I have indulged a spirit approaching to worldly ambition, and that this is, partly at least, the reason why I have forfeited the continuance of my mercies by my own folly. If so, I acknowledge the goodness, justice, and mercy of God in taking from me this, or any other earthly good, he in divine wisdom sees would prove detrimental to my soul's best interests. Blessed be God for his kind providence over such an ungrateful and inconsistent creature as I am!"

From this date there was no intermission even for a short space, to her sufferings, but one continued period of extreme distress of body, till nature wore away under it, and the hour of her dissolution came. Ten days subsequent to this she says:

"November 28. Disorder raging, infirmities increasing, and distresses multiplying, evince that the solemn hour of my dissolution draws near Yes; death with his fatal dart stands over me, and soon will strike the blow which is to hurry me away from all that I have held dear on earth. In view of the solemn scene before me, I would say to my soul, BE THOU IN READINESS;—WATCH, lest the Son of Man come in an hour when thou thinkest not. O my blessed Savior, may I ever abide in thee,

that when thou shalt appear, I may have confidence, and not be ashamed before thee at thy coming!"

"December 2. In the world have I tribulation and distress; but why should I despond? The great Captain of salvation, who has gone before to prepare a place of rest for his faithful people, has overcome the world—has gotten for me the victory; and if I trust in him, obeying all his commands, I may conquer every enemy. O may the blessed Comforter which is promised to them that suffer tribulation, be given to me in this time of need, and afford me abundant consolation and support! I would trust in the Lord, and take courage from the words of eternal truth. When I am tried, may I receive a crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love him!"

"December 9. This day is set apart by the Chief Magistrate of this State as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for his multiplied bounties to us; and feeling that *no one has more cause than myself* to be grateful, I will call upon my soul and all that is within me to bless and praise the Lord for the gifts of his providence and the richer blessings of his grace. Although a constant sufferer, pining away under the power of a relentless disease, I am surrounded with the provisions of God's earthly bounty, and have abundant cause for thankfulness for the spiritual mercies

which I enjoy. Let my heart, then, in time to come, abound with gratitude and praise.

"The Lord spare our guilty nation, and visit us in mercy! How long shall Satan hold this people in bondage? Bless every effort to send the Gospel throughout all the earth, and bring sinners every where to Christ!

"O thou Hope of Israel, and the Savior thereof, wilt thou not appear for the help of Zion in this place? Thy people have perverted their way, and seem to have in a measure forgotten God. O, most merciful God, for thy name's sake give us repentance, and turn away thine anger from us; cause thy face to shine, and make Zion here a name and *a praise!*"

"January 6, 1831. *Free grace!* Free grace! *grace abounding to the chief of sinners!* powerfully sustaining my feeble soul in this season of tribulation and distress; affording abundant consolation, and the hope of a *glorious rest* beyond this vale of tears! O what shall I render unto the Lord for the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave! I will ascribe glory to him, for he is the author and finisher of my salvation!"

This seems somewhat like the shout of victory; but her warfare was not yet entirely over, her race was not yet fully finished. On the 12th she thus writes:

"O for more grace! O for a fresh supply to deliver me from the deadly influence of sin! I find myself, partly through the weakness and infirmity of the flesh, but mostly through the wickedness that is in me, disposed to sin against my Lord in thought, word, and deed. Those sins which are to me the greatest source of grief, are an ungoverned passion, an unruly tongue, and a dead faith. O that I might ever be kept in the fear of God, then should I not sin against him!"

It is truly affecting to hear such an one as Hannah Hobbie complain of such sins as are here mentioned. Even the peevishness generally attendant on the last stages of the consumption was scarcely seen to manifest itself, so closely did she watch her heart, and so fervently did she pray against it. I never saw a person more like what I suppose the inhabitants of heaven are, in her whole spirit and conduct.

"January 21. '*I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*' How consoling the words of eternal truth!"

This is the close of her interesting journal, with the exception of a single record, which falls more naturally within the concluding chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Prominent Traits of her Christian Character.

Having chosen the service of God, as her duty and delight, Miss Hobbie was in the habit of reminding herself frequently of her vows, and renewing her covenant with God, that she might keep more distinctly in view her great object, and pursue it with renewed and unshaken fidelity. Her *standard of christian character was high*;—above the usual aim of those who profess to consecrate themselves to God. We have heard her say, "*God cannot require less than perfect holiness; I will therefore aim to be perfect, as my Father in heaven is perfect.*" Supreme love to God was the controling principle of her life.

Her distinctive traits of character were strongly marked. A few of them claim attention as the *prominent points of her testimony* to the reality, importance, and efficacy of the religion of Jesus Christ.

She had *a very deep sense of sin, and of the evil of her own heart.*

Sin appeared to her exceeding sinful. It was, in her view, nothing short of *enmity* to God; nothing less than a chosen and determined *rebellion* against his holy and righteous government. It was throwing into the ranks that opposed God all the influ-

ence she possessed, *to pull down* the glorious and beautiful fabric which he was erecting, and *prevent* the acclamations of joy and praise, as the top-stone should be brought forth with shouting, "Grace, grace unto it!" It was *opposition* to designs of infinite love and mercy, which, carried out, would banish from the world confusion, and malice, and wo; would bind together in the fraternity of a blessed fellowship, all the children of men, and fill this earth with the peace and joy of heaven. She saw that sin not only aimed at the *subversion* of all this wise and benevolent scheme, but *rejected and despised* the means by which it was to be accomplished; that it was transgression of a law "holy, and just, and good;" that it trampled under foot *the Son of God*, and counted "the blood of the covenant an unholy thing;" spurned the offer of mercy, and disdained the submission which would secure the unspeakable benefits of the great salvation; it *resisted the Holy Ghost*, and *quenched* the kind influences by which the work of sanctification was to be perfected in the heart.

Such was her view of SIN; and the more she looked at *her own sin* the greater did its enormity appear, and the more did she reproach herself for it. The more thoroughly she searched the hidden chambers within, the more sin did she discover. There she found the dreadful *pride* over which she so often and so bitterly mourned. She saw so much

of the treachery and deceitfulness of her heart, that she dared not trust it in any thing. She found it pleading ever for forbidden indulgence and destructive pleasures; averse to the holy self-denial to which, as a servant of God, she was called, and whispering 'peace when there was no peace.' Her impressions of its wickedness were *lively* and *abiding*. It was her daily aim to search her heart and carefully analyze its workings. She watched it with ceaseless jealousy, and kept it with untiring diligence. The effect of all, was to drive her nearer to the Savior, and to seat her beneath the cross.

In connection with this was *sincere repentance and deep humility*. She understood not those nice metaphysical distinctions which sometimes render obtuse the quick and delicate susceptibilities of an awakened conscience, and blunt the keenness of self-reproach. *Sin* to her was SIN; "*exceeding sinful;*" and in the childlike simplicity of her heart, she mourned over it with *a godly sorrow*. To find all this in herself—to feel that she was justly chargeable with such wickedness—with strengthening the ranks of revolt from God, and swelling the current of disloyalty to the King of kings—to think that she had contributed to defeat the blessed purposes of Divine love and mercy, grieved her deeply; her heart was pained; it was *broken*. She was melted into deep and permanent contrition; she loathed herself as altogether vile.

How often have I listened to her bitter lamentations over her former forgetfulness of God, and rejection of his mercy; and over her evil heart, which continually inclined to the same course of iniquity! She has often expressed her wonder that the righteous vengeance of God *could slumber* as it did. Under such views of herself she was usually much affected. She was indeed a mourner; but she humbled and abased herself, and repented *before God;* and in all her vileness and helplessness fled, with fervent cries, *to the Savior* for cleansing, and for grace to guard her against the enemy of her soul and strengthen her in the hour of temptation.

This, then, is *her testimony against sin;* against the selfish, wicked purposes and dangerous pride of the heart; against the dark and hopeless enterprise of erecting the standard of rebellion against God. This is her testimony, jointly with all the "*cloud of witnesses,*" that a sense of sin, and deep repentance on account of it, can alone show us our need of the Savior, discover to us how helpless we are, and teach us that the strength of Christ alone, is made perfect in our weakness.

Another prominent feature of her piety was *her love to the Savior.*

Christ was *very precious* to her soul. She had so clear a sense of her wretchedness, and odiousness, and ruin as a sinner, that she knew *none else could help her.* She saw in him an all-sufficient deliverer,

and fled to him broken-hearted and perishing. He washed away her sins with his own blood, controled and kept in check, by his Spirit, her waywardness and corruption, and spake words of sweet comfort in her ear. No other being in the universe could have done it. She had suffered so long under a sense of sin, and the wickedness of her heart would start up so often in terrifying aspects before her, that she was taught day by day how much she needed his help. He had magnified and made honorable the broken law of God—he had pardoned her many offences—he had borne with her infirmities—he had sustained her in many a severe conflict—he had heard her prayers—he had promised her a crown of victory—he had supported her through many a long and trying season of unutterable suffering; and he *was precious, very precious* to her soul—he was her *all*. When he withdrew the tokens of his favor, she could not rest. She always sought quickly an "*absent God.*" In all his offices as Mediator, Jesus was precious. Prophet, Priest and King, *all* were necessary, and her own unworthiness only enhanced the value of his redemption.

Another feature of her piety was *love of the truth.* She loved it for *its own sake*, and hesitated not to bow to its decisions, however much it cost her. Whatever the word of God said *was her law.* Instruction she took fast hold of as her life, and the

channels through which it was communicated were precious to her. She delighted in the *works of creation*, because they told her much respecting God, and set before her the evidences of his power, and skill, and goodness. His *providence* was a precious book, because it taught her so many lessons of heavenly wisdom, and purified her heart by the afflictions which it laid upon her and the mercies which it bestowed.

> "Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
> "Fulfill'd some deep design."

But in her view, God had magnified *his word* above all his name. When she had strength to read, searching the Scriptures was her delightful employment. The Bible was her constant companion through all her sickness—under all her sorrows. I never recollect visiting her when the *same Bible* did not lie on her pillow or on the small table at her bed side. She was also in the daily habit of reading a small portion of Scott's Commentary. She did not read the Bible as a task,—because conscience would upbraid her if she did not,—but because she loved it, and desired *to hide* the truth *in her heart.*

She loved *the law of God* because it was holy—its claims right—its requirements reasonable—its principles pure—promoting the good of all who obey it. But she knew that salvation could not

come by the law; and *the Gospel*, which revealed Jesus Christ, as "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," was precious, because it showered its rich and heavenly blessings upon the returning prodigal, while all the perfections of God remained untarnished, and all the principles of his government undisturbed.

She loved the *influence of truth upon her own heart;* it purified, it elevated her purposes, and allied her, in character and effort, to God himself, to Christ, to angels, and all holy beings in the universe.

The *preaching of the Gospel* was always esteemed by her a great privilege. In listening to it, she would recline upon her bed as quietly as her pains would allow, and sometimes seem entirely to forget them, fixing her eye upon the speaker, with its subdued and meek, but earnest expression, evidently drinking in every word. Sometimes I have observed her, after such close and absorbing attention, closing her eyes, and though not a muscle of her face moved, the tear would steal down her cheek and tell what truth was doing within.

If at any time her heart, in its iniquity, was troublesome, she would go to *the Bible* to learn how to keep it. If her faith was weak and wavering, the Bible was her instructor how to secure its increase. If she felt in darkness she went to it to find a promise to rest upon, or some principle of the divine

government disclosed, upon which she could stay herself in safety, and wait for the morning. When she thought of sin and hell, she would find what Christ had done to destroy the works of the devil; and when the terrors of the grave, the judgment, and eternity threatened, she would look for the assurance of a glorious resurrection and an unfading inheritance in heaven.

Another striking trait of her christian character was *her love and regard for the Sabbath.*

How often have we read in the preceding pages expressions like this: "*Blessed Sabbath, day of rest!*" How often have we seen the overflowings of her grateful heart for such a precious institution. She was "in the Spirit," usually "on the Lord's day." She hailed it as often as it returned as a welcome, joyful season of peculiar devotion and communion with God. She obeyed the command to *keep the Sabbath holy,* with delight; and found, in this duty, usually high enjoyment. She was in the habit of *renewedly dedicating herself to God every Lord's day;* and this weekly consecration of herself made the Sabbath a peculiar delight. It is one of the sweetest feelings attendant on religion to give all to the Lord—to surrender ourselves and all that is near and dear to us into the Savior's hands.

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,
"To trust his firm decrees;

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
"And know no will but his."

And no season is more congenial to such a heavenly state of feeling than the Sabbath. This was frequently Hannah's Sabbath blessing.

It is comforting to find in these days of general disregard of the Lord's day, any that highly value it. It was to her an excellent means of maintaining a habit of devotion. She found it salutary, even shut out as she was from the busy scenes of life; as it broke in, at frequent and stated intervals, upon the cares and anxieties of the world, and kept the heart free from the fetters which otherwise would have been bound around it. It was to her a delightful employment, in the calmness of the Sabbath morning, to call off the mind from every other object, and let the whole soul hold intercourse with heaven. It made her familiar with the holy employments and animating scenes of the eternal Sabbath on high. She could not, indeed, go up to the house of God with the multitude of his people to keep holy day, but still the delight of her soul in the Sabbath was great. Her testimony in respect to the Sabbath, throughout her whole course is, *keep it holy*. If you wish the strong exercise of faith, the power of godliness to reign within you, the smiles of your heavenly Father, and rapid growth in grace, *remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; value it as one of your greatest blessings.*

Another feature of her piety was her *love of prayer.*

It was the channel of communication between God and her soul. It was the key which unlocked the treasuries where every good and every perfect gift is stored. If she needed grace, she went to her Heavenly Father, and asked and obtained it through Jesus Christ. If she needed forgiveness, she sought it in prayer, and found it. If pain and distress came upon her, she prayed that the affliction might be removed, or if that were not best, that it might be good for her, and that she might submit with patient resignation. In trials sharp and fiery, she plead that God would help her, and that right early, and make all work together for her good.

She found the influence of prayer upon her own soul to be sweet and tranquilizing. God was the source of her spiritual as well as her natural life, and she went to him for every supply. Every event—all things—were under his control, and she knew that through prayer alone the whole could further her eternal good.

Besides, she had been renewed in the spirit of her mind, and therefore *delighted* in communion with God. A partaker of the divine nature, she loved every thing that tended to produce conformity to the Divine image. Prayer, while it reminded her of her poverty and wretchedness, and broke

down the pride of her heart, brought her nigh unto God, through Jesus the Savior—the great Advocate; and she felt a pure delight in the privilege of coming even to his seat. It soothed her troubled spirit to come near to the throne of grace, and pour her supplications into an ear that never was heavy, and lean upon an all-sufficient Friend, who felt so tenderly for all his people.

We find her praying as often as *four or five times a day statedly;* besides the many short but precious interviews with the Savior, which she enjoyed as occasion called her to his feet for help. She loved to pray, for she was well assured that God had often heard her, and sent in answer to prayer the richest blessings both upon herself and others. She felt in this employment like one who enjoys frequent interviews with a kind and faithful parent; secure of sympathy, and esteeming the near relationship as priceless, because that parent is able to do all that could be desired, and has never denied one reasonable request. She believed that the promises of God were all *meant to express* fully and clearly what they do express; and trusting God according to his own words, she came near, and with the simplicity of a child, spread out her desires before him.

Another trait in her christian character was *her love for the people of God.*

They were her chosen, her dearly-loved com-

panions. She took great delight in christian society, and always appeared to be unfeignedly thankful when she received a truly christian visit from a devoted and heavenly-minded follower of Christ. Such visits were seasons of sweet refreshing, and she always imparted double for all that she received. I ever felt that my visits were the greater blessing to myself. It seemed, as I bent over her to catch the feeble tones of her voice, like holding communion with one who had outstripped me in the race, and obtained clearer views of the promised land, because she stood nearer its borders and had gained the summit which overlooked it. Sometimes I could hardly divest myself of the impression that I was listening, breathless, to catch the distant sound of her voice calling me, from the more elevated position which she occupied, to come up and contemplate with her the glories which lay beyond.

She took little interest in any conversation relating merely to the things of this world. Her soul seemed to be absorbed in the great things of God's grace and kingdom; she loved them all; and when others loved them too, there was between them a flowing together of souls. The Savior's image, enstamped upon any, of any denomination, was always current with her, for she delighted in the *kindred spirit*, wherever it was found.

Another trait of her christian character was

anxiety for the salvation of sinners, and the progress of the Redeemer's cause.

Her's was not that selfish feeling of satisfaction with the mere evidences of *personal safety* which I am afraid prevails to an alarming extent, while the good, especially the eternal salvation of others, is almost wholly disregarded. Her heart was not only opened to receive the truth, but, under its effects, it was enlarged with ardent desires for the salvation of men. She knew the dreadful bondage of sin from painful experience, and, to use one of her own expressions, "*pitied*," greatly *pitied* those who were still its slaves. She knew their blindness of mind and their hardness of heart—that they *loved to have it so*, and *that* distressed her the more. She knew they stood upon slippery places, that their feet *would soon slide*, and that tremendous ruin awaited them. Besides, she considered sinners as the enemies of God, whom she loved. They were trying to ruin his cause; uniting their influence against the Savior, whose honor to her was so dear. They were trampling the *beloved of her soul* under foot, despising the calls of his mercy, and making light of the agonies of his crucifixion. All this grieved her deeply. She wished them to be saved from everlasting death; and greatly desired to see them gathering with Christ, and not scattering abroad. She rejoiced, therefore, with great joy when any turned to the Lord; for *so far* the

ranks of hell were weakened, and those of her Master strengthened.

She longed for the day to come when all should be of one heart and one mind, and live in love, and give their strength, purified and sanctified, to the service of her Lord and Master. She wanted all to possess an eternal inheritance, and wear an unfading crown. It is not strange, then, that in those revivals of religion which existed around her before she died she took so deep an interest. It seemed to put new life into her own heart when sinners turned to the Lord, for they were gained over to the side which she loved, and on which she had taken a stand so decided. As long as she lived she felt it a privilege to do what she could for the salvation of sinners.

Another striking feature of her piety was her *efforts to do good.*

It is painful to witness the apathy of multitudes who profess to be the followers of Christ, and their habitual neglect of *effort to save sinners*—to see them idle in the Lord's vineyard, even in the possession of firm health, and apparently contented, while hardly evincing a desire to spend and be spent in the Lord's service. The *aged* can look back without alarm upon a long series of years in which they have made few if any efforts for the salvation of a single soul. The *young*, in all the vigor of youthful enterprise, are laying plans to consume

their years and spend their strength in the pursuit of worldly interests, and not in labors and sacrifices for the salvation of men. Such WAS NOT the piety of HANNAH HOBBIE.

She was anxious *to do* something for the salvation of souls—to spend what little strength she had in *doing good* and glorifying God. Few would have done any thing situated as she was;—nothing would have been attempted. Sickness is often considered a plea for giving up every thing like active effort; but her views of obligation were such that she could not rest while any strength and opportunity remained to promote the Savior's cause. Her obedience to his commands was *cheerful*, and therefore universal and persevering; as she loved God's work, she panted continually after more extensive usefulness. Having done what she had purposed, she devised other plans of doing good, that she might still pursue her Master's work.

Think of her practice of *conversing with the impenitent* friends who visited her on the subject of their salvation—of the *letters written* from her sick bed, all breathing an ardent desire to be useful, and some of them expressly designed as a personal effort for the salvation of a soul. Think of a suffering and feeble young female exerting successfully her influence to form those of her own sex around her into a *society for assisting the Missionary and the Tract cause;* endeavoring also to assemble

around her sick bed her sisters in Christ, in a stated *concert of prayer*, and resolving to take part in the necessary exercises of the meeting; and then think of such an one, almost wasted away by years of excrutiating pain, using her influence with her friends to collect the wandering children of her destitute neighborhood into a Sabbath school; and when she found those efforts fruitless, girding up her own loins to the work, and gathering them *every Sabbath into her sick chamber*, that she might herself instruct them in eternal things. Think of all this, ye that are blest with health, and opportunity, and means to do good, and yet neglecting them; and is there no reason to fear that she will in judgment rise up and condemn you?

Such activity is the result of *real love to God*. The *fellowship* of christians *with one another, and with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ*, embraces fellowship of EFFORT. *God is love*, and love is ever an attribute of godliness, and an *active* and *efficient* principle. *God* SO LOVED *the world* that he gave his Son to die for it; Jesus *so loved* the world, that he gave for it his life; the Holy Ghost *so loves* the world, that he strives with men and sanctifies the heart; angels *so love* the world, that they delight *to minister* to the *heirs of salvation;* and christians *so love* the world, that they are willing to spend and be spent in self-denying labors for the salvation of men. All who are really Christ's are

to rejoice together in the successful issue of the great enterprise; and unless, from the same common principle of love, pursuing a course of active exertion, none can claim affinity with the blessed confederacy, or share in the glories of their future triumph.

In this trait of her christian character she *testifies* to the practical nature of true godliness; that *faith without works is dead;* and calls out from the cloud of spectators by which we are surrounded, "*Go on;* run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus; and then come and wear the crown of victory he has graciously prepared."

Some think that to *prepare for death* it is necessary for the christian to relax exertion and fall back from the noise and bustle of active warfare. But Hannah Hobbie felt that she must *press forward, endure hardness* as a good soldier, and continue, even to *the end,* to fight *the good fight;* that she must TOIL ON, bearing the burden and heat of the day, and never give over till she lifted her dying eye at once to heaven and to the banner that floated over her, and laid her bones upon the field of battle.

She has trodden the path before us, and shown, in her self-denying and persevering adherence to the cause of Christ what, by Divine aid, *may be done,* and what *we ought to do.* She calls upon us to follow the Savior, and do all that we can for his glory

on earth, that we may reign with him as kings and priests unto God for ever and ever. That we may be qualified to serve God faithfully, and cheerfully devote all to him. She calls upon us to *live near to him;* to pray without ceasing; to keep hold, by faith, of his covenant, and draw upon his fulness daily, that we may receive *grace for grace;* that we may *endure as seeing him who is invisible;* and in the strength, and through the grace that is in Christ Jesus, be brought off at last conquerors and more than conquerors.

CHAPTER XIV.

Having seen in the traits of Miss Hobbie's christian character *her testimony* for the truth, as one of the "great cloud of witnesses" we come back to the narrative, to mark a little further how God, *in his providential dealings with her*, illustrated the import of his "exceeding great and precious *promises*" *to his people.*

I visited her near the last of February, and found her very weak and in great pain. She welcomed me with a smile, and pressed my hand with more than usual fervor. I knew her time must be very short, for I had seen the frail tabernacle giving way under the pressure of the violent and long-con-

tinued storms which had beaten upon it. The result of this interview was what might have been expected. It appeared more clear than ever that her spirit was about to mingle with purer society, and go to the participation of higher enjoyments and brighter scenes. She could say little ; but every desire seemed fixed above, and she panted for the hour when all her sufferings should cease, and she be admitted to the delightful companionship of the holy and the happy in a brighter world.

" Hannah," said I, " is God a present help in this time of need ?"

In her faint and mellow voice, frequently interrupted by pauses to catch breath, she said, " He is—he always has been—since I first trusted him—and I am sure he will never leave me nor forsake me."

" Do you have any distressing anxiety on that subject of late ?"

" None at all, sir.—God has kindly, for a long time—enabled me to trust him,—and I cannot fear while I have such a Friend—as Jesus. I am persuaded—that he is able to keep all that I have committed to him ;—and I have had so many—proofs of his willingness—to do every thing for me—that I need,—that I should be most ungrateful—to distrust him now—I have perfect peace."

" Do you feel any impatience under the Lord's dealings now ?"

"I sometimes think,—as I can do no more good in the world,—I had rather be taken—to rest; but if I can yet glorify God—by suffering longer—I ought not to murmur. All is right—as it is;—but I feel *a desire to depart,* though—I sometimes feel it to be wrong."

"Hannah," said I, "what do you now think of all your past sufferings and trials; do you still feel as if God was right in laying them upon you."

"I *see that* more clearly—every day; and I praise him—more and more for them. They are all right,—just as they should be,—all necessary—none of them—could have been spared."

Said I, "You have been a very great sufferer."

"All has been *well* done," said she; "*none of them could have been spared.*"

Her sufferings had been very severe for years; but *all was well done.* At this time she had become so emaciated—her flesh had so wasted away, that her bones had worn through her skin, and she could not be moved, even in her bed, without great pain.

Who will say that God did not gloriously illustrate *the fullness of his promises* in her history? He did, indeed, dry up some streams of earthly comfort, but opened upon her the rivers of never-failing delight which issue from his throne. He was her ever-present, her never-failing helper. He had sup-

ported her in all her trials—had taken a gracious care of her—had fulfilled to her every promise which secures good to his chosen, and had never forsaken her. All this had been done through years of sharp suffering and conflict. Thus far *he had been her God.*

I was intimately acquainted with her feelings throughout her sickness, and never saw more striking evidence that the riches of grace were magnified, than in her case. "*Grace did much for Hannah Hobbie,*" has been, since her death, a common remark. She cast all her care upon the Savior, and it was evident throughout that he cared for her.

Her spirit was *always tranquil.* She knew that all she suffered was sent in covenant love; and it was her great object to study the *design* of God in all her afflictions. How often have we seen her expressions of *praise and thanksgiving* for her many chastisements!

Her spirit was *always heavenly,* and at times her *enjoyment in God* was very great. What but the fulness of *divine promises fulfilled* could have given her such a likeness to God, and such unspeakable joy and peace in believing? Let the infidel talk of the supports of *philosophy,*—we will unite with Hannah in singing of the *covenant-faithfulness of God,* and rejoicing in the fullness of his redemption and the stability of his promises.

Hannah's christian life, which had been of a

character so highly spiritual, shone brighter and brighter; and the perfect day was, in her own opinion, as well as in that of others, fast hastening, when she should see as she was seen, and know as she was known. To the last she continued to possess the same sweet spirit of acquiescence in the will of God; ever praising him that she was thus supported, that she had so many mercies, and that her sufferings were so much lighter than her sins. As she drew near the close of life, she saw still more clearly the evil of her own heart; but it kept her nearer the cross, and called forth more full and frequent expressions of thanksgiving and praise that all was graciously forgiven. She was ripening fast for immortality, and waiting for her deliverance.

On a Lord's day I received, before I left the church, a request from Hannah to see her, if possible, that day; accompanied by an intimation from her father, who brought it, that it would probably be our last interview on earth. I hastened to her, and found her sinking rapidly. She was fully aware that her end was approaching. Her conversation evinced a spirit of deep self-abasement, but her heart was full of light and joy, as she indulged the humble but assured expectation of soon resting from all her trials upon her Savior's bosom. She stood upon the summit of Pisgah, and was taking a calm survey of the billows of Jordan as they lay

rolling between her and the land of rest which spread out its glories beyond. She was collected, and firm, and happy, in view of her expected change. She had long been waiting for it, and by grace was prepared for its coming.

Not long before this Mrs. A—— spent a night with her. When her bed had been prepared, and she had been laid upon it for the night, after a season evidently spent in silent prayer she sung to a plaintive tune, in her sweet, and feeble voice, still sweeter because almost spent,

"Our life, how short! a groan, a sigh;
"We live—and then begin to die;
"But Oh! how great a mercy this,
"That death's the portal into bliss!

"My soul! death swallows up thy fears;
"My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;
"Why should we fear this parting pain,
"Who die that we may live again?"

and then composing herself, was soon asleep. Such was her heavenly and tranquil spirit in view of the solemn change before her.

During the afternoon she called me to her bedside, and took from the drawer of her table, and put into my hands, the journal from which such refreshing selections have been made, with some other papers; requesting that I would after her departure read them, as comforting remembrancers

that I had been useful to her, and then return them to her friends. None of the family knew until that moment that such a journal had been kept. They had often seen her writing; but knowing that she wrote many letters, they supposed that she was employed in that way. I went to the window to compose my feelings, for they were deeply moved. While standing there I observed that a soft thin haze was spreading itself over the setting sun; the sparkle and the glare were gone, so that I could look upon it; and as it disappeared in its mellow beauty, it seemed an emblem of the immortal spirit before me, about to fade away as gently, and pass from our sight in the same mild loveliness.

She had already given, in perfect composure, to the family such directions respecting her funeral as she thought important, and they all savored of her wonted humility and indifference to the world.

She now gave me the text for her funeral sermon. It was Rev. 14 : 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." In the selection of this text there was no ostentation; it was the simple confidence of a child feeling assurance from a Father's pledges, and reposing upon a covenant which secured the sure mercies of David to every penitent believer.

In the morning we all assembled in the chamber of the dying saint. We bowed before the throne of grace, and committed her with full hearts and a faltering tongue to a covenant-keeping God; praying for a gentle release and a triumphant departure. It was a melting season; we were filled with an awful but soothing sense of the presence of God; and eternity appeared very near to us all. She *wept not.* Over her pale and sunken features was spread the strong expression of exultation and triumph; and when I went to take my leave of her, she pressed my hand tenderly, and smiled:

"We part for a little season," said she, "my dear pastor, but we shall meet again. I thank you for all your kindness to me; I shall need it no more."

There was a pause.——I turned slowly away, and saw her no more in the flesh: but "WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."

My mind was full of the scenes through which I had just passed, and before proceeding far I reined up my horse and looked back upon the house in which lay the dying believer, with feelings of unutterable interest. I doubted not that the angels of God, who are "sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation," *were there* on their last errands of love to Hannah. A light snow had fallen during the night, and a bright sun was now pouring its beams upon it. It seemed to my busy

imagination a pure and expressive emblem of the robes of white in which the departing spirit of my beloved friend would so soon be arrayed in her Master's presence.

In the midst of reflections so sweet and affecting I gained the western summit of the hill, where a prospect of surpassing grandeur at once opened on my vision. Among the finely molded hills that lay extended to the northward, arose the solitary spire of Montross. To the northwest, apparently at my feet, but scarcely arresting attention amid the splendors of the scene, lay the Stissin Mountain. The undulating foreground of the landscape beneath me was beautifully wrought up with fields, and farm-houses, and remnants of ancient forests. Farther on, a vast expanse of country, possessing the same general features, lay spread out before me for scores of miles. Across the middle of this field of view could be distinctly traced from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, the broad valley of the Hudson. In the distant background, piled up almost above the pathway of the storm, the lofty and imposing Catskills, in the wild sublimity of their winter scenery, pushed down from the north their huge masses upon the western border of this valley, as if to dispute the passage of the river, and then by a bold sweep receded to the southwest. The dark brown of their crowning oaks contrasted strongly with the dazzling white-

ness of the snow which covered them, and deepened into heavier lines of shading, as intervening elevations, in endless succession, lapped upon other continuations of the far-extended range, till they melted away in the distance, and were lost in the line of soft blue haze which skirted the western horizon.

Never did I seem so *surrounded with God.* These works of his hands were full of beauty and grandeur; but an object of far deeper interest was the immortal spirit about to leave these scenes, and rise to a brighter world and a better inheritance. As a vesture shall all these be folded up—the elements shall melt with fervent heat; but not a jot nor tittle of the word of promise upon which the believer rests for an eternal kingdom, and an unfading crown, shall ever fail.

Two days after this I received intelligence that Hannah had gone to her rest, and a request to attend her funeral. She departed on the 21st of March, 1831. I went at the time appointed. There was no unusual commotion in the family when Hannah died. All felt that death was her gain. Her sufferings had been extreme and protracted; and, amid her anxious desires to depart and to be with Christ, which was "*far better,*" she fell asleep in Jesus, as softly and as sweetly as an infant sinks to repose upon its mother's bosom. The presence of God forsook her not; her Savior was with her to the last.

In the days of her former vanity, while pursuing her voyage, she had often cast her anchor upon the treacherous sands, over which she was buffeting the billows and trying to ride out the storm; but it would not keep its hold. Wearied with the fruitless efforts, and almost overwhelmed in the deep waters, she raised her loud cry for help to him who alone can give it. That signal of distress was heard above the roaring of the tempest; she threw herself upon the Savior's omnipotence—cast her anchor "within the vail," and never swung from her moorings more.

It was her request that her surviving friends should wear no weeds of mourning on account of her death; and the white bonnets of her sisters, and the plain and usual apparel of the family at her funeral, appeared to me more suitable and touching—more in keeping with their impressions of her better condition above, than studied mourning-suits would have been.

Agreeably to her request, I spoke from the text which she had given me; and endeavored to show what it was *to die in the Lord*, and to point out the blessings of *rest* and *recompense*, which, through grace, the believer who has gone to a better world, receives *from henceforth*. I called upon all present to seek those blessings, and be followers of her who through faith and patience had become an inheritor of the promises. It was a time of many

tears; and when I read the closing record of her diary, (which follows,) the sobs, which for some time had been with difficulty suppressed, burst forth from many of the assembly.

"February 1. The Great Disposer of events, in the wise dispensations of his will towards me, has recently taken from me almost entirely the use of my limbs. Twelve days since I have walked a step without assistance; and, alas! I see no prospect of regaining the loss. I have however abundant cause to bless God for the degree of resignation with which he is enabling me to meet these trials, which of myself I could not endure. I bless him, also, that it is *a source of consolation to me to know that the cords of nature are breaking, one after another, and loosing me from earth.* Although the process should cost me many a sigh, and groan, and tear, the cords of nature which bind me to earth must be separated; nature must be dissolved before my soul can leave these mortal shores to enjoy the more salubrious and delightful atmosphere of HEAVEN."

Here I delight to close her history. The last word she ever wrote was *Heaven;* the place, I doubt not, of her eternal rest.

At the close of the services I went to the coffin to take a last look at her remains. Her features were but little changed; and over them was still

spread, fixed and abiding in death, something like the expression of exultation and triumph which they wore when I last saw her. Again I was reminded, by the white folds of the death-robe, of the bright garments in which she was now clothed in "*Heaven.*"

We carried her to the house appointed for all the living, and placed her in the grave. Soothing and pleasant associations hang around the christian's burial.—Jesus had lain in the tomb and broken its bars. The dark chamber looked like a lovely and a hallowed spot; and I said within myself, as we turned away in silence from the place, *This mortal shall put on immortality; and this corruptible shall put on incorruption:* "*We shall meet again.*" Though her body is moldering beneath the green sod that covers it, the dwelling of her spirit is "HEAVEN;" and I am sure if she is looking down from her high and bright abode upon things below, and should see a single soul, by means of this little book, turning to the Lord, she would mingle her rejoicings with those of angels over that repenting sinner, and strike upon her golden harp a higher note of praise to him who had washed from sin with his own blood, and purified by his own spirit, another of the ruined and the perishing.

THE END.

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